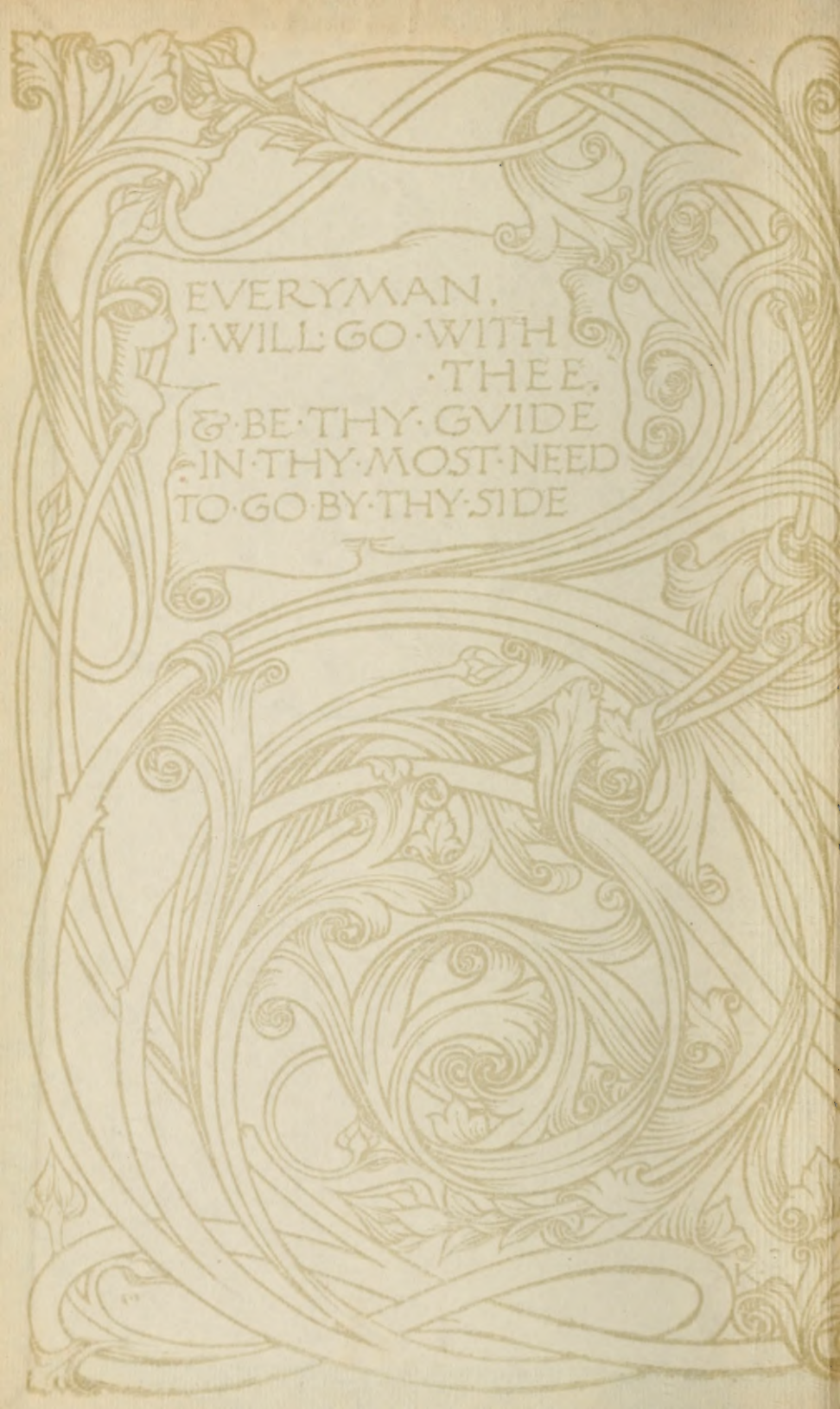
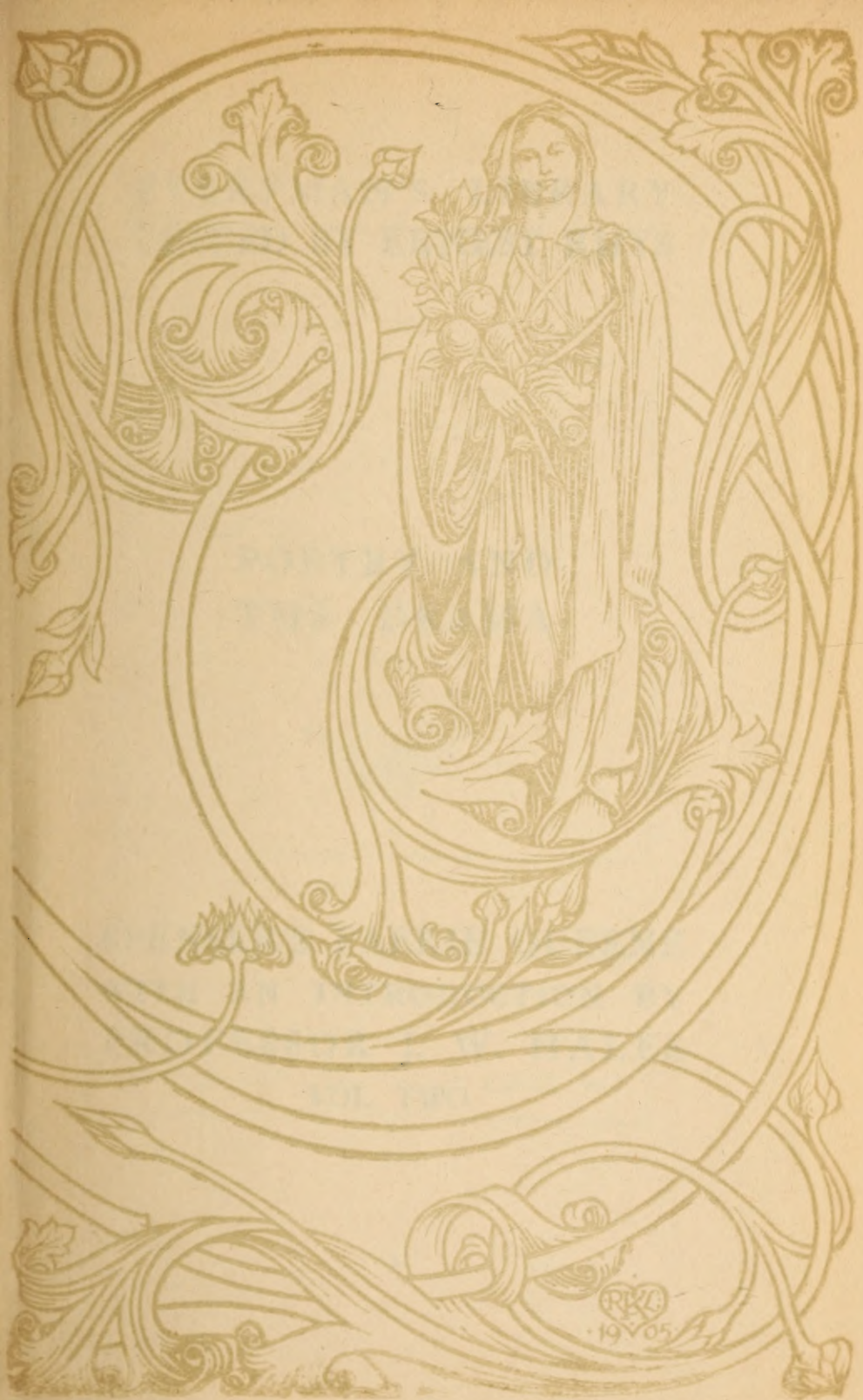




EVERYMAN,
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GUIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE





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POETRY AND
THE DRAMA

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
PROFESSOR J. W. HALES
VOL. TWO

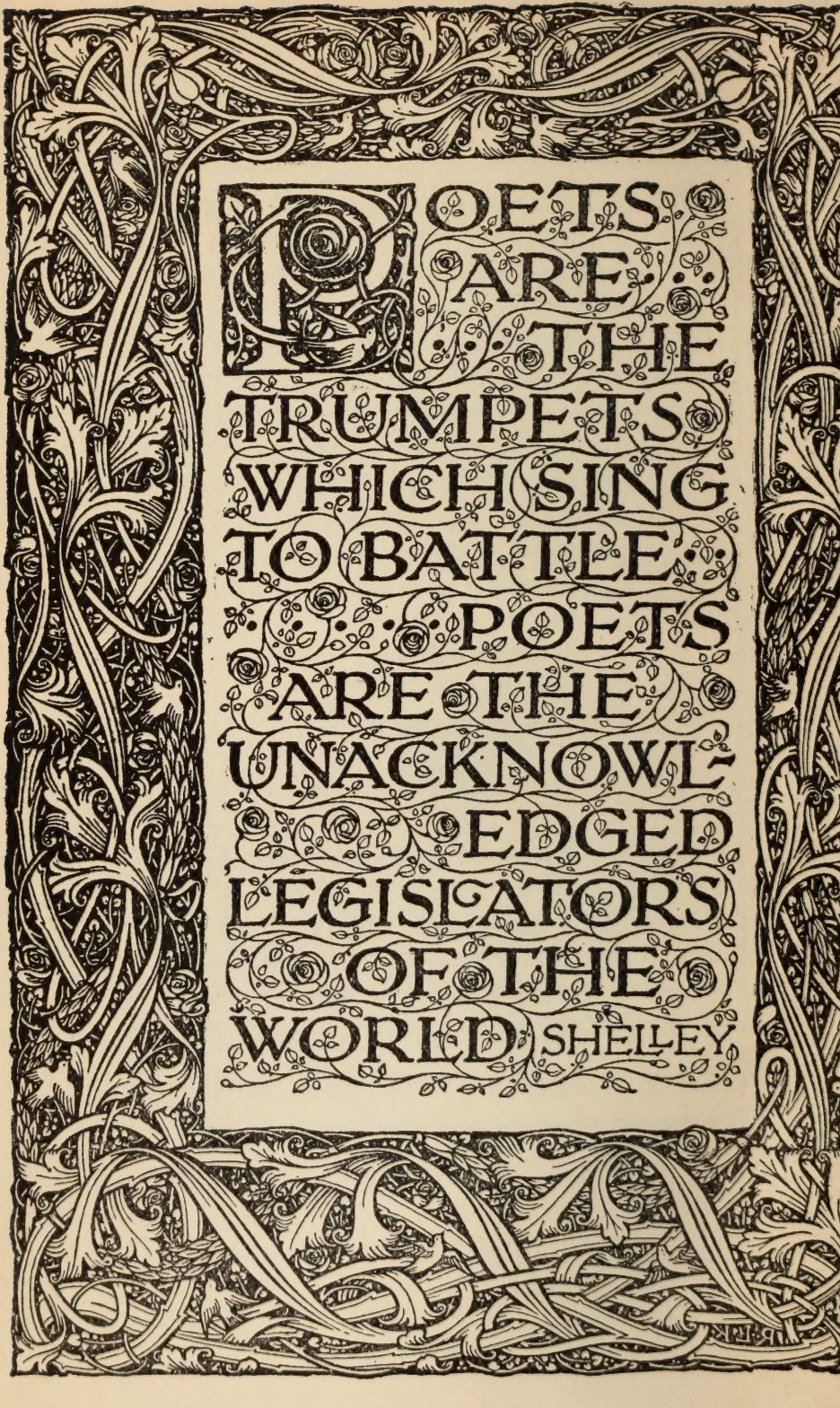
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IN TWO STYLES OF BINDING, CLOTH,
FLAT BACK, COLOURED TOP, AND
LEATHER, ROUND CORNERS, GILT TOP.

LONDON: J. M. DENT & CO.
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POETS
ARE
THE
TRUMPETS
WHICH SING
TO BATTLE.
POETS
ARE THE
UNACKNOWLEDGED
LEGISLATORS
OF THE
WORLD. SHELLEY

The FAERIE
QUEENE
*Disposed into Twelve
Books Fashioning
Twelve Moral Vertues
by* EDMUND
SPENSER
VOLUME TWO

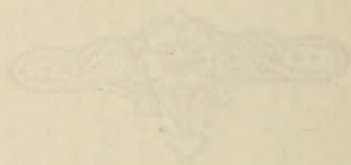


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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE FOURTH BOOKE, containyng the Legend of Cambel and Triamond, or of Friendship	I
THE FIFTH BOOKE, containyng the Legend of Artegall, or of Justice	149
THE SIXTH BOOKE, containyng the Legend of Sir Calidore, or Courtesie	290
THE SEVENTH BOOKE: Two Cantos of Mutabilitie	426
GLOSSARY	455

THE FAERIE QUEENE

THE FOURTH BOOKE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND, OR OF
FRIENDSHIP

- I. THE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affaires of state,
My looser rimes (I wote) doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate;
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing baite,
That better were in vertues disciplined,
Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.
- II. Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love,
Ne in their frosen hearts feele kindly flame;
Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,
Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame
For fault of few that have abusd the same;
For it of honor and all vertue is
The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.
- III. Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
And brave exploits which great Heroës wonne,
In love were either ended or begunne:
Witnesse the father of Philosophie,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sunne,
Of love full manie lessons did apply,
The which these Stoicke censours cannot well deny.

- iv. To such therefore I do not sing at all;
 But to that sacred Saint my soveraigne Queene,
 In whose chast brest all bountie naturall
 And treasures of true love enlocked beene,
 Bove all her sexe that ever yet was seene:
 To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
 And best is lov'd of all alive, I weene,
 To her this song most fitly is address,
 The Queene of love, and Prince of peace from heaven blest.
- v. Which that she may the better deigne to heare,
 Do thou, dred infant, Venus dearling dove,
 From her high spirit chase imperious feare,
 And use of awfull Majestie remove:
 Insted thereof with drops of melting love,
 Deawd with ambrosiall kisses, by thee gotten
 From thy sweete smyling mother from above,
 Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage soften,
 That she may hearke to love, and reade this lesson often.

CANTO I

Fayre Britomart saves Amoret:
Duesa discord breedes
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deedes.

- I. OF lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
But none more piteous ever was ytold
Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
And this of Florimels unworthie paine
The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
My softened heart so sorely doth constraîne,
That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.
- II. For from the time that Scudamour her bought
In perilous fight she never joyed day;
A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
From twentie Knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairely well he did them all dismay,
And with great glorie both the shield of love
And eke the Ladie selfe he brought away,
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.
- III. For that same vile Enchauntour Busyran,
The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man,
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedlesse and illhedded,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that mask of love which late was shoven;
And there the Ladie, ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in maskes is known,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.
- IV. Seven moneths he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
Untill such time as noble Britomart

Released her, that else was like to sterve
 Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve:
 And now she is with her upon the way
 Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
 To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

v. Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
 The diverse usage, and demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft befell:
 For Amoret right fearefull was and faint
 Lest she with blame her honor should attaint,
 That everie word did tremble as she spake,
 And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
 And everie limbe that touched her did quake;
 Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

vi. For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
 That her lives Lord and patrone of her health
 Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
 Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
 All is his justly that all freely dealth.
 Nathlesse her honor, dearer then her life,
 She sought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth.
 Die had she lever with Enchanters knife
 Then to be false in love, profest a virgine wife.

vii. Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
 Through fine abusion of that Briton mayd;
 Who, for to hide her fained sex the better
 And maske her wounded mind, both did and sayd
 Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
 That well she wist not what by them to gesse:
 For other-whiles to her she purpos made
 Of love, and other-whiles of lustfulnesse,
 That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

viii. His will she feard; for him she surely thought
 To be a man, such as indeed he seemed;
 And much the more by that he lately wrought,
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
 For which no service she too much esteemed:
 Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor

Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

ix. It so befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Castell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely Dame,
Was then assembled deeds of armes to see:
Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her sore.
The custome of that place was such, that hee,
Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

x. Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And offred that to justifie alowd.
The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowd
And boastfull chalenge, wexed inlie wroth;
But for the present did her anger shrowd,
And sayd, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have, or both.

xi. So forth they went, and both together giusted;
But that same younker soone was overthrowne,
And made repent that he had rashly lusted
For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That seem'd full hard t' accord two things so far in dout.

xii. The Seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right:
Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight
That did her win and free from chalenge set:
Which straight to her was yeelded without let.
Then, since that strange Knights love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to her selfe, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might justly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves were fitted.

- xiii. With that, her glistring helmet she unlaced;
 Which doft, her golden lockes, that were upbound
 Still in a knot, unto her heeles downe traced,
 And like a silken veile in compasse round
 About her backe and all her bodie wound:
 Like as the shining skie in summers night,
 What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
 Is creasted all with lines of firie light,
 That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.
- xiv. Such when those Knights and Ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And every one gan grow in secret dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit:
 Some thought that some enchantment faygned it;
 Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit;
 Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise:
 So diversely each one did sundrie doubts devise.
- xv. But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
 Ten thousand thankes did yeeld her for her meed,
 And, doubly overcommen, her ador'd.
 So did they all their former strife accord;
 And eke fayre Amoret, now freed from feare,
 More franke affection did to her afford.
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there.
- xvi. Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
 And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great
 And griefull pittie privately bemone.
 The morow next, so soone as Titan shone,
 They both uprose and to their waies them dight:
 Long wandred they, yet never met with none
 That to their willes could them direct aright,
 Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.
- xvii. Lo! thus they rode, till at the last they spide
 Two armed Knights that toward them did pace,
 And ech of them had ryding by his side

A Ladie, seeming in so farre a space:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward shew faire semblance they did beare;
For under maske of beautie and good grace
Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the warie wise appeare.

xviii. The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew;
For she could d'on so manie shapes in sight,
As ever could Cameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the trew.
The other no whit better was then shee,
But that such as she was she plaine did shew;
Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

xix. Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissention which doth dayly grow
Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state,
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honor, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

xx. Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
Which punish wicked men that walke amisse:
It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
With thornes and barren brakes enviroind round,
That none the same may easily out-win:
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end then to begin.

xxi. And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung:
There were rent robes and broken scepters plast;
Altars defyld, and holy things defast;
Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine;

Great cities ransackt, and strong castles rast;
 Nations captived, and huge armies slaine:
 Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

xxii. There was the signe of antique Babylon;
 Of fatall Thebes; of Rome that raigned long;
 Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
 For memorie of which on high there hong
 The golden Apple, cause of all their wrong,
 For which the three faire Goddesses did strive:
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
 Of Alexander, and his Princes five
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive.

xxiii. And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the Lapithee's befell;
 And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
 So many Centaures drunken soules to hell,
 That under great Alcides furie fell;
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
 The noble Argonauts to outrage fell;
 That each of life sought others to deprive,
 All mindlesse of the Golden fleece, which made them strive.

xxiv. And eke of private persons many moe,
 That were too long a worke to count them all;
 Some, of sworne friends that did their faith forgoe;
 Some, of borne brethren prov'd unnaturall;
 Some, of deare lovers foes perpetuall:
 Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all;
 The moniments whereof there byding beene,
 As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and greene.

xxv. Such was her house within; but all without,
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
 Which she her selfe had sowen all about,
 Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes;
 Which, when to ripenesse due they growen arre,
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breeds
 Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jarre,
 The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

- xxvi. And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
To her for bread, and yeeld her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterue
Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
That she may sucke their life, and drinke their blood,
With which she from her childhood had bene fed;
For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
And by infernall furies nourished;
That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.
- xxvii. Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked wordes that God and man offended.
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did speake, and both contended;
And as her tongue so was her hart discided,
That never thocht one thing, but doubly stil was guided.
- xxviii. Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
Fild with false rumors and seditious trouble,
Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
That still are led with every light report:
And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other short,
And both misplast; that, when th' one forward yode,
The other backe retired and contrarie trode.
- xxix. Likewise unequall were her handes twaine;
That one did reach the other pusht away;
That one did make the other mard againe,
And sought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
She in short space did often bring to nought,
And their possessours often did dismay:
For all her studie was and all her thought
How she might overthrow the things that Concord
wrought.
- xxx. So much her malice did her might surpas,
That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
Because to man so mercifull he was,

And unto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith she her selfe was of his grace indigne;
 For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

xxxI. Such was that hag which with Duessa roade;
 And, serving her in her malicious use
 To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude
 To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse:
 For though, like withered tree that wanteth juyce,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late
 As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
 She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
 And made full goodly joyance to her new-found mate.

xxxII. Her mate, he was a jollie youthfull knight
 That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
 And was indeed a man of mickle might;
 His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
 His fickle mind full of inconstancie:
 And now himselfe he fitted had right well
 With two companions of like qualitie,
 Faithlesse Duessa, and false Paridell,
 That whether were more false full hard it is to tell.

xxxIII. Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
 From farre espide the famous Britomart,
 Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
 With his faire paragon, his conquests part,
 Approching nigh, eftsoones his wanton hart
 Was tickled with delight, and jesting sayd;
 "Lo! there, Sir Paridel, for your desart
 Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
 For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd."

xxxIV. By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond:
 Whom when as Paridel more plaine beheld,
 Albee in heart he like affection fond,
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
 That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
 He had small lust to buy his love so deare,

But answered; "Sir, him wise I never held,
That, having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

xxxv. "This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love that soone is lost."
The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
"Take then to you this Dame of mine," (quoth hee)
"And I, without your perill or your cost,
Will challenge yond same other for my fee."
So forth he fiercely prickt that one him scarce could see.

xxxvi. The warlike Britonesse her soone addrest,
And with such uncouth welcome did receive
Her fayned Paramour, her forced guest,
That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
Him selfe he did of his new love deceave;
And made him selfe thensample of his follie.
Which done, she passed forth, not taking leave,
And left him now as sad, as whilome jollie,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

xxxvii. Which when his other companie beheld,
They to his succour ran with readie ayd;
And, finding him unable once to weld,
They reared him on horsebacke and upstayd,
Till on his way they had him forth convayd:
And all the way, with wondrous grieve of mynd
And shame, he shewd him selfe to be dismayd
More for the love which he had left behynd,
Then that which he had to Sir Paridel resynd.

xxxviii. Nathlesse he forth did march, well as he might,
And made good semblance to his companie,
Dissembling his disease and evill plight;
Till that ere long they chaunced to espie
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With speedie course, as bent to charge them new:
Whom when as Blandamour approching nie
Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in view,
He was full wo, and gan his former grieve renew.

xxxix. For th' one of them he perfectly descride
 To be Sir Scudamour, by that he bore
 The God of love with wings displayed wide
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he wonne by right:
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full sore,
 That, through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now unable was to wreake his old despyght.

xl. Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake:
 "Fairst Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
 That as I late adventured for your sake,
 The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
 Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
 And justifie my cause on yonder knight."
 "Ah! Sir," (said Paridell) "do not dismay
 Your selfe for this; my selfe will for you fight,
 As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right."

xli. With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
 With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed:
 But Scudamour was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and gan him selfe prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meete.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other downe under their horses feete,
 That what of them became themselves did scarsly weete.

xlII. As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
 Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
 Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
 That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
 The doubtfull current into divers wayes.
 So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
 But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
 And, mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes:

xlIII. Who, rolled on an heape, lay still in swound
 All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
 Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground

Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle.
 Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
 With busie care they strove him to awake,
 And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
 So much they did, that at the last they brake
 His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV. Which when as Blandamour beheld, he sayd;
 " False faitour Scudamour, that hast by slight
 And foule advantage this good Knight dismayd,
 A Knight much better then thy selfe behight,
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
 This day to wreake the dammage by thee donne.
 Such is thy wont, that still when any Knight
 Is weakned, then thou doest him everronne:
 So hast thou to thy selfe false honour often wonne."

XLV. He little answer'd, but in manly heart
 His mightie indignation did forbear;
 Which was not yet so secret but some part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
 Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
 An hideous storme, is by the Northerne blast
 Quite overblowne, yet doth not passe so cleare,
 But that it all the skie doth overcast
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to wast.

XLVI. " Ah gentle knight!" then false Duessa sayd,
 " Why doe ye strive for Ladies love so sore,
 Whose chiefe desire is love and friendly aid
 Mongst gentle Knights to nourish evermore?
 Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamour, therefore
 That she, your love, list love another knight,
 Ne do your selfe dislike a whit the more;
 For Love is free, and led with selfe delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maisterdome or might."

XLVII. So false Duessa; but vile Atè thus:
 " Both foolish knights! I can but laugh at both,
 That strive and storme with stirre outrageous
 For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loves another, with whom now she goth
 In lovely wise, and sleepes, and sports, and playes;

Whilest both you here with many a cursed oth
 Sweare she is yours, and stirre up bloudie frayes,
 To win a willow bough, whilest other weares the bayes.

- XLVIII. "Vile hag!" (sayd Scudamour) why dost thou lye,
 And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?"
 "Fond knight," (sayd she) "the thing that with this
 eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"
 "Then tell," (quoth Blandamour) "and feare no
 blame:
 Tell what thou saw'st, maulgre who so it heares."
 "I saw" (quoth she) "a stranger knight, whose name
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;

XLIX. "I saw him have your Amoret at will;
 I saw him kisse; I saw him her embrace;
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill;
 All manie nights; and manie by in place
 That present were to testifie the case."
 Which when as Scudamour did heare, his heart
 Was thrild with inward grieve: as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in middest of his smart.

L. So stood Sir Scudamour when this he heard,
 Ne word had he to speake for great dismay,
 But lookt on Glaucè grim; who woxe afeard
 Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
 Albee untrue she wist them by assay.
 But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
 His chaunge of cheere that anguish did bewray,
 He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

LI. "Lo! recreant," (sayd he) "the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost shend,
 And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
 All things not rooted well will soone be rotten."
 "Fy, fy! false knight," (then false Duessa cryde)
 "Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;

Be thou, where ever thou do go or ryde,
Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights defyde!"

LII. But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
Staid not to answer; scarcely did refraine
But that in all those knights and ladies sight
He for revenge had guiltlesse Glaucè slaine:
But, being past, he thus began amaine:
"False traitour squire! false squire of falsest knight!
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose Lord hath done my love this foule despight?
Why do I not it wreake on thee, now in my might?"

LIII. "Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
What vengeance due can equall thy desart,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust?
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust!
Yet thou, false Squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply."

LIV. The aged Dame, him seeing so enraged,
Was dead with feare; nathlesse, as neede required,
His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expyred;
And evermore sought Britomart to cleare:
But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
And thrise he drew it backe; so did at last forbear.

CANTO II

Blandamour winnes false Florimell;
 Paridell for her strives:
 They are accorded: Agapè
 Doth lengthen her sonnes lives.

- I. FIREBRAND of hell, first tynd in Phlegeton,
 By thousand furies, and from thence out throwen
 Into this world to worke confusion,
 And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
 Is wicked discord; whose small sparkes once blown
 None but a God or godlike man can slake;
 Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was growen
 Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
 His silver Harpe in hand and shortly friends them make:
- II. Or such as that celestiall Psalmist was,
 That, when the wicked feend his Lord tormented,
 With heavenly notes, that did all other pas
 The outrage of his furious fit relented.
 Such Musicke is wise words, with time concented,
 To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive:
 Such as that prudent Romane well invented,
 What time his people into partes did rive,
 Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.
- III. Such us'd wise Glaucè to that wrathfull knight,
 To calme the tempest of his troubled thought:
 Yet Blandamour with termes of foule despight,
 And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
 As old and crooked and not good for ought.
 Both they unwise, and warelesse of the evill
 That by themselves unto themselves is wrought
 Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill;
 The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.
- IV. With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
 They were encountred of a lustie Knight
 That had a goodly Ladie by his side,

To whom he made great dalliance and delight:
 It was to weete the bold Sir Ferrauqh hight,
 He that from Braggadocchio whilome reft
 The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft;
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

- v. Which when as Blandamour, whose fancie light
 Was alwaies flitting as the wavering wind
 After each beautie that appeard in sight,
 Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
 With sting of lust that reasons eye did blind,
 That to Sir Paridell these words he sent:
 " Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 So fayre a spoyle, to make you joyous meriment? "
- vi. But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
 List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall:
 " Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine;
 This now be yours; God send you better gaine! "
 Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
 Against that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
 By meanes whereof he hath him lightly overborne.
- vii. Who, with the sudden stroke astonisht sore,
 Upon the ground awhile in slomber lay;
 The whiles his love away the other bore,
 And, shewing her, did Paridell upbray;
 " Lo! sluggish Knight, the victors happie pray'
 So fortune friends the bold: " whom Paridell
 Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
 His hart with secret envie gan to swell,
 And inly grudge at him that he had sped so well.
- viii. Nathlesse proud man himselfe the other deemed,
 Having so peerelesse paragon ygot:
 For sure the fayrest Florimell him seemed
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,
 Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
 Therefore he her did court, did serve, did wooe,

With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did devise, and all things dooe,
 That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

ix. She, in regard thereof, him recompens
 With golden words and goodly countenance,
 And such fond favours sparingly dispenst:
 Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy lookes temping with loose dalliance;
 Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
 That having cast him in a foolish trance,
 He seemed brought to bed in Paradise,
 And prov'd himselfe most foole in what he seem'd most wise.

x. So great a mistresse of her art she was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himselfe he thought to pas,
 And by his false allurements wylie draft
 Had thousand women of their love beraft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd: for that false spright,
 Which that same witch had in this forme engraft,
 Was so expert in every subtile slight,
 That it could overreach the wisest earthly wight.

xi. Yet he to her did dayly service more,
 And dayly more deceived was thereby;
 Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
 As seeming plast in sole felicity:
 So blind is lust false colours to descry.
 But Atè soone discovering his desire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To stirre up strife twixt love and spight and ire,
 Did privily put coles unto his secret fire.

xii. By sundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth;
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that Hag him teaches:
 And ever when his passion is allayd,
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches;
 That on a time, as they together way'd,
 He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly sayd;

- XIII. "Too boastfull Blandamoure! too long I beare
The open wrongs thou doest me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first did sweare,
The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
Should equally be shard betwixt us tway.
Where is my part then of this Ladie bright,
Whom to thy selfe thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight."
- XIV. Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answere to him make:
"Too foolish Paridell! that fayrest floure
Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take:
But not so easie will I her forsake;
This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend."
With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
Forgetfull each to have bene ever others frend.
- XV. Their fire steedes with so untamed force
Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
That both their speares with pitillesse remorse
Through shield and mayle and haberjeon did wend,
And in their flesh a griesly passage rend,
That with the furie of their owne affret
Each other horse and man to ground did send;
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stownd in which their lives were set.
- XVI. As when two warlike Brigandines at sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Do meete together on the watry lea,
They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asonder.
They which from shore behold the dreadfull sight
Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.
- XVII. At length they both upstarted in amaze,
As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
And round about themselves awhile did gaze;

Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
 In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
 And, drawing both their swords, with rage extreme,
 Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
 And shields did share, and mailles did rash, and helmes
 did hew.

- xviii. So furiously each other did assaile,
 As if their soules they would attonce have rent
 Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent;
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
 And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore;
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
 So mortall was their malice, and so sore
 Become, of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.
- xix. And that which is for Ladies most besitting,
 To stint all strife and foster friendly peace,
 Was from those Dames so farre and so unfitting,
 As that, instead of praying them surcease,
 They did much more their cruelty encrease;
 Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
 And rather die then Ladies cause release:
 With which vaine termes so much they did them move,
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.
- xx. There they, I weene, would fight untill this day,
 Had not a Squire, even he the Squire of Dames,
 By great adventure travelled that way;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate:
 And first laide on those Ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke t' appease their deadly hate,
 But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate.
- xxi. And then those Knights he humbly did beseech
 To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken;
 Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
 Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken:
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,

And them conjur'd by some well known token,
That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

xxii. First he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of Florimell.
“ Ah gentle Kinghts! ” (quoth he) “ how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell? ”
“ Fond Squire,” full angry then sayd Paridell,
“ Seest not the Ladie there before thy face? ”
He looked backe, and, her avizing well,
Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

xxiii. Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her lowting thus behight:
“ Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell.
Long may you live in health and happie state! ”
She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

xxiv. Then, turning to those Knights, he gan anew:
“ And you, Sir Blandamour, and Paridell,
That for this Ladie, present in your vew,
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes, me seemes, bene not advised well;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.”

xxv. Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance sterne
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake:
“ Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take! ”
“ Not one,” (quoth he) “ but many doe partake
Herein; as thus: It lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

xxvi. "But, when as she her selfe was lost and gone,
 Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
 Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
 That lost faire Ladies ornament should weare,
 And gan therefore close spight to him to beare;
 Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemne feast, with publike turneyng,
 To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring:

xxvii. "And of them all she, that is fayrest found,
 Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
 And of those Knights, who is most stout on ground,
 Shall to that fairest Ladie be prefard.
 Since therefore she her selfe is now your ward,
 To you that ornament of hers pertaines
 Against all those that challenge it to gard
 And save her honour with your ventrous paines:
 That shall you win more glory than ye here find gaines."

xxviii. When they the reason of his words had hard,
 They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
 And with their honours and their loves regard
 The furious flames of malice to asswage.
 Tho each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to joyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as their professed fone,
 That challeng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

xxix. So, well accorded, forth they rode together
 In friendly sort that lasted but a while;
 And of all old dislikes they made faire weather;
 Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
 That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 However gay and goodly be the style,
 That doth ill cause or evill end enure;
 For venture is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

xxx. Thus as they marched all in close disguise
 Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
 Two knights that lincked rode in lovely wise,

As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not farre behinde him had his make,
To weete, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
The which with speedie pace did after them pursew.

xxxI. Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughtie, as they did appeare,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand
What mote they be: who, viewing them more neare,
Returned readie newes, that those same weare
Two of the prowest Knights in Faery lond,
And those two Ladies their two lovers deare;
Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

xxxII. Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battell made the dreddest daungerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compyled
With warlike numbers and Heroicke sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fames eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.

xxxIII. But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
And workes of noblest wits to nought outweare,
That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare,
The which mote have enriched all us heare.
O cursed Eld! the cankerworme of writs,
How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits?

xxxIV. Then pardon, O most sacred happie spirit!
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
And being dead in vaine yet many strive:
Ne dare I like; but, through infusion sweete

Of thine owne spirit which doth in me survive,
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

xxxv. Cambelloes sister was fayre Canacee,
 That was the learnedst Ladie in her dayes,
 Well seene in everie science that mote bee,
 And every secret worke of natures wayes;
 In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayes;
 In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds;
 And, that augmented all her other prayse,
 She modest was in all her deedes and words,
 And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of Knights and
 Lords.

xxxvi. Full many Lords and many Knights her loved,
 Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
 Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
 But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
 For dread of blame and honours blemishment;
 And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
 That none of them once out of order went,
 But like to warie Centonels well stayd,
 Still watcht on every side, of secret foes affrayd,

xxxvii. So much the more as she refusd to love,
 So much the more she loved was and sought,
 That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
 Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought,
 That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
 Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
 Perceiv'd would breede great mischiefe, he bethought
 How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
 And turne both him and her to honour, in this wise.

xxxviii. One day, when all that troupe of warlike wooers
 Assembled were to weet whose she should bee,
 All mightie men and dreadfull derring-dooers,
 (The harder it to make them well agree)
 Amongst them all this end he did decree;
 That, of them all which love to her did make,
 They by consent should chose the stoutest three
 That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
 And of them all the victour should his sister take.

xxxix. Bold was the chalenge, as himselfe was bold,
And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament;
But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the manie vertues which we reed,
Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did
bleed.

xl. Well was that rings great virtue knowen to all;
That dread thereof and his redoubted might
Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
That none of them durst undertake the fight:
More wise they weend to make of love delight
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet uncertaine by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that perill tooke,
Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

xli. Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
Borne at one burden in one happie morne;
Thrise happie mother and thrise happy morne,
That bore three such, three such not to be fond!
Her name was Agapè, whose children werne
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

xlII. Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horsebacke used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foote had more delight;
But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
But speare and curtaxe both usd Priamond in field.

xlIII. These three did love each other dearely well,
And with so firme affection were allyde,

As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
 Which did her powre into three parts diuide;
 Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
 That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
 And like that roote that doth her life diuide,
 Their mother was; and had full blessed hap
 These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV. Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
 Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
 Which she by art could use unto her will,
 And to her service bind each living creature,
 Through secret understanding of their feature.
 Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
 She list discover, and of goodly stature:
 But she, as Feyes are wont, in privie place
 Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to
 space.

XLV. There on a day a noble youthly knight,
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
 As she sate carelesse by a cristall flood
 Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good;
 And unawares upon her laying hold,
 That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
 Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three
 champions bold.

XLVI. Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripenesse of mans state they grew:
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood,
 They loved armes, and knighthood did ensew,
 Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
 Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
 Their safetie; least by searching daungers new,
 And rash provoking perils all about,
 Their days mote be abridged through their corage
 stout.

XLVII. Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
 To know, and them t' enlarge with long extent,

By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
To the three fatall sisters house she went.
Farre under ground from tract of living went,
Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyссе,
Where Demogorgon, in dull darknesse pent
Farre from the view of gods and heavens bliss,
The hideous Chaos keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

XLVIII. There she them found all sitting round about,
The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
That cruel Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursed knife cutting the twist in twaine.
Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so
vaine!

XLIX. She, them saluting, there by them sate still
Beholding how the thrids of life they span:
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cause of comming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos: " Bold Fay, that durst
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Jove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst! "

L. Whereat she sore affrayd, yet her besought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordained by eternall fate:
Which Clotho graunting shewed her the same.
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly
came.

LI. She then began them humbly to intreate
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late:

But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
 And sayd; " Fond dame, that deem'st of things divine
 As of humane, that they may altred bee,
 And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine!
 Not so; for what the Fates do once decree,
 Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Jove him self can free! "

LII. " Then since " (quoth she) " the terme of each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this; that when ye shred with fatall knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next:
 And, when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their lives may likewise be annex
 Unto the third, that his may so be trebly wext.

LIII. They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And, comming home, in warlike fresh aray
 Them found all three according to their kynd:
 But unto them what destinie was assynd,
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
 She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other deare, what ever them befell.

LIV. So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And never discord did amongst them fall,
 Which much augmented all their other praise;
 And now, t' increase affection naturall,
 In love of Canacee they joyned all:
 Upon which ground this same great battell grew,
 Great matter growing of beginning small,
 The which, for length, I will not here pursew,
 But rather will reserve it for a Canto new.

CANTO III

The battell twixt three brethren with
 Cambell for Canacee:
 Cambina with true friendships bond
 Doth their long strife agree.

- I. O! WHY doe wretched men so much desire
 To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
 And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
 Knowing the miserie of their estate,
 And thousand perills which them still awate,
 Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
 That every houre they knocke at deathes gate?
 And he that happie seemes, and least in payne,
 Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.
- II. Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
 The which, in seeking for her children three
 Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
 Yet whilst they lived none did ever see
 More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee;
 Nor more ennobled for their courtesie,
 That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
 Ne more renowned for their chevalrie,
 That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.
- III. These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
 For Canacee with Cambell for to fight.
 The day was set, that all might understand,
 And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright:
 That day, the dreddest day that living wight
 Did ever see upon this world to shine,
 So soone as heavens window shewed light,
 These warlike Champions, all in armour shine,
 Assembled were in field the chalenge to define.
- IV. The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
 To barre the prease of people farre away;
 And at th' one side sixe judges were dispos'd,

To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day:
 And on the other side, in fresh aray,
 Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
 Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
 And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
 That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage.

- v. Then entred Cambell first into the list,
 With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
 As if the conquest his he surely wist.
 Soone after did the brethren three advance
 In brave aray and goodly amenance,
 With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd;
 And, marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
 Thrise lowted lowly to the noble Mayd,
 The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweetly playd.
- vi. Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,
 All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet:
 Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equall worth
 And equall armes, himselfe did forward set.
 A trumpet blew; they both together met
 With dreadfull force and furious intent,
 Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
 As if that life to losse they had forelent,
 And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.
- vii. Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
 And throughly skild in use of shield and speare;
 Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
 Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare;
 That hard it was to weene which harder were.
 Full many mightie strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare;
 But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
 That they avoyded were, and vainely by did slyde.
- viii. Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
 By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
 Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disadvaunce.
 Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce;
 Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,

But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughtie courage to avengement fell:
Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to
swell.

- ix. With that, his poynant speare he fierce aventred
With doubled force close underneath his shield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And, there arresting, readie way did yield
For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field;
That he for paine himselfe n'ote right upreare,
But too and fro in great amazement reel'd;
Like an old Oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and theare.
- x. Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
Againe he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
The mortall point most cruelly empight;
Where fast infixed, whilst he sought by slight
It forth to wrest, the staffe asunder brake,
And left the head behinde: with which despight
He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake.
- xi. "Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take,
The meede of thy mischallenge and abet.
Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But to forbear doth not forgive the det."
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow,
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.
- xii. Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe, behind yet sticking fast,
Out of his headpeece Cambell fiercely reft,
And with such furie backe at him it heft,
That making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorget cleft.
Thence streames of purple bloud issuing rife
Let forth his wearie ghost, and made an end of strife.

- xiii. His wearie ghost assoyld from fleshly band
 Did not, as others wont, directly fly
 Unto her rest in Plutoes griesly land;
 Ne into ayre did vanish presently,
 Ne chaunged was into a starre in sky;
 But through traduction was eftsoones derived,
 Like as his mother prayed the Destinie,
 Into his other brethren that survived,
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.
- xiv. Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though sad and sorie for so heavy sight,
 Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yeeld,
 But rather stir'd to vengeance and despight,
 Through secret feeling of his generous spright,
 Rusht fiercely forth the battell to renew,
 As in reversion of his brothers right;
 And chalenging the Virgin as his dew,
 His foe was soone address: the trompets freshly blew.
- xv. With that they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each ment other to devoure;
 And with their axes both so sorely bet,
 That neither plate nor mayle, where as their powre
 They felt, could once sustaine the hideous stowre,
 But rived were like rotten wood asunder;
 Whilest through their rifts the ruddie bloud did showre,
 And fire did flash, like lightning after thunder,
 That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.
- xvi. As when two Tygers prickt with hungers rage
 Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to asswage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out doe stirre up strifefull broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make,
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soyle,
 But either sdeignes with other to partake:
 So cruelly these Knights strove for that Ladies sake.
- xvii. Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
 The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two;
 Yet they were all with so good wariment

Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
 That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe;
 Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way,
 And heav'd his murderous axe at him with mighty sway.

xviii. The dreadfull stroke, in case it had arrived
 Where it was ment, (so deadly it was ment)
 The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent:
 But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent;
 For, seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent;
 Who, missing of the marke which he had eyde,
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did slyde.

xix. As when a Vulture greedie of his pray,
 Through hunger long that hart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an Heron with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend;
 The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend
 His dreadfull souse, avoydes it, shunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend;
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

xx. Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
 Full lightly, ere himselfe he could recower
 From daungers dread to ward his naked side,
 He can let drive, at him with all his power,
 And with his axe him smote in evill hower,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he reft:
 The headlesse tronke, as heedlesse of that stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept,
 Till, feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly slept,

xxi. They which that piteous spectacle beheld
 Were much amaz'd the headlesse tronke to see
 Stand up so long, and weapon vaine to weld,
 Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
 For lifes succession in those brethren three.
 For notwithstanding that one soule was reft,

Yet had the bodie not dismembred bee,
 It would have lived, and revived eft;
 But, finding no fit seat, the lifelesse corse it left.

xxii. It left; but that same soule which therein dwelt
 Streight entring into Triamond him fild
 With double life and grieve: which when he felt,
 As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
 With point of steele that close his hartbloud spild,
 He lightly lept out of his place of rest,
 And rushing forth into the emptie field,
 Against Cambello fiercely him address;
 Who, him affronting soone, to fight was readie prest.

xxiii. Well mote ye wonder how that noble Knight,
 After he had so often wounded beene,
 Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
 But had ye then him forth advauncing seene,
 Some newborne wight ye would him surely weene;
 So fresh he seemed and so fierce in sight:
 Like as a Snake, whom wearie winters teene
 Hath worne to nought, now feeling sommers might,
 Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth him dight.

xxiv. All was through vertue of the ring he wore;
 The which not onely did not from him let
 One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
 His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
 Through working of the stone therein yset.
 Else how could one of equall might with most,
 Against so many no lesse mightie met,
 Once thinke to match three such on equall cost,
 Three such as able were to match a puissant host?

xxv. Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
 Ne desperate of glorious victorie;
 But sharply him assayld, and sore bestedde
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
 He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
 And did his yron brond so fast applie,
 That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
 As fast as water-sprinkles gain't a rocke are dasht.

- xxvi. Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes:
So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assaile, and mightily amate,
As fast as forward erst now backward to retrate.
- xxvii. Like as the tide, that comes fro th' Ocean mayne,
Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seeme to have some other sourse;
But when the floud is spent, then backe againe,
His borrowed waters forst to redisbourse,
He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soveraine.
- xxviii. Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his fo;
Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed,
Yet victors both them selves alwayes esteemed:
And all the while the disentrayled blood
Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
That with the wasting of his vitall flood,
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.
- xxix. But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cherisht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruises guarisht;
Like as a withered tree, through husbands toyle,
Is often seene full freshly to have florisht,
And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.
- xxx. Through which advantage, in his strength he rose,
And smote the other with so wondrous might,
That through the seame, which did his hauberck close,

Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
 That downe he fell as dead in all mens sight;
 Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
 As all men do, that lose the living spright.
 So did one soule out of his bodie flie
 Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

xxxI. But nathelesse, whilst all the lookers-on
 Him dead behight, as he to all appeard,
 All unawares he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
 And fresh assayld his foe: who halfe affeard
 Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had seene,
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward;
 Till, having often by him stricken beene,
 He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from teene.

xxxII. Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
 As one in feare the Stygian gods t' offend,
 Ne followd on so fast, but rather sought
 Him selfe to save, and daunger to defend,
 Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
 Which Triamond perceiving weened sure
 He gan to faint toward the battels end,
 And that he should not long on foote endure,
 A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

xxxIII. Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
 Him selfe to save from that so deadly throw;
 And at that instant reaching forth his sward
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike upreard,
 In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound
 appeard.

xxxIV. Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
 And, falling heavie on Cambelloes crest,
 Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound imprest:
 And sure, had it not happily found rest
 Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,

It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest.
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

xxxv. Which when as all the lookers-on beheld,
They weened sure the warre was at an end;
And Judges rose, and Marshals of the field
Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend;
And Canacee gan wayle her dearest frend.
All suddenly they both upstart light,
The one out of the swownd, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another spright,
And fiercely each assayling gan afresh to fight.

xxxvi. Long while they then continued in that wize,
As if but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
Desirous both to have the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to save or spill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
That life it selfe seemd loathsome, and long safetie ill.

xxxvii. Whilst thus the case in doubtfull ballance hong,
Unsure to whether side it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
And secret feare, to see their fatall fine,
All suddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
That seemd some perilous tumult to desine,
Confusd with womens cries and shouts of boyes,
Such as the troubled Theatres oftimes annoyes.

xxxviii. Thereat the Champions both stood still a space,
To weeten what that sudden clamour ment:
Lo! where they spyde with speedie whirling pace,
One in a charet of straunge furniment
Towards them driving, like a storme out sent.
The charet decked was in wondrous wize
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Persian Monarks antique guize,
Such as the maker selfe could best by art devise.

xxxix. And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim lyons, taken from the wood,
 In which their powre all others did excell;
 Now made forget their former cruell mood,
 T' obey their riders hest, as seemed good.
 And therein sate a Ladie, passing faire
 And bright, that seemed borne of Angels brood,
 And, with her beautie, bountie did compare,
 Whether of them in her should have the greater share.

xl. Thereto she learned was in Magicke leare,
 And all the artes, that subtile wits discover,
 Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she farre exceld all other:
 Who understanding by her mightie art
 Of th' evill plight, in which her dearest brother
 Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
 And pacifie the strife, which causd so deadly smart.

xli. And as she passed through th' unruly preace
 Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
 Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
 For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould:
 That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
 Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
 And some, that would seeme wise, their wonder turnd
 to dout.

xlil. In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
 About the which two Serpents weren wound,
 Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
 And by the tailes together firmly bound,
 And both were with one olive garland crownd,
 Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
 Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound:
 And in her other hand a cup she hild,
 The which was with Nepenthe to the brim upfild.

xlili. Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
 Devized by the Gods, for to asswage
 Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,

Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
 Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
 It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd;
 But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd.

XLIV. Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
 As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
 And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
 For their high merits and great dignitie,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
 To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from their memorie.
 So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
 Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were plaste.

XLV. Much more of price and of more gracious powre,
 Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
 The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
 Described by that famous Tuscan penne:
 For that had might to change the hearts of men
 Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
 But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI. At last arriving by the listes side,
 Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
 Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
 Eftsoones out of her Coch she gan availe,
 And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile,
 First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
 That so to see him made her heart to quaille;
 And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
 Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t' appeare.

XLVII. They lightly her requit, (for small delight
 They had as then her long to entertaine)
 And eft them turned both againe to fight:
 Which when she saw, downe on the bloudy plaine
 Her selfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
 Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,

And with her prayers reasons, to restraîne
 From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke,
 By all that unto them was deare, did them beseeke.

XLVIII. But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
 Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
 Then suddenly, as if their hearts did faile,
 Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
 And they, like men astonisht, still did stand.
 Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully distraught,
 And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
 Whereof, full glad for thirst, ech drunk an harty draught;

XLIX. Of which so soone as they once tasted had,
 Wonder it is that sudden change to see:
 Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely haulst, from feare of treason free,
 And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
 When all men saw this sudden change of things,
 So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing joy, which so great marvaile brings,
 They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

L. All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
 In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
 To weet what sudden tidings was befeld:
 Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
 And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
 In lovely wise she gan that Lady greet,
 Which had so great dismay so well amended:
 And, entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
 Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI. Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
 The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
 Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
 Those warlike champions both together chose
 Homeward to march, themselves there to repose:
 And wise Cambina, taking by her side
 Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
 Unto her Coch remounting, home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people and much glorifide.

- LII. Where making joyous feast their daies they spent
In perfect love, devoid of hateful strife,
Allied with bands of mutual complement;
For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And Cambel took Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were to each other liefe.
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That since their dayes such lovers were not found
elsewhere.

CANTO IV

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
 For love of Florimell:
 Britomart winnes the prize from all,
 And Artégall doth quell.

- I. IT often fals, (as here it earst befell)
 That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends,
 And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell:
 The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
 And th' end of both likewise of both their ends:
 For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
 But of occasion, with th' occasion ends;
 And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
 Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded seeds.
- II. That well (me seemes) appeares, by that of late
 Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
 As als by this, that now a new debate
 Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
 The which by course befalls me here to tell:
 Who having those two other Knights espide
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sent forth their Squire to have them both describe,
 And eke those masked Ladies riding them beside.
- III. Who backe returning told, as he had seene,
 That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name,
 And those two Ladies their two loves unseene;
 And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
 To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
 But Blandamour full of vainglorious spright,
 And rather stird by his discordfull Dame,
 Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
 But that he yet was sore of his late lucklesse fight.
- IV. Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
 Disgracing them, him selfe thereby to grace,
 As was his wont: so weening way to make

To Ladies love, where so he came in place,
And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage base,
And gan their shields addresse them selves afore:
For evill deedes may better than bad words be bore.

v. But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
That for the present they were reconcyld,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And straunge adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

vi. To which folke-mote they all with one consent,
Sith each of them his Ladie had him by,
Whose beautie each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
So as they passed forth they did espy
One in bright armes, with ready speare in rest,
That toward them his course seem'd to apply:
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himselfe addrest,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have repress.

vii. Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
And vaunted speare eftsoones to disadvaunce,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
Now falne into their fellowship by chance:
Whereat they shewed curteous countenaunce.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eie did on the Lady glaunce
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he weend, that he some-wher tofore had eide.

viii. It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne:
Whom he now seeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the witches sonne,
He soone her lost: wherefore he now begunne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,

Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
 And proffer made by force her to reprice:
 Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize;

- ix. And said, "Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
 Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
 (For so to lose a Lady were great shame)
 Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight:
 And lo! shee shall be placed here in sight,
 Together with this Hag beside her set,
 That who so winnes her may her have by right:
 But he shall have the Hag that is ybet,
 And with her alwaies ride, till he another get."
- x. That offer pleased all the company:
 So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
 At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
 But Braggadochio said, he never thought
 For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
 His person to emperill so in fight;
 But if to match that Lady they had sought
 Another like, that were like faire and bright,
 His life he then would spend to justifie his right.
- xi. At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
 As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
 And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
 The battell, offred in so knightly wize:
 And Atè eke provokt him privily
 With love of her, and shame of such mesprize.
 But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
 For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.
- xii. But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest:
 "Brave Knights and Ladies, certes, ye doe wrong
 To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
 That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
 Against the Turnement which is not long,
 When who so list to fight may fight his fill:
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall have the Hag, or hold the Lady still."

- xiii. They all agreed: so, turning all to game
And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way.
And all that while, where so they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length, upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh aray
Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame,
Assembled for to get the honour of that game.
- xiv. There this faire crewe arriving did divide
Them selves asunder: Blandamour with those
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glorie vaine, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to every one;
The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone.
- xv. Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shewd, that all men it mote marke:
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.
- xvi. The same aloft he hung in open vew,
To be the prize of beautie and of might;
The which eftsoones discovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrise happie Ladie, and thrise happie knight,
Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthie of the perill, worthy of the paine.
- xvii. Then tooke the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And, vauncing forth from all the other band

Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing him selfe all ready for the field.
 Gainst whom there singled from the other side
 A Painim knight that well in armes was skild,
 And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
 Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiersly forth did ride.

- xviii. So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustaine;
 As two fierce Bulls, that strive the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted tumble on the plaine:
 So these two champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.
- xix. Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
 He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran;
 And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
 With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
 But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
 So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
 That on an heape were tumbled horse and man:
 Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell;
 But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.
- xx. Which Braggadocchio seeing had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
 But Triamond, halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly stept forth and raught away his speare,
 With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves againe upreare.
- xxi. Which to avenge Sir Devon him did dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest:
 For him likewise he quickly downe did smight,
 And after him Sir Douglas him addrest,
 And after him Sir Palimord forth prest:
 But none of them against his strokes could stand,

But, all the more, the more his praise increst:
For either they were left uppon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

xxii. And now by this Sir Satyrane abraid
Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one dismaid,
When as he saw the mercillesse affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himselfe he wisht have beene, then in so bad a stead.

xxiii. Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scattered all abroad,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found;
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withstond,
So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

xxiv. With that, at him his beam-like speare he aimed,
And thereto all his power and might applide:
The wicked steele, for mischiefe first ordained,
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not till it arrived in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull stound,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a swoond.

xxv. Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine:
Then gan the part of Chalers anew
To range the field, and victorlike to raine,
That none against them battell durst maintaine:
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets sound to cease did them compell:
So Satyrane that day was judg'd to beare the bell.

- xxvi. The morrow next the Turney gan anew:
 And with the first the hardy Satyrane
 Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
 On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
 Assembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
 But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond,
 Unable he new battell to darraine,
 Through grievance of his late received wound,
 That doubly did him grieve when so himselfe he found.
- xxvii. Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
 Ne done undoe, yet, for to salve his name
 And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
 This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame:
 The shield and armes, well knowne to be the same
 Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight
 And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
 If he misdid, he on himselfe did dight,
 That none could him discerne; and so went forth to fight.
- xxviii. There Satyrane Lord of the field he found,
 Triumphant in great joy and jolity,
 Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground;
 That much he gan his glorie to envy,
 And cast t' avenge his friends indignity.
 A mightie speare eftsoones at him he bent;
 Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground they both together went.
- xxix. They up againe them selves can lightly reare,
 And to their tryed swords them selves betake;
 With which they wrought such wondrous marvels there,
 That all the rest it did amazed make,
 Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
 Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round advantage for to take:
 As two wild Boares together grapling go,
 Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.
- xxx. So as they courst, and turneyd here and theare,
 It chaunst Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
 Whether through foundring or through sodein feare,

To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast;
Which vantage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere him selfe he had recovered well,
So sore he sowst him on the compast creast,
That forced him to leave his loftie sell,
And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-feete fell.

xxxI. Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed
For to have rent his shield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous sway
Of many swords that lode on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
To rescue Satyrane out of his pray,
All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood on ground.

xxxII. He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion, that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
In royall heart disdainig to be thrall.
But all in vaine: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

xxxIII. Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought
There as he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
And starting up streight for his armour sought:
In vaine he sought, for there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got.
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full sorie to his vew.

xxxIV. Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale: ne did he ceasse,
Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
Like captive thral two other Knights atweene:
There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,

That they, which lead him, soone enforced beene
 To let him loose to save their proper stakes,
 Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

xxxv. With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
 Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
 And in revengement of his owne despight;
 So both together give a new allarme,
 As if but now the battell waxed warme.
 As when two greedy Wolves doe breake by force
 Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
 They spoile and ravine without all remorse;
 So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

xxxvi. Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprise,
 Till trumpets sound did warne them all to rest;
 Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
 To Triamond and Cambell as the best.
 But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
 And Cambell it to Triamond transferd,
 Each labouring t' advance the others gest,
 And make his praise before his owne preferd:
 So that the doome was to another day differd.

xxxvii. The last day came, when all those knightes againe
 Assembled were their deedes of armes to shew.
 Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
 But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
 His wondrous worth declared in all mens view,
 For from the first he to the last endured:
 And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet evermore his honour he recured,
 And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

xxxviii. Ne was there Knight that ever thought of armes,
 But that his utmost prowesse there made knownen;
 That, by their many wounds and carelesse harmes,
 By shivered speares, and swords all under strowen,
 By scattered shields, was easie to be shoven.
 There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
 Whose lucklesse riders late were overthrown;
 And squiers make hast to helpe their Lords fordonne.
 But still the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

- xxxix. Till that there entered on the other side
A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In quyent disguise, full hard to be describe:
For all his armour was like salvage weed
With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit
For salvage wight; and thereto well agreed
His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,
Salvagesse sans finesse, shewing secret wit.
- xl. He, at his first incomming, charg'd his spere
At him that first appeared in his sight:
That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the first encounter downe he smote,
And overbore beyond his crouper quight;
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir Brianor, so sore that none him life behote.
- xli. Then, ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
And, when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,
The instrument of wrath, and with the same
Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,
Hewing and slashing shields and helmets bright,
And beating downe what ever nigh him came,
That every one gan shun his dreadfull sight,
No lesse then death it selfe, in daungerous affright.
- xlII. Much wondred all men what or whence he came,
That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize,
And each of other gan inquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wize,
Most answerable to his wyld disguise
It seemed him to terme the Salvage Knight;
But certes his right name was otherwise,
Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,
The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of
might.
- xlIII. Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
By his sole manhood and atchievement stout

Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were and chased all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening that the Sunne gan downward bend.
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend:
 So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV. He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At Artegall, in midst of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his Umbriere
 So sore, that tombling backe he downe did slyde
 Over his horses taile above astryde;
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe:
 Which Cambell seeing much the same envyde,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine;
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

XLV. Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
 And cast t' avenge the shame doen to his freend:
 But by his friend himselfe eke soone he fond
 In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
 All which when Blandamour from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
 His speare he feutred, and at him it bore,
 But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI. Full many others at him likewise ran,
 But all of them likewise dismounted were;
 Ne certes wonder, for no powre of man
 Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
 The which this famous Britomart did beare;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
 And overthrew what ever came her neare,
 That all those stranger knights full sore agrieved,
 And that late weaker band of chalengers relieved.

XLVII. Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
 That all brute beasts, forst to refraine fro meat,
 Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
 And, missing it, faine from themselves to flie;

All travellers tormented are with paine:
A watry cloud doth overcast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe.

XLVIII. So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
Which else was like to have bene lost, and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize shold win that pretious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trompe will also rest a whyle.

CANTO V

The Ladies for the girdle strive
 Of famous Florimell:
 Scudamour, comming to Cares House,
 Doth sleepe from him expell.

- I. IT hath bene through all ages ever seene,
 That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
 The prize of beautie still hath joyned beene;
 And that for reasons speciall privitie,
 For either doth on other much relie.
 For he, me seemes, most fit the faire to serve,
 That can her best defend from villenie;
 And she most fit his service doth deserve,
 That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.
- II. So fitly now here commeth next in place,
 After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
 The controverse of beauties soveraine grace;
 In which, to her that doth the most excell,
 Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell:
 That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
 And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
 That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
 Which Ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.
- III. That girdle gave the vertue of chast love,
 And wivehood true, to all that did it beare;
 But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
 Might not the same about her middle weare,
 But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
 Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
 Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare
 What time she usd to live in wively sort
 But layd aside when so she usd her looser sport.
- IV. Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
 When first he loved her with heart entire,
 This pretious ornament, they say, did make,

And wrought in Lemno with unquenched fire:
 And afterwards did for her loves first hire
 Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
 And loose affections streightly to restraine;
 Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

- v. The same one day, when she her selfe disposd
 To visite her beloved Paramoure,
 The God of warre, she from her middle loosd,
 And left behind her in her secret bowre
 On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
 She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
 There Florimell, in her first ages flowre,
 Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
 And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.
- vi. That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed deare.
 No wonder then, if that to winne the same
 So many Ladies sought, as shall appeare;
 For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
 And now by this their feast all being ended,
 The judges, which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian field adowne descended
 To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.
- vii. But first was question made, which of those Knights
 That lately turneyd had the wager wonne:
 There was it judged, by those worthie wights,
 That Satyrane the first day best had donne:
 For he last ended, having first begonne.
 The second was to Triamond behight,
 For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne:
 For Cambell victour was in all mens sight,
 Till by mishap he in his foemens hand did light.
- viii. The third dayes prize unto that straunger Knight,
 Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene speare,
 To Britomart was given by good right;
 For that with puissant stroke she downe did beare
 The Salvage Knight that victour was whileare,
 And all the rest which had the best afore,

And to the last unconquer'd did appeare;
 For last is deemed best. To her therefore
 The fayrest Ladie was adjudgd for Paramore.

- ix. But therat greatly grudged Arthegall,
 And much repynd, that both of victors meede
 And eke of honour she did him forestall.
 Yet mote he not withstand what was decreede,
 But inly thought of that despightfull deede
 Fit time t' awaite avenged for to bee.
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 Then next ensew'd the Paragon to see
 Of beauties praise, and yeeld the fayrest her due fee.
- x. Then first Cambello brought into their view
 His faire Cambina, covered with a veale;
 Which, being once withdrawne, most perfect hew
 And passing beautie did eftsoones reveale,
 That able was weake harts away to steale.
 Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
 The face of his deare Canacee unheale;
 Whose beauties beame eftsoones did shine so bright,
 That daz'd the eyes of all as with exceeding light.
- xi. And after her did Paridell produce
 His false Duessa, that she might be seene;
 Who with her forged beautie did seduce
 The hearts of some that fairest her did weene,
 As diverse wits affected divers beene.
 Then did Sir Ferramont unto them shew
 His Lucida, that was full faire and sheene:
 And after these an hundred Ladies moe
 Appear'd in place, the which each other did outgoe.
- xii. All which who so dare thinke for to enchace,
 Him needeth sure a golden pen, I weene,
 To tell the feature of each goodly face:
 For, since the day that they created beene,
 So many heavenly faces were not seene
 Assembled in one place: ne he that thought
 For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties Queene,
 By view of all the fairest to him brought,
 So many faire did see as here he might have sought.

- xiii. At last, the most redoubted Britonesse
Her lovely Amoret did open shew;
Whose face, discovered, plainly did expresse
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did vew,
That she should surely beare the bell away;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
And very Florimell, did her display,
The sight of whom once seene did all the rest dismay.
- xiv. For all afore that seemed fayre and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her that shone as Phebes light
Amongst the lesser starres in evening cleare.
All that her saw with wonder ravisht weare,
And weend no mortall creature she should bee,
But some celestiall shape that flesh did beare:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see,
Yet thought that Florimell was not so faire as shee.
- xv. As guilefull Goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foyle doth finely over-sprede
Some baser metall, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold insted,
He much more goodly glosse thereon doth shed
To hide his falsehood, then if it were trew:
So hard this Idole was to be ared,
That Florimell her selfe in all mens vew
She seem'd to passe: so forged things do fairest shew.
- xvi. Then was that golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the fayrest Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle small
They thought to gird, as best it her became,
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame;
For, ever as they fastned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd,
And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd:
- xvii. That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
And each one thought as to their fancies came.
But she her selfe did thinke it doen for spight,

And touched was with secret wrath and shame
 Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
 Then many other Ladies likewise tride
 About their tender loynes to knit the same;
 But it would not on none of them abide,
 But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

xviii. Which when that scornefull Squire of Dames did vew,
 He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
 "Alas! for pittie that so faire a crew,
 As like can not be seene from East to West,
 Cannot find one this girdle to invest.
 Fie on the man that did it first invent
 To shame us all with this *Ungirt unblest!*
 Let never Ladie to his love assent,
 That hath this day so many so unmanly shent."

xix. Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre:
 Till that at last the gentle Amoret
 Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre;
 And, having it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let.
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie,
 But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
 The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

xx. Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit;
 Yet natheslesse to her, as her dew right,
 It yielded was by them that judged it:
 And she her selfe adjudged to the Knight
 That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
 But Britomart would not thereto assent,
 Ne her owne Amoret forgoe so light
 For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
 She lesse esteem'd then th' others vertuous government.

xxi. Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
 They were full glad, in hope themselves to get her:
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
 But, after that the judges did arret her
 Unto the second best that lov'd her better;
 That was the Salvage Knight: but he was gone,

In great displeasure that he could not get her.
Then was she judged Triamond his one:
But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

xxii. Tho unto Satyran she was *adjudged*,
Who was right glad to gaine such goodly meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
And litle prays'd his labours evill speed,
That for to winne the saddle lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did Paridell complaine,
And thought t' appeale from that which was decreed
To single combat with Sir Satyrane:
Thereto him Atè stird, new discord to maintaine.

xxiii. And eke, with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense
Her to demaund and chalenge as their rights,
Deserved for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense,
Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long sens:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who, being askt, accordingly confessed all.

xxiv. Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran;
And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour;
And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan;
And at them both Sir Paridell did loure.
So all together stird up strifull stoure,
And readie were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her paramoure,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Judges powre, ne reasons rule, mote them restraine.

xxv. Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same,
And to accord them all this meanes deviz'd:
First in the midst to set that fayrest Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame,
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then, looke to whom she voluntarie came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

xxvi. They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
 Was in the middest plast among them all;
 All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
 And to the Queene of beautie close did call,
 That she unto their portion might befall.
 Then, when she long had lookt upon each one,
 As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
 At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

xxvii. Which when they all beheld they chaft, and rag'd,
 And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
 That from revenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:
 Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say,
 For he their words as wind esteemed light.
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

xxviii. They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
 From wight unworthie of so noble meed.
 In which poursuit how each one did succcede,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede
 The hard adventures and strange haps to tell,
 Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

xxix. For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide;
 But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind love her guide.
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke her enimie!
 Unluckie Mayd, to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto her selfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him not descrie!

xxx. So much the more her grieve, the more her toyle:
 Yet neither toyle nor grieve she once did spare,
 In seeking him that should her paine assoyle;

Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care:
Who likewise sought her lover long miswent,
The gentle Scudamour, whose heart whileare
That stryfull hag with gealouè discontent
Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent:

xxxI. Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
The crime which cursed Atè kindled earst,
The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
And through his soule like poysned arrow perst,
That by no reason it might be reverst,
For ought that Glaucè could or doe or say.
For, aye the more that she the same reherst,
The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

xxxII. So as they travelled, the drouping night,
Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
Not farre away, not meet for any guest,
They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

xxxIII. Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And fast beside a little brooke did pas
Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
By which few crooked sallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approaching nigh they heard the sound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And answering their wearie turnes around,
That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert
ground.

xxxIV. There entring in, they found the goodman selfe
Full busily unto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elfe,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
As if he had in prison long bene pent:
Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,

Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent;
 With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
 The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

xxxv. Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
 With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
 Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
 His name was Care; a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working spared,
 But to small purpose yron wedges made;
 Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

xxxvi. In which his worke he had sixe servants prest,
 About the Andvile standing evermore
 With huge great hammers, that did never rest
 From heaping stroakes which thereon soused sore:
 All sixe strong groomes, but one then other more;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed,
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore,
 Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last the first did farre exceede.

xxxvii. He like a monstrous Gyant seem'd in sight,
 Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
 The which in Lipari doe day and night
 Frame thunderbolts for Joves avengefull threate.
 So dreadfully he did the andvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive:
 So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rocke of Diamond it could rive
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

xxxviii. Sir Scudamour there entring much admired
 The manner of their worke and wearie paine;
 And, having long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof, but all in vaine;
 For they for nought would from their worke refraine
 Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
 And eke the breathfull bellows blew amaine,
 Like to the Northern winde, that none could heare:
 Those Pensifenesse did move; and Sighes the bellows
 weare.

xxxix. Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
But in his armour layd him down to rest:
To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
(Whylome for ventrous Knights the bedding best)
And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble joynts layd eke adowne to rest;
That needed much her weake age to desire,
After so long a travell which them both did tire.

xl. There lay Sir Scudamour long while expecting
When gentle sleepe his heavie eyes would close;
Oft chaunging sides, and oft new place electing,
Where better seem'd he mote himselfe repose;
And oft in wrath he thence againe uprose,
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But wheresoever he did himselfe dispose,
He by no meanes could wished ease obtaine:
So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

xli. And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest,
And evermore, when he began to winke,
The bellows noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest:
And all the night the dogs did barke and howle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shriking, him afflicted to the very sowle.

xlII. And, if by fortune any litle hap
Upon his heavie eye-lids chaunst to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Upon his headpeece with his yron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly started up as one affrayd,
Or as if one him suddenly did call:
So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill apayd.

xlIII. So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his wearie sprite, opprest
With fleshly weaknesse, which no creature may

Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe his dayly feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things, that day most minds, at night doe most
 appeare.

XLIV. With that the wicked carle, the maister Smith,
A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipt; that, forst to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slomber brake:
Yet, looking round about him, none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

XLV. In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
He all that night, that too long night, did passe
And now the day out of the Ocean mayne
Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grasse:
Then up he rose, like heavie lumpe of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

XLVI. Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth upon his former voiage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
Both equall paines and equall perill shared;
The end whereof and daungerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared:
But here my wearie teeme, nigh over spent,
Shall breath it selfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
 Doe fight with Britomart:
 He sees her face; doth fall in love,
 And soone from her depart.

- I. WHAT equall torment to the grieve of mind
 And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
 That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts unkind,
 And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
 What medicine can any Leaches art
 Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grievance hide,
 And will to none her maladie impart?
 Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride,
 For which Dan Phebus selfe cannot a salve provide.
- II. Who having left that restlesse house of Care,
 The next day, as he on his way did ride,
 Full of melancholie and sad misfare
 Through misconceipt, all unawares espide
 An armed Knight under a forrest side
 Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede;
 Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
 Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
 That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.
- III. Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
 To have rencountred him in equall race;
 But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
 The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase
 And voide his course: at which so suddain case
 He wondred much. But th' other thus can say:
 "Ah, gentle Scudamour! unto your grace
 I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
 That almost had against you trespassed this day."
- IV. Whereto thus Scudamour: "Small harme it were
 For any knight upon a ventrous knight
 Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
 But reade you, Sir, sith ye my name have hight,
 What is your owne, that I mote you requite?"

" Certes," (sayd he) " ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright,
For time yet serves that I the same refuse;
But call ye me the Salvage Knight, as others use."

- v. " Then this, Sir Salvage Knight," (quoth he) " areede:
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
That seemeth well to answeere to your weede,
Or have ye it for some occasion donne?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne."
" This other day " (sayd he) " a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour hath unto me donne,
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
When ever he this way shall passe by day or night."
- vi. " Shame be his meede," (quoth he) " that meaneth shame!
But what is he by whom ye shamed were? "
" A stranger knight," sayd he, " unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame, and by an Hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He, in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest Ladie reft, and ever since withheld."
- vii. When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did beare.
Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
That thus he sharply sayd: " Now, by my head,
Yet is not this the first unknighly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread:
- viii. " For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villanie
The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
In shame of knighthood and fidelitie;
The which ere long full deare he shall abie:
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
It shall not fayle when so ye shall it need."
So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

- ix. Whiles thus they communed, lo! farre away
A Knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray:
Whom, when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
To be the same for whom they did abyde.
Sayd then Sir Scudamour: "Sir Salvage knight,
Let me this crave, sith first I was defyde,
That first I may that wrong to him requite;
And, if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right."
- x. Which being yeelded, he his threatfull speare
Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
Who soone as she him saw approching neare
With so fell rage, her selfe she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can
But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse and man;
Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harmes together did devise.
- xi. But Artegall, beholding his mischaunce,
New matter added to his former fire;
And, eft aventring his steele-headed launce,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require:
But to himselfe his felonous intent
Returning disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.
- xii. Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thrust to an Hynd within some covert glade,
Whom without perill he cannot invade.
With such fell greedines he her assayed,
That though she mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled)
And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.
- xiii. So, as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
That, in her wheeling round, behind her crest
So sorely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst

Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
 From foule mischance; ne did it ever rest,
 Till on her horses hinder parts it fell;
 Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
 That quite it chynd his backe behind the sell,
 And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

xiv. Like as the lightning brond from riven skie,
 Throwne out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
 With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie;
 Which battring downe, it on the church doth glance,
 And teares it all with terrible mischance.
 Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
 And, casting from her that enchaunted launce,
 Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke;
 And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

xv. So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
 Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas:
 Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
 Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the gras;
 That all his mayle yriv'd, and plates yrent,
 Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

xvi. At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
 Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
 He, through long sufferance growing now more great,
 Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assayle,
 Heaping huge strokes as thicke as showre of hayle,
 And lashing dreadfully at every part,
 As if he thought her soule to disentrayle.
 Ah, cruell hand! and thrise more cruell hart,
 That workst such wrecke on her to whom thou dearest art!

xvii. What yron courage ever could endure
 To worke such outrage on so faire a creature;
 And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
 To spoyle so goodly workmanship of nature,
 The maker selfe resembling in her feature!
 Certes some hellish furie or some feend

This mischiefe framd for their first loves defeature,
To bath their hands in bloud of dearest freend,
Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

xviii. Thus long they trac'd and traverst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as advantage they espyde thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Arthegall renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last his lucklesse hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrewed.
And therewith stroke at her so hideouslie,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

xix. The wicked stroke upon her helmet chaunst,
And with the force, whiche in it selfe it bore,
Her ventayle shard away, and thence forth glaunst
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that her angels face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddie morne appeard in sight,
Deawed with silver drops through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toylesome heate and labour of her weary fight.

xx. And round about the same her yellow heare,
Having through stirring loosd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in a goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare;
For it did glister like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters shere
Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

xxi. And as his hand he up againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
His powreslesse arme, benumbd with secret feare,
From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
Fell downe to ground; as if the steele had sence.
And felt some ruth or sence his hand did lacke,
Or both of them did thinke obedience
To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

- xxii. And he himselfe, long gazing thereupon,
 At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
 And of his wonder made religion,
 Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
 Or else unweeting what it else might bee;
 And pardon her besought his errour frayle,
 That had done outrage in so high degree:
 Whilest trembling horror did his sense assayle,
 And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.
- xxiii. Natheless she, full of wrath for that late stroke,
 All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
 With fell intent on him to bene ywroke;
 And, looking sterne, still over him did stand,
 Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand:
 And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
 But, die or live, for nought he would upstand,
 But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
 Or wreake on him her will for so great injurie.
- xxiv. Which when as Scudamour, who now abrayd,
 Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
 He was therewith right wondrously dismayd;
 And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
 That peerelesse paterne of Dame Natures pride
 And heavenly image of perfection,
 He blest himselfe as one sore terrifide:
 And, turning feare to faint devotion,
 Did worship her as some celestiall vision.
- xxv. But Glaucè, seeing all that chaunced there,
 Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
 Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
 And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
 Joyous to see her safe after long toyle.
 Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
 To graunt unto those warriours truce a while;
 Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
 And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.
- xxvi. When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
 Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
 Tempred with sternesse and stout majestie,

She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glasse she saw;
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

xxvii. Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler which was turn'd to cold:
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold:
But, when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obayd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have
missayd.

xxviii. But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
That all his gealous feare he false had found,
And how that Hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyaltie unsound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
Him thus bespake: " Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all."

xxix. Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her hart did leape, and all her hart-strings tremble,
For sudden joy and secret feare withall;
And all her vitall powres, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
And fayned still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

xxx. When Glaucè thus gan wisely all upknit:
" Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne mervaille nought,

Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hithertoo
 Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
 Fearing least she your loves away should woo:
 Feared in vaine, sith meanes, ye see, there wants
 theretoo.

xxxI. "And you, Sir Artegall, the salvage knight,
 Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
 Hath conquered you anew in second fight:
 For whylome they have conquerd sea and land,
 And heaven it selfe, that nought may them withstand.
 Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
 That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
 Of noble minds derived from above,
 Which, being knit with vertue, never will remove.

xxxII. "And you, faire Ladie knight, my dearest Dame,
 Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
 Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
 And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
 Graunt him your grace; but so that he fulfill
 The penance which ye shall to him empарт:
 For lovers heaven must passe by sorrowes hell."
 Thereat full inly blushed Britomart,
 But Artegall close smyling joy'd in secret hart.

xxxIII. Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
 Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
 From one to other so quite contrary:
 Besides her modest countenance he saw
 So goodly grave, and full of princely aw,
 That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
 And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw;
 Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
 Like to a stubborne steede whose strong hand would
 restraine.

xxxIV. But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
 And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
 Desiring of his Amoret to heare
 Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
 Her thus bespake: "But, Sir, without offence
 Mote I request you tydings of my love,
 My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence

Where she, captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth behove."

xxxv. To whom thus Britomart: " Certes, Sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether reft,
I can not unto you aread a right:
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare:

xxxvi. " Till on a day, as through the desert wyld
We travelled, both wearie of the way
We did alight, and sate in shadow myld,
Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay:
But when as I did out of sleepe abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray:
I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare,
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare."

xxxvii. When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard;
But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare
That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare,
Till Glaucè thus: " Faire Sir, be nought dismayd
With needlesse dread, till certaintie ye heare;
For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd:
Its best to hope the best, though of the worst affrayd."

xxxviii. Nathless he hardly of her chearefull speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheare: so sore a breach
That sudden newes had made into his spright,
Till Britomart him fairely thus behight:
" Great cause of sorrow certes, Sir, ye have;
But comfort take; for, by this heavens light,
I vow you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave."

xxxix. Therewith he rested, and well pleased was:
So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,

They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
 Unto some resting place, which mote befall,
 All being guided by Sir Artegall:
 Where goodly solace was unto them made,
 And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And wearie limmes recur'd after late usag bad.

XL. In all which time Sir Artegall made way
 Unto the love of noble Britomart,
 And with meeke service and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege unto her gentle hart;
 Which, being whylome launcht with lovely dart,
 More eath was new impression to receive;
 How ever she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
 Vaine is the art that seekes it selfe for to deceive.

XLi. So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
 With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
 That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
 So as she to his speeches was content
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
 At last, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
 And many othes, she yeelded her consent
 To be his love, and take him for her Lord,
 Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

XLii. Tho, when they had long time there taken rest,
 Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
 Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that which he did long propound,
 And unto her his congee came to take;
 But her therewith full sore displeased he found,
 And loth to leave her late betrothed make,
 Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake.

XLiii. Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
 And wonne her will to suffer him depart;
 For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
 And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
 That, all so soone as he by wit or art
 Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,

He unto her would speedily revert:
No longer space thereto he did desire,
But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

XLIV. With which she for the present was appeased,
And yeelded leave, how ever malcontent
She inly were and in her mind displeased.
So, early in the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custome ancient
Mongst Knights when on adventures they did ride,
Save that she algates him a while accompanide.

XLV. And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray;
But all she did was but to weare out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd some what to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make;
So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI. At last, when all her speeches she had spent,
And new occasion fayld her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And backe returned with right heavie mind
To Scudamour, whom she had left behind:
With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For vertues onely sake, which doth beget
True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII. Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
Where sorie Britomart had lost her late;
There they her sought, and every where inquired
Where they might tydings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But by what haplesse fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
And stolne away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore, I here will stay
Untill another tyde that I it finish may.

CANTO VII

Amoret rapt by greedie lust
 Belphebe saves from dread:
 The Squire her loves; and, being blam'd,
 His dayes in dole doth lead.

- I. GREAT God of love, that with thy cruell darts
 Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
 And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
 Of Kings and Keasars to thy service bound;
 What glorie, or what guerdon hast thou found
 In feeble Ladies tyranning so sore,
 And adding anguish to the bitter wound
 With which their lives thou lancedst long afore,
 By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more?
- II. So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell,
 And so and so to noble Britomart:
 So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
 The lovely Amoret, whose gentle hart
 Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
 In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
 With Beares and Tygers taking heavie part,
 Withouten comfort and withouten guide,
 That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.
- III. So soone as she with that brave Britonesse
 Had left that Turneyment for beauties prise,
 They travel'd long; that now for wearinesse,
 Both of the way and warlike exercise,
 Both through a forest ryding did devise
 T' alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
 There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
 Of Britomart, after long tedious toyle,
 That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.
- IV. The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
 Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need;
 When suddenly behind her backe she heard

One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she backe could turne to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatched up from ground:
Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

v. It was to weet a wilde and salvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

vi. His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
In which he wont the relickes of his feast
And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow:
And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
And raught downe to his waste when up he stood,
More great then th' eares of Elephants by Indus flood.

vii. His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore,
For all his haire was like a garment seene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red,
But cretes was with milke of Wolves and Tygres fed.

viii. This ugly creature in his armes her snatcht,
And through the forrest bore her quite away,
With briers and bushes all to-rent and scratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
Which many a knight had sought so many a day.
He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing

Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

- ix. For she, deare Ladie, all the way was dead,
 Whilest he in armes her bore, but, when she felt
 Her selfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
 Streight into grieve, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
 And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
 Then, when she lookt about, and nothing found
 But darknesse and dread horreur where she dwelt,
 She almost fell againe into a swoond,
 Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.
- x. With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would divide:
 Which she long listning, softly askt againe
 What mister wight it was that so did plaine?
 To whom thus aunswer'd was: " Ah, wretched wight!
 That seekes to know anothers grieve in vaine,
 Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight:
 Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight."
- xi. " Aye me! " (said she) " where am I, or with whom?
 Emong the living, or emong the dead?
 What shall of me, unhappy maid, become?
 Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread? "
 " Unhappy mayd " (then answer'd she), " whose dread
 Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try:
 Death is to him, that wretched life doth lead,
 Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
 That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.
- xii. " This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
 And vassall to the vilest wretch alive,
 Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
 The heavens abhorre, and into darknesse drive;
 For on the spoile of women he doth live,
 Whose bodies chast, when ever in his powre
 He may them catch unable to gainstrive,
 He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
 And afterwarde themselves doth cruelly devoure.

- xiii. " Now twenty daies, by which the sonnes of men
Divide their works, have past through heven sheene,
Since I was brought into this dolefull den;
During which space these sory eies have seen
Seaven women by him slaine, and eaten clene:
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman, here remaining beene,
Till thou cam'st hither to augment our mone;
And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one."
- xiv. " Ah, dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,"
(Quoth she) " of all that ever hath bene knownen!
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble brest endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone? "
" To tell " (quoth she) " that what ye see, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot!
- xv. " But what I was it irkes me to reherse;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree;
That joyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
With guilefull love did secretly agree
To overthrow my state and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies side for Leman to have laine,
- xvi. " But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My Sire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But, whether willed or nilled friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove;
And, rather then my love abandon so,
Both sire and friends and all for ever to forgo.
- xvii. " Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull sight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,

Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
 So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
 I with that Squire agreede away to flit,
 And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
 Within a grove appointed him to meete;
 To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.

xviii. "But ah! unhappy houre me thither brought,
 For in that place where I him thought to find,
 There was I found, contrary to my thought,
 Of this accursed Carle of hellish kind,
 The shame of men, and plague of womankind:
 Who trussing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
 Me hether brought with him as swift as wind,
 Where yet untouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Æmylia."

xix. "Ah, sad Æmylia!" (then sayd Amoret)
 "Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne.
 But read to me, by what devise or wit
 Hast thou in all this time, from him unknowne,
 Thine honor sav'd, though into thraldome throwne?"
 "Through helpe" (quoth she) "of this old woman here
 I have so done, as she to me hath showne;
 For, ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
 She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire."

xx. Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewaile and mone,
 Loe! where the villaine selfe, their sorrowes sourse,
 Came to the cave; and rolling thence the stone,
 Which wont to stop the mouth thereof, that none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
 And, spredding over all the flore alone,
 Gan dight him selfe unto his wonted sinne;
 Which ended, then his bloody banket should beginne.

xxi. Which when as fearefull Amoret perceived,
 She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
 But, like a ghastly Gelt whose wits are reaved,
 Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
 For horroure of his shamefull villany:
 But after her full lightly he uprose,

And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie:
Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thornes and thicketts pricke her tender toes.

xxii. Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
But overleapes them all, like Robucke light,
And through the thickest makes her nighest waies;
And evermore, when with regardfull sight
She looking backe espies that griesly wight
Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight:
More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
Or any of the Thracian Nymphes in salvage chase.

xxiii. Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long;
Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
But-if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
It fortun'd Belphebe with her peares,
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

xxiv. It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
That each of them from other sundred were;
And that same gentle Squire arriv'd in place
Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
Pursuing that faire Lady full of feare:
And now he her quite overtaken had;
And now he her away with him did beare
Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

xxv. Which drery sight the gentle Squire espying
Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
Led with that wofull Ladies piteous crying,
And him assailes with all the might he may;
Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends him selfe, and saves his gotten pray:
Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

- xxvi. Thereto the villaine used craft in fight;
For, ever when the Squire his javelin shooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke:
And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.
- xxvii. Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
A streame of coleblacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
That all her silken garments did with bloud bestaine.
- xxviii. With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
And, laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so sore,
That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the Squire his hand could once upreare,
But for advantage ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now there;
For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.
- xxix. Whilest thus in battell they embusied were,
Belphebe, rauning in that forrest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide:
Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide
With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combate would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.
- xxx. Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
With winged feete as nimble as the winde,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed

The arrow to his deadly marke desynde.
As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

xxxI. So well she sped her, and so far she ventred,
That, ere unto his hellish den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very dore him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught,
That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

xxxII. Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
She ran in hast his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinfull sowle
Having his carrion corse quite sencelesse left
Was fled to hell, surcharg'd with spoile and theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admir'd his monstrous shape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whilest all with filthy bloud
The place there overflowne seemd like a sodaine flood.

xxxIII. Thence forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darkesome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but hearkned now and then
Some litle whispering, and soft groning sound.
With that she askt, what ghosts there under ground
Lay hid in horror of eternall night?
And bad them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselves before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

xxxIV. Then forth the sad Æmylia issewed,
Yet trembling every joynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature, did appeare,
A leman fit for such a lover deare:
That mov'd Belphebe her no lesse to hate

Then for to rue the others heavy cheare;
 Of whom she gan enquire of her estate,
 Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

xxxv. Thence she them brought toward the place where late
 She left the gentle Squire with Amoret:
 There she him found by that new lovely mate,
 Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
 From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet
 Which softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
 And handling soft the hurts which she did get;
 For of that Carle she sorely bruz'd had beene,
 Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

xxxvi. Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
 Her noble heart with sight thereof was fild
 With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
 That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild
 With that selfe arrow which the Carle had kild;
 Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore:
 But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
 "Is this the faith?" she said—and said no more,
 But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

xxxvii. He seeing her depart arose up light,
 Right sore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
 And follow'd fast; but, when he came in sight,
 He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
 For dread of her displeasures utmost proofe:
 And evermore, when he did grace entreat,
 And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
 Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
 And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

xxxviii. At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
 Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of grace,
 Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
 Full of sad anguish and in heavy case:
 And, finding there fit solitary place
 For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
 Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
 For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
 And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

- xxxix. His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to use no more,
Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
Ne ever word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness, of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight;
So on him selfe to wreake his follies owne despight.
- xl. And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed;
That in short time his face they overgrew,
And over all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whilome was uneath was to be red.
- xli. There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares:
For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
Then running water tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to wast,
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.
- xlII. For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
His owne deare Lord Prince Arthure came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And, as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Having espide this Cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shonne,
Or else some woodman shrowded there from scorching
sunne.
- xlIII. Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All overgrown with rude and rugged haire;

That albeit his owne dear Squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all,
 But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
 Saluting him gan into speach to fall,
 And pittie much his plight, that liv'd like outcast thrall.

XLIV. But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with griefe and anguishe overcum,
 And unto every thing did answere mum:
 And ever, when the Prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make,
 Midst sorrow shewing joyous semblance for his sake.

XLV. At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
 The Prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint:
 Yet weend, by secret signes of manlinesse
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
 Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse;
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene.

XLVI. And eke by that he saw on every tree,
 How he the name of one engraven had
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so sorely was bestad,
 Which was by him BELPHEBE rightly rad.
 Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist.

XLVII. Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace againe:
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will deferre the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII

The gentle Squire recovers grace,
Sclaunder her guests doth staine:
Corflambo chaseth Placidas,
And is by Arthure slaine.

- I. WELL said the Wiseman, now prov'd true by this
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Then death it selfe more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calme ne mitigate,
Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infixed lay.
- II. Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the faire Belphebe had
With one sterne looke so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad
And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad,
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay:
- III. Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His doole he made, there chaunst a turtle Dove
To come where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which losse her made like passion also prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.
- IV. Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournefull notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,

So sensibly compyld, that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name.
 With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
 And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
 That could have perst the hearts of Tigres and of Beares,

v. Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
 And every day, for guerdon of her song,
 He part of his small feast to her would share;
 That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong
 Companion she became, and so continued long.

vi. Upon a day as she him sate beside,
 By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as relickes did abide
 Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she him did shew:
 Amongst the rest a jewell rich he found,
 That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
 Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
 And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

vii. The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
 In which his Ladies colours were, did bind
 About the turtles necke, that with the vew
 Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
 All unawares the bird, when she did find
 Her selfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
 And flew away as lightly as the wind:
 Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
 And looking after long did mark which way she straid.

viii. But when as long he looked had in vaine,
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary eie returnd to him againe,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
 That both his juell he had lost so light,
 And eke his deare companion of his care.

But that sweet bird departing flew forthright,
Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
Untill she came where wonned his Belphebe faire.

- ix. There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late wearie toile which she had tride
In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe that for her sake
Her gentle Squire through her displeasure did pertake.
- x. She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did marke about her purple brest
That precious juell, which she formerly
Had knowne right well, with coloured ribbands drest:
Therewith she rose in hast, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away;
But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay:
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.
- xi. And ever, when she nigh approcht, the Dove
Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
Till she drew neare, and then againe remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length into that forrest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.
- xii. Eftsoones she flew unto his fearelesse hand,
And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
As if she would have made her understand
His sorrowes cause, to be of her despis'd:
Whom when she saw in wretched weedes disguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd and meiger face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his case,
And wisht it were in her to doe him any grace.

- xiii. He her beholding at her feet downe fell,
 And kist the ground on which her sole did tread,
 And washt the same with water which did well
 From his moist eies, and like two streames proceed;
 Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
 What mister wight he was, or what he ment;
 But, as one daunted with her presence dread,
 Onely few ruefull lookes unto her sent,
 As messengers of his true meaning and intent.
- xiv. Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
 But wondred much at his so selcouth case;
 And by his persons secret seemlyhed
 Well weend that he had beene some man of place,
 Before misfortune did his hew deface;
 That being mov'd with ruth she thus bespake:
 " Ah! wofull man, what heavens hard disgrace,
 Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
 Or selfe-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?"
- xv. " If heaven, then none may it redresse or blame,
 Sith to his powre we all are subject borne:
 If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and shame
 Be theirs that have so cruell thee forlorne!
 But if through inward grieve or wilfull scorne
 Of life it be, then better doe advise:
 For he, whose daies in wilfull woe are worne,
 The grace of his Creator doth despise,
 That will not use his gifts for thanklesse nigardise."
- xvi. When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake,
 His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
 And, sighing inly deepe, her thus bespake:
 " Then have they all themselves against me bent:
 For heaven, first author of my languishment,
 Envyng my too great felicity,
 Did closely with a cruell one consent
 To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
 And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.
- xvii. " Ne any but your selfe, O dearest dred,
 Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
 Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:

That, when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Be may redresse, and me restore to light!"
Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate,
And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

xviii. In which he long time afterwards did lead
An happie life with grace and good accord,
Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
And eke all mindlesse of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endless world did wander wide,
Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride.

xix. Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chaunst to come where those two Ladies late,
Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate:
The one right feeble through the evill rate
Of food which in her duresse she had found;
The other almost dead and desperate
Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse wound
With which the Squire, in her defence, her sore astound.

xx. Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evill case in which those Ladies lay;
But most was moved at the piteous vew,
Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
That her great daunger did him much dismay.
Eftsoones that pretious liquour forth he drew,
Which he in store about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did softly dew,
Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone anew.

xxi. Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell?
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were untide,
Of that same wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;

Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
 And eke his cave in which they both were bond:
 At which he wondred much when all those signes he fond.

xxii. And evermore he greatly did desire
 To know what Virgin did them thence unbind,
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
 But, when as nought according to his mind
 He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
 No service lothsome to a gentle kind,
 And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
 Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

xxiii. So when that forrest they had passed well,
 A litle cotage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew ere night upon them fell;
 And entring in found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside
 Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
 With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
 And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

xxiv. A foule and loathly creature sure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse;
 For she was stuff with rancour and despight
 Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
 It forth would breake, and gush in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe;
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
 And wickedly backbite: Her name men Sclaunder call.

xxv. Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
 With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name:
 Ne ever Knight so bold, ne ever Dame
 So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame;
 Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
 But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

- xxvi. Her words were not, as common words are ment,
T' expresse the meaning of the inward mind,
But noysome breath, and poysnous spirit sent
From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind;
Which passing through the eares would pierce the hart,
And wound the soule it selfe with grieve unkind;
For, like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner
part.
- xxvii. Such was that Hag, unmeet to host such guests,
Whom greatest Princes court would welcome fayne;
But neede, that answers not to all requests,
Bad them not looke for better entertayne;
And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.
- xxviii. Then all that evening (welcommed with cold
And chearelesse hunger) they together spent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did scold
And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
For lodging there without her owne consent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
To be unjustly blamd, and bitterly revilde.
- xxix. Here, well I weene, when as these rimes be red
With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
These gentle Ladies will misdeeme too light
For thus conversing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare:
More hard for hungry steed t' abstaine from pleasant
lare.
- xxx. But antique age, yet in the infancie
Of time, did live then like an innocent,

In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;
 But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held vertue for it selfe in soveraine awe:
 Then loyall love had royall regiment,
 And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

xxxI. The Lyon there did with the Lambe consort,
 And eke the Dove sate by the Faulcons side;
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe securitie abide,
 Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old,
 (Whereof it hight) and, having shortly tride
 The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 And dared of all sinnes the secrets to unfold.

xxxII. Then beautie, which was made to represent
 The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight:
 Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
 And that, which wont to vanquish God and man,
 Was made the vassall of the victors might;
 Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
 Despisd and troden downe of all that over-ran.

xxxIII. And now it is so utterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But-if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
 In Princes Court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bountie Soveraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
 Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

xxxIV. Tho, soone as day discovered heavens face
 To sinfull men with darknes overdight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chase
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their journey dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,

That them to view had bene an uncouth sight,
How all the way the Prince on footpace traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

xxxv. Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
Him calling theefe, them whores; that much did vex
His noble hart: thereto she did annexe
False crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wexe:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

xxxvi. At last, when they were passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
But after them did barke, and still backbite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare.
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone which passed straunger at him threw:
So she, them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
Till she had duld the sting which in her tongs end grew.

xxxvii. They passing forth kept on their readie way,
With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
Both for great feeblesse, which did ofte assay
Faire Amoret that scarcely she could ryde,
And eke through heavie armes which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare;
Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

xxxviii. At length they spide where towards them with speed
A Squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
Bearing a litle Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen skie:
Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
Ryding upon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew:

xxxix. For from his fearefull eyes to fierie beames,
 More sharpe then points of needles, did proceede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poysnous bale did breede
 To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay:
 Like as the Basiliske, of serpents seede,
 From powerfull eyes close venim doth convey
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

xl. He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine in his avengefull ire;
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him overtooke before he came in vew:
 Where when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
 He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
 And rescue him, through succour of his might,
 From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in sight.

xli. Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
 From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
 Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vaine;
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
 Who as he gan the same to him aread,
 Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
 That unto death had doen him unredrest,
 Had not the noble Prince his readie stroke represt:

xlII. Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow,
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
 Over his head before the harme came neare:
 Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
 And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
 The shield it drove, and did the covering reare:
 Therewith both Squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse
 swowne.

xlIII. Whereat the Prince full wrath his strong right hand
 In full avengement heaved up on hie,
 And stroke the Pagan with his steely brand

So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
And, sure, had not his massie yron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV. But, when he to himselfe returnd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
With that his murderous mace he up did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And therewith smote at him with all his might;
But, ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child with readie quicke foresight
Did shun the prooffe thereof, and it avoyded light.

XLV. But, ere his hand he could recure againe
To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tombling on the ground;
The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God that did him so confound:
The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI. Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
But that same dwarfe right sorie seem'd and sad,
And howld aloud to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

XLVII. "This mightie man," (quoth he) "whom you have slaine,
Of an huge Geauntesse whylome was bred,
And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,

Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
 But by the powre of his infectious sight,
 With which he killed all that came within his might.

XLVIII. " Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
 But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought;
 Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore;
 Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
 Unto his bay, and captived her thought:
 For most of strength and beautie his desire
 Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.

XLIX. " Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright,
 Though namelesse there his bodie now both lie;
 Yet hath he left one daughter that is right
 The faire Pœana, who seemes outwardly
 So faire as ever yet saw living eie;
 And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any under skie:
 But ah! she given is to vaine delight,
 And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.

I. " So, as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
 That lov'd a Ladie of high parentage;
 But, for his meane degree might not aspire
 To match so high, her friends with counsell sage
 Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
 But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 But, firmly following her first intent,
 Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends
 consent.

II. " So twixt themselves they pointed time and place:
 To which when he according did repaire,
 An hard mishap and disaventrous case
 Him chaunst: instead of his Æmylia faire,
 This Gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
 An headlesse heape, him unawares there caught;
 And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
 Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
 Where he remaines, of all unsuccour'd and unsought.

- LII. " This Gyants daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lovely swaine, the Squire of low degree
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
And for his love him promist libertie at last.
- LIII. " He, though affide unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get:
Yet she him still detaines in captive hold,
Fearing, least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.
- LIV. " Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling base,
To whom the keyes of every prison dore
By her committed be, of speciall grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.
- LV. " Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
Full inly sorie, for the fervent zeale
Which I to him as to my soule did beare,
I thether went; where I did long conceale
My selfe, till at the Dwarfe did me reveale,
And told his Dame her Squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steale;
For me he did mistake that Squire to bee,
For never two so like did living creature see.
- LVI. " Then was I taken and before her brought,
Who, through the likenesse of my outward hew,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,

Gan blame me much for being so untrew
 To seeke by flight her fellowship t' eschew,
 That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
 Thence she commaunded me to prison new;
 Whereof I glad did not gaine say nor strive,
 But suffred that same Dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.

LVII. " There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
 In heavy plight and sad perplexitie;
 Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
 Him to recomfort with my companie,
 But him the more agreev'd I found thereby:
 For all his joy, he said, in that distresse
 Was mine and his Æmylias libertie.
 Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse,
 Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.

LVIII. " But I with better reason him aviz'd,
 And shew'd him how, through error and misthought
 Of our like persons, eath to be disguiz'd,
 Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
 Whereto full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent that I, who stood all fearlesse free,
 Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
 Yet, over-ruld at last, he did to me agree.

LIX. " The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
 The Dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
 To come forthwith unto his Ladies bowre:
 Instead of whom forth came I, Placidas,
 And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
 There with great joyance and with gladsome glee
 Of faire Pœana I received was,
 And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.

LX. " Which I, that was not bent to former love
 As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
 Did well accept, as well it did behove,
 And to the present neede it wisely usd.
 My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
 And after promist large amends to make.

With such smooth termes her error I abusd
To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.

LXI. " Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand,
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a fresh streame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me convay,
I lightly snatcht him up and with me bore away.

LXII. " Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hether brought away."
Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
Those Ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.

LXIII. Where soone as sad Æmylia did espie
Her captive lovers friend, young Placidus,
All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
She to him ran, and him with streight embras
Enfolding, said; " And lives yet Amyas? "
" He lives," (quoth he) " and his Æmylia loves."
" Then lesse," (said she) " by all the woe I pas,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves:
But what mishap thus long him fro my selfe removes? "

LXIV. Then gan he all this storie to renew,
And tell the course of his captivitie,
That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
And sigh full sore to heare the miserie
In which so long he mercillesse did lie.
Then, after many teares and sorrowes spent,
She deare besought the Prince of remedie;
Who thereto did with readie will consent,
And well perform'd; as shall appeare by his event.

CANTO IX

The Squire of low degree, releast,
 Aemylia takes to wife:
 Britomart fightes with many Knights;
 Prince Arthur stints their strife.

- I. **HARD** is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
 When all three kinds of love together meet
 And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance downe; to weete,
 The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of love to womankind,
 Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet:
 But of them all the band of vertuous mind,
 Me seemes, the gentle hart should most assured bind.
- II. **For** naturall affection soone doth cesse,
 And quenched is with Cupids greater flame:
 But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame:
 For as the soule doth rule the earthly masse,
 And all the service of the bodie frame,
 So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.
- III. **All** which who list by tryall to assay
 Shall in this storie find approved plaine;
 In which these Squires true friendship more did sway
 Then either care of parents could refraine,
 Or love of fairest Ladie could constraine;
 For though Pœana were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
 For his friends sake her offred favours scorne,
 And she her selfe her syre of whom she was yborne.
- IV. **Now**, after that Prince Arthur graunted had
 To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison sad;

He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
That enterprize for greatest glories gayne.
That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
And, having ympt the head to it agayne,
Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

v. Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the ryder, as he captive were,
And made his Dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
Till to his castle they approched neare;
Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare,
He, running downe, the gate to him unbard;
Whom straight the Prince ensuing in together far'd.

vi. There did he find in her delitious boure
The faire Pœana playing on a Rote
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And singing all her sorrow to the note,
As she had learned readily by rote;
That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
The Prince halfe rapt began on her to dote;
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

vii. Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
Her owne deare sire, she cald to him for aide;
But when of him no aunswere she received,
But saw him sencelesse by the Squire upstaide,
She weened well that then she was betraide:
Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe, and waile,
And that same Squire of treason to upbraide;
But all in vaine: her plaints might not prevaile,
Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

viii. Then tooke he that same Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open unto him the prison dore,
And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
Thence forth were brought to him above a score
Of Knights and Squires to him unknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,

And unto former liberty restore.

Amongst the rest that Squire of low degree

Came forth full weake and wan, not like him selfe to bee,

ix. Whom soone as faire Æmylia beheld
 And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan:
 That faire Pœana, them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were loth.

x. But when awhile they had together beene,
 And diversly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she bothe of them had seene
 Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive Squire she lov'd so deare,
 Deceived through great likenesse of their face:
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she uneath discerned whether whether weare.

xi. And eke the Prince, when as he them avized,
 Their like resemblaunce much admired there,
 And mazd how nature had so well disguised
 Her worke, and counterfet her selfe so nere,
 As if that by one patterne, seene somewhere,
 She had them made a paragone to be,
 Or whether it through skill or errour were.
 Thus gazing long at them much wondred he;
 So did the other Knights and Squires which them did see,

xii. Then gan they ransacke that same Castle strong,
 In which he found great store of hoorded treasure,
 The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
 And tortious powre, without respect or measure:
 Upon all which the Briton Prince made seasure,
 And afterwards continu'd there a while
 To rest him selfe, and solace in soft pleasure
 Those weaker Ladies after weary toile;
 To whom he did divide part of his purchast spoile.

- xiii. And, for more joy, that captive Lady faire,
The faire Pœana, he enlarged free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
To feast and frolicke; nathemore would she
Shew gladsome countenaunce nor pleasaunt glee;
But grieved was for losse both of her sire,
And eke of Lordship with both land and fee:
But most she touched was with grieve entire
For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.
- xiv. But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface;
And that same bitter corsive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat:
For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.
- xv. And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her grieve,
That trusty Squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and lordship during life.
He yeelded, and her tooke; so stinted all their strife.
- xvi. From that day forth in peace and joyous blis
They liv'd together long without debate;
Ne private jarre, ne spite of enemis,
Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state:
And she, whom Nature did so faire create
That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
That all men much admyrde her change, and spake
her praise.
- xvii. Thus when the Prince had perfectly compylde,
These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
Him selfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde

Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
 Resolved to pursue his former quest;
 And, taking leave of all, with him did beare
 Faire Amoret, whom Fortune by bequest
 Had left in his protection whileare,
 Exchanged out of one into another feare.

xviii. Feare of her safety did her not constraîne;
 For well she wist now in a mighty hond
 Her person, late in perill, did remaine,
 Who able was all daungers to withstond:
 But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
 Seeing her selfe all soly succourlesse,
 Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond,
 Whose will her weakenesse could no way repress,
 In case his burning lust should breake into excesse.

xix. But cause of feare, sure, had she none at all
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The course of loose affection to forstall,
 And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore;
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a Sanctuary.
 Thus many miles they two together wore,
 To seeke their loves dispersed diversly,
 Yet neither showed to other their hearts privity.

xx. At length they came whereas a troupe of Knights
 They saw together skirmishing, as seemed:
 Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
 But foure of them the battell best beseemed,
 That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
 These foure were they from whom false Florimel
 By Braggadochio lately was redeemed;
 To weet, sturme Druon, and lewd Claribell,
 Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

xxi. Druons delight was all in single life,
 And unto Ladies love would lend no leasure:
 The more was Claribell enraged rife
 With fervent flames, and loved out of measure:
 So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new Lemans prove;

But Paridell of love did make no treasure,
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

xxii. But those two other, which beside them stooode,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour;
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
And wondred at their impacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same houre
So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corses, and their lives deprive.

xxiii. As when Dan Æolus, in great displeasure
For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden treasure
Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

xxiv. Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whome they had lost in Turneyment of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she straid,
Met here together, where, through lewd upbraide
Of Atè and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aide
This cruell conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt:

xxv. For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on his foes did worke full cruell wracke:
Yet neither would their fiendlike fury slacke,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that uneath they forced were, for lacke
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

- xxvi. Then gan they change their sides, and new parts take;
 For Paridell did take to Druons side,
 For old despiht which now forth newly brake
 Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide;
 And Blandamour to Claribell relide:
 So all afresh gan former fight renew.
 As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.
- xxvii. Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the battell had begonne;
 Ne helmets bright ne hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
 And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
 Such mortall malice wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and so great outrage donne:
 But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee.
- xxviii. Thus they long while continued in fight;
 Till Scudamour and that same Briton maide
 By fortune in that place did chance to light:
 Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
 They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
 The which that Britonesse had to them donne
 In that late Turney for the snowy maide;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.
- xxix. Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
 They from them selves gan turne their furious ire,
 And cruell blades, yet steeming with whot bloud,
 Against those two let drive, as they were wood:
 Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood;
 Ne yeelded foote, ne once abake did flit,
 But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.
- xxx. The warlike Dame was on her part assaid
 Of Claribell and Blandamour attone;
 And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid

At Scudamour, both his professed fone:
Foure charged two, and two surcharged one;
Yet did those two them selves so bravely beare,
That th' other litle gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely weare,
And usury withall: such gaine was gotten deare.

xxxI. Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
To speake to them, and some emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove.
As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast:
So litle did they hearken to her sweet behest.

xxxII. Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of so unequall match opprest,
His mighty heart with indignation sweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest:
Eftsoones him selfe he to their aide address,
And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
Divided them, how ever loth to rest;
And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace.

xxxIII. But they so farre from peace or patience were,
That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a storme which hovers under skie,
Long here and there and round about doth stie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile and sleet,
First from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
And then another, till that likewise fleet;
And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

xxxIV. But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being fresh untoucht afore;
Who them with speaches milde gan first disswade
From such foule outrage, and them long forbore:
Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
Him selfe he bent their furies to abate,

And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
That shortly them compelled to retrate,
And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

xxxv. But now his courage being throughly fired,
He ment to make them know their follies prise,
Had not those two him instantly desired
T' asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise:
At whose request he gan him selfe advise
To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearmes, as list them to devise;
Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
He did them aske, who all that passed gan repeat:

xxxvi. And told at large how that same errant Knight,
To weet faire Britomart, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight
Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
And also of their private loves beguyled,
Of two full hard to read the harder theft:
But she that wrongfull challenge soone assoyled,
And shew'd that she had not that Lady reft,
(As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

xxxvii. To whom the Prince thus goodly well replied:
" Certes, Sir Knight, ye seemen much to blame
To rip up wrong that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honor both of Armes ye shame,
And eke the love of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchise ever yeelded,
That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
And in that right should by all knights be shielded:
Gainst which, me seemes, this war ye wrongfully have
wielded."

xxxviii. " And yet " (quoth she) " a greater wrong remaines:
For I thereby my former love have lost;
Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost:
Aye me, to see that gentle maide so tost!"
But Scudamour, then sighing deepe, thus saide:
" Certes, her losse ought me to sorrow most,
Whose right she is, where ever she be straide,
Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide.

- xxxix. " For from the first that her I love profest,
Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
I never joyed happinesse nor rest;
But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
Passing the measure of my feeble powre;
That living thus a wretch, and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo."
- xl. Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake:
" Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that faire Ladies love: past perils well apay."
- xli. So gan the rest him likewise to require,
But Britomart did him importune hard
To take on him that paine: whose great desire
He glad to satisfie, him selfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
In that atchievement, as to him befell,
And all those daungers unto them declar'd;
Which sith they cannot in this Canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
 Of vertuous Amoret:
 Great Venus Temple is describ'd;
 And lovers life forth set.

- I. "TRUE he it said, what ever man it sayd,
 That love with gall and hony doth abound;
 But if the one be with the other wayd,
 For every dram of hony therein found
 A pound of gall doth over it redound:
 That I too true by triall have approved;
 For since the day that first with deadly wound
 My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
 I never joyed howre, but still with care was moved.
- II. "And yet such grace is given them from above,
 That all the cares and evill which they meet
 May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
 But seeme, gainst common sence, to them most sweet;
 As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
 So all that ever yet I have endured
 I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
 Since of my love at length I rest assured,
 That to disloyalty she will not be allured.
- III. "Long were to tell the travell and long toile
 Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
 And purchased this peerelesse beauties spoile,
 That harder may be ended, then begonne:
 But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
 Then hearke, ye gentle knights and Ladies free,
 My hard mishaps that ye may learne to shonne;
 For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
 Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.
- IV. "What time the fame of this renowned prise
 Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possest,
 I, having armes then taken, gan avise

To winne me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young mens thoughts are bold)
That this same brave emprise for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot; sith all by lot we hold.

v. " So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of perill shortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And farre renowned through exceeding fame,
Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt.

vi. " And it was seated in an Island strong,
Abounding all with delices most rare,
And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
That none mote have accesse, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
With curious Corbes and pendants graven faire,
And, arched all with porches, did arise
On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guise.

vii. " And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reared was a castle faire and strong
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flancked both the bridges sides along,
Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong:
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights,
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.

viii. " Before that Castle was an open plaine,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed;
On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
The shield of Love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
And in the marble stone was written this,

With golden letters goodly well enchaced;
Blessed the man that well can use his blis :
Whose ever be the shield, faire Amoret be his.

- ix. " Which when I red, my heart did inly earne,
 And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
 Ne stayed further newes thereof to learne,
 But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
 That all the castle ringed with the clap.
 Streight forth issewd a Knight all arm'd to prooffe,
 And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
 Who, staying nought to question from aloofe,
 Ran fierce at me that fire glaunst from his horses hoofe.
- x. " Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
 Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
 But I them both with equall hap defeated.
 So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 And left them groning there upon the plaine:
 Then, preacing to the pillour, I repeated
 The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 And taking downe the shield with me did it retaine.
- xi. " So forth without impediment I past,
 Till to the Bridges utter gate I came;
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
 I knockt, but no man aunswred me by name;
 I cald, but no man answwred to my clame:
 Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call,
 Till at the last I spide within the same
 Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
 To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.
- xii. " That was to weete the Porter of the place,
 Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent:
 His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
 Therein resembling Janus auncient
 Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare:
 And evermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proved perill he did feare,
 Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.

- XIII. " On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behinde the gate that none her might espy;
Whose manner was all passengers to stay
And entertaine with her occasions sly:
Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might againe;
And others, quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.
- XIV. " Me when as he had privily espide
Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
He kend it streight, and to me opened wide.
So in I past, and streight he closd the gate:
But being in, Delay in close awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steale, the threasure of mans day,
Whose smallest minute lost no riches render may.
- XV. " But by no meanes my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could doe or say;
But from my lofty steede dismounting low
Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may:
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workmans
will.
- XVI. " Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly pride
And costly frame were long here to relate.
The same to all stoode alwaies open wide;
But in the Porch did evermore abide
An hideous Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else faine enter would.
- XVII. " His name was Daunger, dreaded over-all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward
From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall

And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
 Could terrifie from Fortunes faire adward:
 For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espiall
 Of his grim face, were from approaching scard;
 Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

xviii. " Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide;
 But, soone as they his countenance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feele their corage cold.
 Againe, some other, that in hard assaies
 Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
 Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

xix. " But I, though meanest man of many moe,
 Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
 Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 And either beat him in, or drive him out.
 Eftsoones, advauncing that enchaunted shield,
 With all my might I gan to lay about:
 Which when he saw, the glaive which he did wield
 He gan forthwith t' avale, and way unto me yield.

xx. " So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
 For feare of harme that might lie hidden there;
 And loe! his hindparts, whereof heed I tooke,
 Much more deformed fearefull, ugly were,
 Then all his former parts did earst appere:
 For hatred, murther, treason, and despight,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awayting to entrap the warelesse wight
 Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.

xxi. " Thus having past all perill, I was come
 Within the compasse of that Islands space;
 The which did seeme, unto my simple doome,
 The only pleasant and delightfull place
 That ever troden was of footings trace:
 For all that nature by her mother-wit

Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and all that nature did omit,
Art, playing second natures part, supplied it.

xxii. “No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes,
From lowest Juniper to Ceder tall,
No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

xxiii. “In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
It seem’d a second paradise to ghesse,
So lavishly enricht with Natures treasure,
That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
Th’ Elysian fields and live in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with living eye to see,
They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return’d againe to bee,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

xxiv. “Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to vew;
Low looking dales, disloignd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew;
False Labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.

xxv. “And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
With divers trees enrang’d in even rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes:
And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
Praying their god, and yeelding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

xxvi. "All these together by themselves did sport
 Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content.
 But, farre away from these, another sort
 Of lovers lincked in true harts consent,
 Which loved not as these for like intent,
 But on chast vertue grounded their desire,
 Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment;
 Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
 Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.

xxvii. "Such were great Hercules and Hyllus deare
 Trew Jonathan and David trustie tryde
 Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare
 Pylades and Orestes by his syde;
 Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde;
 Damon and Pythias, whom death could not sever:
 All these, and all that ever had bene tyde
 In bands of friendship, there did live for ever;
 Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

xxviii. "Which when as I, that never tasted blis
 Nor happie howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 I thought there was none other heaven then this;
 And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
 That being free from feare and gealosye
 Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
 Whilest I, through paines and perlous jeopardie,
 Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronnesse:
 Much dearer be the things which come through hard
 distresse,

xxix. "Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
 Unto that purposed place I did me draw,
 Where as my love was lodged day and night,
 The temple of great Venus, that is hight
 The Queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
 There worshipped of every living wight;
 Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
 That ever were on earth, all were they set together.

xxx. "Not that same famous Temple of Diane,
 Whose hight all Ephesus did oversee,
 And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,

One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that which that wise King of Jurie framed
With endlesse cost to be th' Almightyes see;
Nor all, that else through all the world is named
To all the heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

xxxI. "I, much admyring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approcht which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.

xxxII. On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrarie natures each to other:
The one of them hight Love, the other Hate.
Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

xxxIII. "Nathlesse that Dame so well them tempred both,
That she them forced hand to joyne in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withstand,
But bit his lip for felonous despight,
And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

xxxIV. "Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of blessed Peace and Friendship trew;
They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
And she her selfe likewise divinely grew;
The which right well her workes divine did shew:
For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends-

And strife and warre and anger does subdew:
 Of litle much, of foes she maketh friends,
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

xxxv. "By her the heaven is in his course contained.
 And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 As their Almighty maker first ordained,
 And bound them with inviolable bands;
 Else would the waters overflow the lands,
 And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 She is the nourse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

xxxvi. "By her I entring half dismayed was;
 But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
 And twixt her selfe and Love did let me pas;
 But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
 And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
 Had not the Ladie with her powrefull speach
 Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
 And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
 Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

xxxvii. "Into the inmost Temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found
 And odours rising from the altars flame.
 Upon an hundred marble pillors round
 The roofe up high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crownes, and chaynes, and girlands gay,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
 The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh
 as May.

xxxviii. "An hundred Altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steme thereof the Temple swet,
 Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
 And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
 And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright,
 To bath in joy and amorous desire,
 Every of which was to a damzell hight;
 For all the Priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

xxxix. " Right in the midst the Goddess selfe did stand

Upon an altar of some costly masse,
Whose substance was uneath to understand:
For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse,
Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But, being faire and brickle, likest glasse did seeme.

xl. " But it in shape and beautie did excell
All other Idoles which the heathen adore,
Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos Isle of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But covered with a slender veile afore;
And both her feete and legs together twyned
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast
combyned.

xli. " The cause why she was covered with a vele
Was hard to know, for that her Priests the same
From peoples knowledge labour'd to concele:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish which the worke mote blame;
But for, they say, she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She syre and mother is her selfe alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

xlII. " And all about her necke and shoulders flew
A focke of litle loves, and sports, and joyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toyes,
The whilest their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother; he enjoyes
The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

xlIII. " And all about her altar scattered lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,

Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest some one, through Loves constraining
 Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
 But thus break forth, that all the temple it did fill.

XLIV. “ ‘ Great Venus! Queene of beautie and of grace,
 The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
 Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place;
 That with thy smyling looke doest peaifie
 The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie;
 Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare,
 And, when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
 The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
 And heavens laugh, and al the world shews joyous cheare.

XLV. “ ‘ Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
 Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres;
 And then all living wights, soone as they see
 The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
 They all doe learne to play the Paramours;
 First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
 Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
 And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

XLVI. “ ‘ Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
 Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
 The Lyons rore; the Tygres loudly bray;
 The raging Bulls rebellow through the wood,
 And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood
 To come where thou doest draw them with desire.
 So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII. “ ‘ So all the world by thee at first was made,
 And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre;
 Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
 But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre:
 Thou art the root of all that joyous is:

Great God of men and women, queen of th' ayre,
Mother of laughter, and welspring of blisse,
O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse!'

XLVIII. "So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilest thus I spake, behold! with happy eye
I spyde where at the Idoles feet apart
A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hye.

XLIX. "The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
And graver countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet unto her obayed all the best.
Her name was Womanhood; that she exprest
By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse:
For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon, after gazers guyse,
Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

I. "And next to her sate goody Shamefastnesse,
Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
As if some blame of evill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against sweet Cherefulnessse was placed,
Whose eyes, like twinkling stars in evening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights the which her goodly graced.

LI. "And next to her sate sober Modestie,
Holding her hand upon her gentle hart;
And her against sate comely Curtesie,
That unto every person knew her part;
And her before was seated overthwart
Soft Silence, and submisse Obedience,
Both linckt together never to dispart;
Both gifts of God, not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints against their foes offence.

- LII. " Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd
 Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
 The which was all in lilly white arayd,
 With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
 Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
 Hath to the gloomy world itselſe bewray'd:
 That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
 Shyning with beauties light and heavenly vertues grace.
- LIII. " Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
 And wade in doubt what best were to be donne;
 For sacrilege me seem'd the Church to rob,
 And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare
 Which Ladies love, I heard, had never wonne
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.
- LIV. " Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharpe rebuke for being over bold;
 Saying, it was to Knight unseemely shame
 Upon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
 That unto Venus services was sold.
 To whom I thus: ' Nay, but it fitteth best
 For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
 For ill your goddesse services are drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.'
- LV. " With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceld;
 On which when Cupid, with his killing bow
 And cruell shafts, emblazond she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
 And said no more: but I, which all that while
 The pledge of faith, her hand, engaged held,
 Like warie Hynd within the weedie soyle,
 For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.
- LVI. " And evermore upon the Goddesse face
 Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence;
 Whom when I saw with amiable grace

To laugh at me, and favour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence;
And nought for nicencsse nor for envy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.

LVII. "She often prayd, and often me besought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching smyles; but yet, for nought
That ever she to me could say or doe,
Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe:
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly past with much adoe:
But that same Ladie, which me friended late
In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.

LVIII. "No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
His Lemman from the Stygian Princes boure:
But evermore my shield did me defend
Against the storne of every dreadfull stoure:
Thus safely with my love I thence did wend."
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI

Marinells former wound is heald,
 He comes to Proteus hall,
 Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
 And feasts the Sea-gods all.

- I. BUT ah for pittie! that I have thus long
 Left a fayre Ladie languishing in payne:
 Now well-away! that I have doen such wrong,
 To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
 In bands of love, and in sad thralldomes chayne;
 From which, unlesse some heavenly powre her free
 By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
 She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee;
 That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.
- II. Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
 Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
 That Virgins love to win by wit or wile,
 Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
 And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
 For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind
 Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
 He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe.
- III. Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
 The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither yron barres, nor brasen locke,
 Did neede to gard from force, or secret theft
 Of all her lovers which would her have reft:
 For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
 As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft;
 Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
 Did waite about it, gaping griesly, all begor'd.
- IV. And in the midst thereof did horror dwell,
 And darkenesse dredd that never viewed day,
 Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,

In which old Styx her aged bones alway,
Old Styx the Grandame of the Gods, doth lay.
There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
Ne ever from the day the night descride,
But thought it all one night that did no houres divide.

v. And all this was for love of Marinell,
Who her despysd (ah! who would her despyse?)
And wemens love did from his hart expell,
And all those joyes that weake mankind entyse.
Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

vi. Yet farre and neare the Nymph his mother sought,
And many salves did to his sore applie,
And many herbes did use. But when as nought,
She saw, could ease his rankling maladie,
At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
(This Tryphon is the seagods surgeon hight,)
Whom she besought to find some remedie,
And for his paines a whistle him beaight,
That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

vii. So well that Leach did hearke to her request,
And did so well employ his carefull paine,
That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall:
Who sore against his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill which to him mote fall
Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

viii. It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,

But the proud Nymph would for no worldly meed,
 Nor no entreatie, to his love be led;
 Till now, at last relenting, she to him was wed.

- ix. So both agreed that this their bridale feast
 Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made;
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the mightie Ocean trade,
 As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade;
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
 And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
 In order as they came could I recount them well.
- x. Helpe, therefore, O! thou sacred imp of Jove
 The noursling of Dame Memorie his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
 And records of antiquitie appeare,
 To which no wit of man may comen neare;
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods
 And all those Nymphes, which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
 And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.
- xi. First came great Neptune, with his threeforkt mace,
 That rules the Seas and makes them rise or fall;
 His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
 Under his Diademe imperiall:
 And by his side his Queene with coronall,
 Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
 Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
 And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepaire.
- xii. These marched farre afore the other crew:
 And all the way before them, as they went,
 Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
 That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
 And after them the royall issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent:
 First the Sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame.

- xiii. Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
 By whom those old Heroes wonne such fame;
 And Glaucus, that wise southsayes understood;
 And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
 A God of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight Palemon, and is saylers frend;
 Great Brontes; and Astræus, that did shame
 Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend;
 And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend;
- xiv. The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
 Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both;
 Mightie Chrysaor; and Caïcus strong;
 Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth;
 And faire Euphœmus, that upon them goth
 As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
 Fierce Eryx: and Alebius that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
 And sad Asopus, comely with his hoarie head.
- xv. There also some most famous founders were
 Of puissant Nations which the world possest,
 Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here:
 Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest;
 And Inachus renowmd above the rest;
 Phœnix, and Aon, and Pelagus old;
 Great Belus, Phœax, and Agenor best;
 And mightie Albion, father of the bold
 And warlike people which the Britaine Islands hold:
- xvi. For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
 Who, for the prooffe of his great puissaunce,
 Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
 Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
 To fight with Hercules, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might;
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine; but that which is th' immortall spright
 Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.
- xvii. But what doe I their names seeke to reherse,
 Which all the world have with their issue fild?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild?

Let them record them that are better skild,
 And know the moniments of passed age:
 Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild,
 T' expresse some part of that great equipage
 Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

- xviii. Next came the aged Ocean and his Dame
 Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest;
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possest;
 Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed profest;
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
 Doing him selfe, and teaching others to doe right.
- xix. Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ledden of the gods unfold;
 Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
 The faire Tindarid lasse, he him fortold
 That her all Greece with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud Priams towne. So wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skild; nathlesse he takes great joy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton Nymphs to sport and toy.
- xx. And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautife:
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
 Long Rhodanus, whose sourse springs from the skie;
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie:
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greeks and Trojans which therein did die;
 Pactolus glistring with his golden flood;
 And Tygris fierce, whose streames of none may be
 withstood;
- xxi. Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
 Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
 Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate
 Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate,
 Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
 Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;

And that huge River, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, who doe possesse the same.

xxii. Joy on those warlike women, which so long
Can from all men so rich a kingdome hold!
And shame on you, O men! which boast your strong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts lesse hard and bold,
Yet quaille in conquest of that land of gold.
But this to you, O Britons! most pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it selfe hath sold,
The which, for sparing little cost or paines,
Loose so immortall glory, and so endlesse gaines.

xxiii. Then was there heard a most celestiall sound
Of dainty musicke, which did next ensew
Before the spouse: that was Arion crownd;
Who, playing on his harpe, unto him drew
The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan seas from Pirates vew,
Stood still by him astonisht at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to rore.

xxiv. So went he playing on the watery plaine;
Soone after whom the lovely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamïs, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as best became,
His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way
could see.

xxv. Therefore on either side she was sustained
Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which
pained
Them selves her footing to direct aright,
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway.

xxvi. And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
 And auncient heavy burden which he bore
 Of that faire City, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
 And with their braunches spred all Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
 Joy to you both, ye double nourserie
 Of Arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.

xxvii. But he their sonne full fresh and jolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like Christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could weenen whether they were false or trew:
 And on his head like to a Coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
 In which were many towres and castels set,
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

xxviii. Like as the mother of the Gods, they say,
 In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
 When to Joves pallace she doth take her way,
 Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a Turribant;
 With such an one was Themis beautifide;
 That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

xxix. And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duely, ready to obay;
 All little Rivers which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
 The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
 The morish Cole, and the soft sliding Breane,
 The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way;
 And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

xxx. Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the English soile throughout:
 They all on him this day attended well,

And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to him to lout:
No, not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout;
But loth him honor'd as their principall,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

xxxI. There was the speedy Tamar, which devides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines.
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his Adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

xxxII. And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
And of him selfe doth name the shire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nousling Mole doth make
His way still under ground, till Thamis he overtake.

xxxIII. Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing fast to Rhy;
And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
Whose like none else could shew, the which they
Ruffins call.

xxxIV. Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
By many a city and by many a towne
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth downe,
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne.
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,

My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

xxxv. And after him the fatall Welland went,
That, if old sawes prove true (which God forbid!)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then shine in learning, more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in him selfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish, and thirty sundry streames.

xxxvi. Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine Monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over-all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call:
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: And Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

xxxvii. Then came those sixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire Nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned hight.

xxxviii. But past not long ere Brutus warlicke sonne,
Locrinus, then aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate:
For in the selfe same river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe,
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

xxxix. These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall;
And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call:
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

xl. Ne thence the Irishe Rivers absent were,
Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
And joyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
Why should they not likewise in love agree,
And joy likewise this solemne day to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place;
Though I them all according their degree
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the salvage cuntreis thorough which they pace.

xli. There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

xlII. And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Gyant Blomius begot
Of the faire Nymph Rheusa wandring there.
One day, as she to shunne the season whot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This Gyant found her and by force deflowr'd;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

xlIII. The first the gentle Shure that, making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre whose waters gray

By faire Kilkenny and Rossepontè boord;
The third, the goodly Barow which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which, long sundred, doe at last accord
To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last become.

XLIV. There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood;
The spreading Lee that, like an Island fayre,
Encloseth Corke with his devided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staind with English blood,
With many more whose names no tongue can tell:
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their dueful service, as to them befell.

XLV. Then came the Bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here and theare
With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet every where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainely wot
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

XLVI. Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her hed
A Chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the deawy humour shed
Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed litle drops which doe the morne adore.

XLVII. On her two pretty handmaides did attend,
One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane,
Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding traine;
Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
Her silver feet, faire washt against this day:

And her before there paced Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd her way.

XLVIII. And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are,
All which she there on her attending had:
Swift Proto, milde Eucratè, Thetis faire,
Soft Spio, sweete Endorè, Sao sad,
Light Doto, wanton Glaucè, and Galenè glad:

XLIX. White hand Eunica, proud Dynamenè,
Joyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
Lightfoote Cymothoë, and sweete Melitè,
Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
Wondred Agavè, Poris, and Nesæa,
With Erato that doth in love delite,
And Panopæ, and wise Protomedæa,
And snowy neckd Doris, and milkewhite Galathæa:

I. Speedy Hippothoë, and chaste Actea,
Large Lisianassa, and Pronæa sage,
Euagorè, and light Pontoporea,
And she that with her least word can assuage
The surging seas, when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè, and stout Autonoë,
And Neso, and Eionè well in age,
And, seeming still to smile, Glauconomè,
And she that hight of many heastes Polynomè;

II. Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests;
Laomedia like the christall sheene;
Liagorè much praised for wise behests;
And Psamathè for her brode snowy breasts;
Cymo, Eupompè, and Themistè just;
And, she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Euarna, and Menippè true in trust,
And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

- LII. All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them assinde,
To rule his tides, and surges to upre,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to upbinde,
And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet, besides, three thousand more there were
Of th' Oceans seede, but Joves and Phœbus kinde;
The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.
- LIII. The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote that these, which I descry,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will overpas.

CANTO XII

Marin for love of Florimell
 In languor wastes his life:
 The Nymph, his mother, getteth her
 And gives to him for wife.

- I. O! WHAT an endlesse worke have I in hand,
 To count the seas abundant progeny,
 Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
 And also those which wonne in th' azure sky:
 For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
 Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
 Then to recount the Seas posterity:
 So fertile be the floods in generation,
 So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.
- II. Therefore the antique wisards well invented
 That Venus of the fomy sea was bred,
 For that the seas by her are most augmented:
 Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
 And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
 Then, blame me not if I have err'd in count
 Of Gods, of Nymphs, of rivers, yet unred;
 For though their numbers do much more surmount,
 Yet all those same were there which erst I did recount.
- III. All those were there, and many other more,
 Whose names and nations were too long to tell
 That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
 Yet were they all in order, as befell,
 According their degrees disposed well.
 Amongst the rest was faire Cymodocè,
 The mother of unlucky Marinell,
 Who thither with her came, to learne and see
 The manner of the Gods when they at banquet be.
- IV. But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
 Of mortall sire, though of immortall wombe,
 He might not with immortall food be fed,

Ne with th' eternall Gods to bancket come;
 But walkt abroad, and round about did come
 To view the building of that uncouth place,
 That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
 Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
 There unto him betid a disaventrous case.

v. Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
 He heard the lamentable voice of one,
 That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
 Which never she before disclosd to none,
 But to her selfe her sorrow did bemone:
 So feelingly her case she did complaine,
 That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
 And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
 And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine:

vi. " Though vaine, I see, my sorrowes to unfold,
 And count my cares when none is nigh to heare,
 Yet, hoping griefe may lessen being told,
 I will them tell though unto no man neare:
 For heaven, that unto all lends equall eare,
 Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight;
 And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
 Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
 And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.

vii. " Yet loe! the seas, I see, by often beating
 Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares;
 But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
 Will yeeld, but when my piteous plaints he heares,
 Is hardned more with my abundant teares:
 Yet though he never list to me relent,
 But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 Yet will I never of my love repent,
 But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

viii. " And when my weary ghost, with griefe outworne,
 By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
 That blame it is to him, that armes profest,
 To let her die whom he might have redrest."
 There did she pause, inforced to give place

Unto the passion that her heart opprest;
And, after she had wept and wail'd a space,
She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case.

- IX. "Ye Gods of seas, if any Gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me, woefull thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long:
And if ye deeme me death for loving one
That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me die and end my daies attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love him selfe alone.
- X. "But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes deare love beloved be:
And if he should through pride your doome undo,
Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me;
One prison fittest is to hold us two.
So had I rather to be thrall then free;
Such thralldome or such freedome let it surely be.
- XI. "But O vaine judgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner points unto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me.
So ever loose, so ever happy be!
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know, Marinell, that all this is for thee."
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
Would quite have burst through great abundance of
her smart.
- XII. All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare;
That even for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish that in his powre it weare
Her to redresse: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

- XIII. Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
Dame Venus sonne, that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.
- XIV. Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge.
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine:
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine;
But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.
- XV. Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare where none of her might know:
But all in vaine, for-why he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rocke the sea did flow:
And though unto his will she given were,
Yet without ship or bote her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bere,
And daunger well he wist long to continue there.
- XVI. At last, when as no meanes he could invent,
Backe to him selfe he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
To damne him selfe by every evil name,
And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
That had despise so chaste and faire a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and long strife,
Yet had refusde a God that her had sought to wife.
- XVII. In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
As he had lost him selfe he wist not where;

Oft listening if he mote her-heare againe,
And still bemoning her unworthy paine.
Like as an Hynde, whose calfe is falne unwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

xviii. And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to resort:
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-walled fort.
Yet durst he not his mother disobay,
But her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way,
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

xix. Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence, far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and night
For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, and mournd, and languisht, and alone did
weepe.

xx. That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight:
His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
And brawney armes had lost their knownen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight,
Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stirre or move.

xxi. Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene;
Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
The secret cause and nature of his teene,
Whereby she might apply some medicine;
But weeping day and night did him attend,

And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne,
Which griev'd her more that she it could not mend:
To see an helplesse evill double grieve doth lend.

xxii. Nought could she read the roote of his disease,
Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
Whereby to seeke some meanes it to appease.
Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
That that same former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
But closely rankled under th' orifis:
Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
That love it was, which in his hart lay unrevealed.

xxiii. Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
That fayld the trust which she in him had plast,
To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent,
Who now was falne into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new paine procured;

xxiv. But that it was some other maladie,
Or grief unknowne, which he could not discern:
So left he her withouten remedie.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
Now with faire speches, now with threatnings sterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveale; who still her answered, there was nought.

xxv. Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
And thence Apollo, King of Leaches, brought.
Apollo came; who, soone as he had sought
Through his disease, did by and by out find
That he did languish of some inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

- xxvi. Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve;
And, comming to her sonne, gan first to scold
And chyd at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
And woove with fair intreatie, to disclose
Which of the Nymphes his heart so sore did mieve;
For sure she weend it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.
- xxvii. Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
That warned him of womens love beware,
Which being ment of mortall creatures sead,
For love of Nymphes she thought she need not care,
But promist him, what ever wight she weare,
That she her love to him would shortly gaine.
So he her told: but soone as she did heare
That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.
- xxviii. Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
In which his life unluckily was layd,
It was no time to scan the prophecie,
Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
That his decay should happen by a mayd.
It's late in death of daunger to advize,
Or love forbid him, that is life denayd;
But rather gan in troubled mind devize
How she that Ladies libertie might enterprize.
- xxix. To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
Who was the root and worker of her woe,
Nor unto any meaner to complaine;
But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
And, on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble suit unto his Majestie
To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
A cruell Tyrant, had presumpteouslie
By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.
- xxx. To whom God Neptune, softly smyling, thus:
" Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us;

For death t' adward I ween'd did appertaine
 To none but to the seas sole Soveraine.
 Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
 And for what cause; the truth discover plaine,
 For never wight so evill did or thought,
 But would some rightfull cause pretend, though
 rightly nought."

xxxI. To whom she answer'd: " Then, it is by name
 Proteus, that hath ordain'd my sonne to die;
 For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 Upon your seas, he claym'd as propertie:
 And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
 But yours the waift by high prerogative.
 Therefore I humbly crave your Majestie
 It to replevie, and my sonne reprove.
 So shall you by one gift save all us three alive."

xxxII. He graunted it: and streight his warrant made,
 Under the Sea-gods seale autenticall,
 Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd,
 Which wandring on his seas imperiall
 He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall.
 Which she receiving with meete thankfulnessse,
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithall;
 Who, reading it with inward loathfulnessse,
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

xxxIII. Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But unto her delivered Florimell:
 Whom she receiving by the lilly hand,
 Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well,
 For she all living creatures did excell;
 And was right joyous that she gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
 So home with her she streight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him, then being sore bestad.

xxxIV. Who soone as he beheld that angels face
 Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
 His cheared heart eftsoones away gan chace
 Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
 And feeble spirit inly felt refection:

As withered weed through cruell winters time,
That feeles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
Liftes up his head that did before decline,
And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

xxxv. Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
When he in place his dearest love did spy;
And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
But that she masked it with modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE FIFTH BOOKE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF ARTEGALL OR OF JUSTICE

- I. So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freshest prime,
And the first blossome of faire vertue bare;
Such oddes I finde twixt those, and these which are,
As that, through long continuance of his course,
Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed sourse;
And being once amisse growes daily wourse and wourse:
- II. For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at earst become a stonie one;
And men themselves, the which at first were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward bred)
Were throwne by Pyrrha and Deucalion:
And if then those may any worse be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.
- III. Let none then blame me, if in discipline
Of vertue and of civill uses lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of present dayes, which are corrupted sore,
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was onely for it selfe desyred,
And all men sought their owne, and none no more;
When Justice was not for most meed out-hyred,
But simple Truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.
- IV. For that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that which vice was hight,
In now hight vertue, and so us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right;

As all things else in time are chaunged quight:
 Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
 Is wandred farre from where it first was pight,
 And so doe make contrarie constitution
 Of all this lower world, toward his dissolution.

- v. For who so list into the heavens looke,
 And search the courses of the rowling spheares,
 Shall find that from the point where they first tooke
 Their setting forth, in these few thousand yeares
 They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares:
 For that same golden fleecy Ram, which bore
 Phrixus and Helle from their stepdames feares,
 Hath now forgot where he was plast of yore,
 And shouldred hath the Bull which fayre Europa bore:
- vi. And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horne
 So hardly butted those two twinnes of Jove,
 That they have crusht the Crab, and quite him borne
 Into the great Nemæan lions grove.
 So now all range, and doe at randon rove
 Out of their proper places farre away,
 And all this world with them amisse doe move,
 And all his creatures from their course astray,
 Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.
- vii. Ne is that same great glorious lampe of light,
 That doth enlumine all these lesser fyres,
 In better case, ne keepes his course more right,
 But is miscaried with the other Spheres:
 For since the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
 That learned Ptolomæe his hight did take,
 He is declyned from that marke of theirs
 Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
 That makes me feare in time he will us quite forsake.
- viii. And if to those Ægyptian wisards old,
 Which in Star-read were wont have best insight,
 Faith may be given, it is by them told
 That since the time they first tooke the Sunnes hight,
 Foure times his place he shifted hath in sight,
 And twice hath risen where he now doth West,
 And wested twice where he ought rise aright:

But most is Mars amisse of all the rest,
And next to him old Saturne, that was wont be best.

- ix. For during Saturnes ancient raigne it's sayd
That all the world with goodnesse did abound:
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets sound;
Peace universall rayn'd mongst men and beasts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Justice sate high ador'd with solemne feasts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheasts:
- x. Most sacred vertue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in his imperiall might;
Whose souveraine powre is herein most exprest,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Justice hath bedight.
That powre he also doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himselfe in glorious sight
To sit in his own seate, his cause to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.
- xi. Dread Soverayne Goddess, that doest highest sit
In seate of judgement in th' Almightyes stead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doest to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furthest Nations filles with awful dread,
Pardon the boldnesse of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read
As thy great justice, praysed over-all,
The instrument whereof loe! here thy Artegall.

CANTO I

Artegall trayn'd in Justice lore
 Irenaes quest pursewed;
 He doth avenge on Sanglier
 His Ladies bloud embrewed.

- I. THOUGH vertue then were held in highest price,
 In those old times of which I doe entreat,
 Yet then likewise the wicked seede of vice
 Began to spring; which shortly grew full great,
 And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat:
 But evermore some of the vertuous race
 Rose up, inspired with heroicke heat,
 That crott the branches of the sient base,
 And with strong hand their fruitful rancknes did deface.
- II. Such first was Bacchus, that with furious might
 All th' East, before untam'd, did over-ronne,
 And wrong repressed, and establisht right,
 Which lawlesse men had formerly fordonne:
 There Justice first her princely rule begonne.
 Next Hercules his like ensample shewed,
 Who all the West with equall conquest wonne,
 And monstrous tyrants with his club subdewed:
 The club of Justice dread with kingly powre endewed.
- III. And such was he of whom I have to tell,
 The Champion of true Justice, Artegall:
 Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
 An hard adventure, which did then befall,
 Into redoubted perill forth did call;
 That was to succour a distressed Dame
 Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
 And from the heritage, which she did clame,
 Did with strong hand withhold; Grantorto was his name.
- IV. Wherefore the Lady, which Irena hight,
 Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse,
 To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
 She her besought of gracious redresse.
 That souveraine Queene, that mightie Emperesse,
 Whose glorie is to aide all suppliants pore,
 And of weake Princes to be Patronesse,

Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

- v. For Artegall in justice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire Astræa with great industrie,
Whilest here on earth she lived mortallie:
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of justice them instructed well.
- vi. Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle childe
Amongst his peres playing his childish sport;
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a cave from companie exile,
In which she noursled him till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of justice there him taught.
- vii. There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needs with rigour to dispence:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wyld beasts, which she in woods did find
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.
- viii. Thus she him trayned, and thus she him taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripenesse of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull sight,
And men admyr'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When so he list in wrath lift up his steely brand,
- ix. Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her slight

And earnest search, where it was kept in store
 In Joves eternall house, unwist of wight,
 Since he himselfe it us'd in that great fight
 Against the Titans, that whylome rebelled
 Gainst highest heaven; Chrysaor it was hight;
 Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled,
 Well prov'd in that same day when Jove those Gyants
 quelled:

- x. For of most perfect metall it was made,
 Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
 And garnisht all with gold upon the blade
 In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
 And was of no lesse vertue then of fame;
 For there no substance was so firme and hard,
 But it would pierce or cleave, where so it came,
 Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
 But wheresoever it did light, it throughly shard.
- xi. Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
 Astræa loathing lenger here to space
 Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
 Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her race;
 Where she hath now an everlasting place
 Mongst those twelve signes, which nightly we doe see
 The heavens bright-shining baudricke to enchace;
 And is the Virgin, sixt in her degree,
 And next her selfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.
- xii. But when she parted hence she left her groome
 An yron man, which did on her attend
 Alwayes to execute her stedfast doome,
 And willed him with Artégall to wend,
 And doe what ever thing he did intend:
 His name was Talus, made of yron mould,
 Immoveable, resistlesse, without end;
 Who in his hand an yron flaele did hould,
 With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfould.
- xiii. He now went with him in this new inquest,
 Him for to aide, if aide he chaunst to neede,
 Against that cruell Tyrant, which opprest
 The faire Irena with his foule misdeede,
 And kept the crowne in which she should succeed:

And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tyne,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

- xiv. To whom as they approched, they espide
A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
In her owne blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt who had that Dame so fouly dight,
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?
- xv. "Ah! woe is me, and well-away!" (quoth hee,
Bursting forth teares like springs out of a banke),
"That ever I this dismall day did see!
Full farre was I from thinking such a pranke;
Yet litle losse it were, and mickled thanke,
If I should graunt that I have doen the same,
That I mote drinke the cup whereof she drank,
But that I should die guiltie of the blame
The which another did, who now is fled with shame."
- xvi. "Who was it then," (sayd Artegall) "that wrought?
And why? doe it declare unto me trew."
"A knight," (said he) "if knight he may be thought
That did his hand in Ladies bloud embrew,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fayre love, whose losse I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This lucklesse Ladie which now here doth headlesse lie.
- xvii. "He, whether mine seem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me, but I did it denye,
So did the Ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawlesse might,
And on his steed her set to beare her out of sight.

xviii. " Which when his Ladie saw, she follow'd fast,
 And on him catching hold gan loud to crie
 Not so to leave her, nor away to cast,
 But rather of his hand besought to die.
 With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
 And at one stroke cropt off her head with scorne,
 In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
 So he my love away with him hath borne,
 And left me here both his and mine owne love to morne."

xix. " Aread " (sayd he) " which way then did he make?
 And by what markes may he be knowne againe? "
 " To hope " (quoth he) " him soone to overtake
 That hence so long departed, is but vaine;
 But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
 And, as I marked, bore upon his shield,
 By which it's easie him to know againe,
 A broken sword within a bloodie field;
 Expressing well his nature which the same did wield."

xx. No sooner sayd, but streight he after sent
 His yron page, who him pursew'd so light,
 As that it seem'd above the ground he went;
 For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
 And strong as Lyon in his lordly might.
 It was not long before he overtooke
 Sir Sanglier, (so cleeped was that Knight)
 Whom at the first he ghessed by his looke,
 And by the other markes which of his shield he tooke.

xxi. He bad him stay, and backe with him retire,
 Who, full of scorne to be commaunded so,
 The Lady to alight did eft require,
 Whilest he reformed that uncivill fo,
 And streight at him with all his force did go;
 Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
 Is lightly stricken with some stones throw;
 But to him leaping lent him such a knocke,
 That on the ground he layd him like a sencelesse blocke.

xxii. But, ere he could him selfe recure againe,
 Him in his iron paw he seized had;
 That when he wak't out of his warelesse paine,

He found him selfe unwist so ill bestad,
That lim he could not wag: Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beast appointed to the stall:
The sight whereof the Lady sore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly stayd, and forst to wend withall.

xxiii. When to the place they came, where Artegall
By that same carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide:
Who with sterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunswere, that of all he guiltlesse stood,
And his accuser thereuppon defide;
For neither he did shed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his love, but his owne proper good,

xxiv. Well did the Squire perceive him selfe too weake
To aunswere his defiaunce in the field,
And rather chose his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with speare and shield,
And rather guilty chose himselfe to yield:
But Artegall by signes perceiving plaine
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that strange Knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Didst cast about by sleight the truth thereout to straine;

xxv. And sayd; " Now sure this doubtfull causes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or else by ordele, or by bloody fight,
That ill perhaps mote fall to either side;
But if ye please that I your cause decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will sweare my judgement to abide."
Thereto they both did franckly condescend,
And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

xxvi. " Sith then," (sayd he) " ye both the dead deny,
And both the living Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Devided be betwixt you here in sight,
And each of either take his share aright:
But looke, who does dissent from this my read,

He for a twelve moneths day shall in despight
 Beare for his penaunce that same Ladies head,
 To witnesse to the world that she by him is dead."

xxvii. Well pleased with that doome was Sangliere,
 And offred streight the Lady to be slaine;
 But that same Squire, to whom she was more dere,
 When as he saw she should be cut in twaine,
 Did yield she rather should with him remaine
 Alive, then to him selfe be shared dead;
 And rather then his love should suffer paine,
 He chose with shame to beare that Ladies head:
 True love despiseth shame, when life is cald in dread.

xxviii. Whom when so willing Artegall perceaved;
 "Not so, thou Squire," (he sayd) "but thine I deeme
 The living Lady, which from thee he reaved,
 For worthy thou of her doest rightly seeme.
 And you, Sir Knight, that love so light esteeme,
 As that ye would for little leave the same,
 Take here your owne, that doth ye best beseeme,
 And with it beare the burden of defame,
 Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your shame."

xxix. But Sangliere disdained much his doome,
 And sternly gan repine at his behest;
 Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
 To beare that Ladies head before his breast,
 Until that Talus had his pride represt,
 And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
 Who when he saw it bootelesse to resist,
 He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
 As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

xxx. Much did that Squire Sir Artegall adore
 For his great justice, held in high regard,
 And as his Squire him offred evermore
 To serve, for want of other meete reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard;
 But he thereto would by no meanes consent,
 But leaving him forth on his journey far'd:
 Ne wight with him but onely Talus went;
 They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

CANTO II

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him slaies, drownes Lady Munera,
Does race her castle quight.

- I. NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redresse in such as wend awry:
Whilome those great Heroes got thereby
Their greatest glory for their rightfull deedes,
And place deserved with the Gods on hy.
Herein the noblesse of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for justice sake proceedes.
- II. To which as he now was uppon the way,
He chaunst to meet a Dwarfe in hasty course,
Whom he requir'd him forward hast to stay,
Till he of tidings mote with him discourse.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he stay perforce.
And gan of sundry newes his store to tell,
As to his memory they had recourse;
But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
How she was found againe, and spousde to Marinell.
- III. For this was Dony, Florimels owne Dwarfe,
Whom having lost, (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the scattred scarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare:
But of her health when Artégall did heare,
And safe returne, he was full inly glad,
And askt him where and when her bridale cheare
Should be solemniz'd; for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her spousall ad.
- IV. "Within three daies," (quoth he) "as I do here,
It will be at the Castle of the Strand;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there

To doe her service so as I am bond:
 But in my way, a little here beyond,
 A cursed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
 That keepes a Bridges passage by strong hond,
 And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
 That makes all men for feare that passage for to shonne."

v. "What mister wight," (quoth he) "and how far hence
 Is he, that doth to travellers such harmes?"
 "He is" (said he) "a man of great defence,
 Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
 And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
 With which his daughter doth him still support;
 Having great Lordships got and goodly farmes,
 Through strong oppression of his powre extort,
 By which he stil them holds, and keepes with strong effort.

vi. "And dayly he his wrongs increaseth more;
 For never wight he lets to passe that way
 Over his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay:
 Else he doth hold him backe or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a groome of evill guise,
 Whose scalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
 Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
 But he him selfe uppon the rich doth tyrannize.

vii. "His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his powre he all doth overgo,
 And makes them subject to his mighty wrong;
 And some by sleight he eke doth underfong.
 For on a Bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
 And in the same are many trap-fals pight,
 Through which the rider downe doth fall through oversight.

viii. "And underneath the same a river flowes
 That is both swift and dangerous deepe withall;
 Into the which whom so he overthrowes,
 All destitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
 But he him selfe through practise usuall,
 Leapes forth into the floud, and there assaies

His foe confused through his sodaine fall,
That horse and man he equally dismaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterously slaies.

ix. “ Then doth he take the spoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby ;
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffers of her wicked treasury,
Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so hy
That many Princes she in wealth exceedes,
And purchast all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is Munera, agreeing with her deedes.

x. “ Thereto she is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and silver feete beside,
That many Lords have her to wife desired,
But she them all despiseth for great pride.”
“ Now by my life,” (sayd he) “ and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead.” No more he spake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

xi. Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed saw
The Sarazin, awayting for some spoile:
When as they to the passage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with scull all raw,
That passage money did of them require,
According to the custome of their law:
To whom he aunswerd wroth, “ Loe! there thy hire;”
And with that word him strooke, that streight he did
expire.

xii. Which when the Pagan saw he wexed wroth,
And streight him selfe unto the fight addrest,
Ne was Sir Artegall behinde: so both
Together ran with ready speares in rest.
Right in the midst, whereas they brest to brest
Should meete, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the floud: streight leapt the Carle unblest,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall;
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

- XIII. There being both together in the floud,
 They each at other tyrannously flew;
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
 But rather in them kindled choler new:
 But there the Paynim, who that use well knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
 And eke the courser whereuppon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish, whiles he his backe bestrad.
- XIV. Which oddes when as Sir Artegall espide,
 He saw no way but close with him in hast;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide
 Uppon his iron coller griped fast,
 That with the straint his wesand nigh he brast.
 There they together strove and struggled long
 Either the other from his steede to cast;
 Ne ever Artegall his griple strong
 For any thing wold slacke, but still upon him hong.
- XV. As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met
 In the wide champion of the Ocean plaine,
 With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
 The maysterdome of each by force to gaine,
 And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
 They snuf, they snort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
 That all the sea, disturbed with their traine,
 Doth frie with fome above the surges hore.
 Such was betwixt these two the troublesome uprore.
- XVI. So Artegall at length him forst forsake
 His horses backe for dread of being drownd,
 And to his handy swimming him betake.
 Eftsoones him selfe he from his hold unbownd,
 And then no ods at all in him he fownd;
 For Artegall in swimming skilfull was,
 And durst the depth of any water sownd.
 So ought each Knight, that use of perill has,
 In swimming be expert, through waters force to pas.
- XVII. Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
 Uncertaine whether had the better side;
 For both were skild in that experiment,

And both in armes well traind, and throughly tride:
But Artegall was better breath'd beside,
And towards th' end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puissance, ne beare him selfe upright;
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

xviii. But Artegall pursewd him still so neare
With bright Chrysaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despight,
And gnashed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whose goodnesse he despaired quight,
Or curst the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

xix. His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy bloud it stayned;
But his blasphemous head, that all might see,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within just compasse pen.

xx. That done, unto the Castle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
Beaten with stones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aside,
And bad his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endangerment.

xxi. Eftsoones his Page drew to the Castle gate,
And with his iron flae at it let flie,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which erewhile spake so reprochfully,
And made them stoupe that looked earst so hie.
Yet still he bet and bounst upon the dore,

And thundred strokes thereon so hideouslie,
That all the peece he shaked from the flore,
And filled all the house with feare and great uprore.

xxii. With noise whereof the Lady forth appeared
Upon the Castle wall; and, when she saw
The daungerous state in which she stood, she feared
The sad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him faire besought;
Sith neither force of stones which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which she against him wrought,
Might otherwise prevaile, or make him cease for ought.

xxiii. But, when as yet she saw him to proceede
Unmov'd with praiers or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And causde great sackes with endlesse riches fraught
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth over the Castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly bought,
Whilest he to gathering of the gold did fall:
But he was nothing mov'd nor tempted therewithall:

xxiv. But still continu'd his assault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maister to assaile;
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight against his powre them selves to reare.
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid them selves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her self for feare.

xxv. Long they her sought, yet no where could they finde her,
That sure they ween'd she was escapt away;
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound winde her,
And all things secrete wisely could bewray,
At length found out whereas she hidden lay
Under an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That Artegall him selfe her seemelesse plight did rew.

- xxvi. Yet for no pittie would he change the course
Of Justice, which in Talus hand did lye;
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete submissively:
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of gold,
And eke her feete, those feete of silver trye,
Which sought unrighteousnesse, and justice sold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high that all might them behold.
- xxvii. Her selfe then tooke he by the sclender wast,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the Castle wall adowne her cast,
And there her drowned in the durty mud;
But the streame washt away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The spoile of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to ashes powr'd it downe the brooke.
- xxviii. And lastly all that Castle quite he raced,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewen stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus throughly had perfourmed,
Sir Artegall undid the evill fashion,
And wicked customes of that Bridge refourmed;
Which done, unto his former journey he retourned:
- xxix. In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire,
For never there the like resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there desire.
- xxx. There they beheld a mighty Gyant stand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,

With which he boasted, in his surquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys;
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

xxxI. He sayd that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind or wether:
Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe,
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether:
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe:

xxxII. For-why, he sayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth; so did the fire the aire;
So all the rest did others parts empaire,
And so were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed aunciently,
And all things would reduce unto equality.

xxxIII. Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an hony-crocke;
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when Artegall did see and heare,
How he mis-led the simple peoples traine,
In sdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or feare.

xxxIV. "Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
Instead of right me seemes great wrong dost shew,
And far above thy forces pitch to sore;
For ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know

What was the poyse of every part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth overflow
Or faile thereof, so much is more then just to trow.

xxxv. "For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with aire, that not a drop can slide:
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses
guide.

xxxvi. "Such heavenly justice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe these many yeares remaine,
And mongst them al no change hath yet beene found;
But if thou now shouldst weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unsound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine."

xxxvii. "Thou foolishe Elfe," (said then the Gyant wroth)
"Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?
The sea it selfe doest thou not plainly see
Encroch upon the land there under thee?
And th' earth it selfe how daily its increast
By all that dying to it turned be:
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the least?"

xxxviii. "Therefore I will throw downe these mountaines hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine;
These towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest maine,
And, as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppesse, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe that commons over-aw,
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw."

xxxix. "Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,"
 Then answered the righteous Artegall,
 "Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
 What though the sea with waves continuall
 Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all;
 Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought,
 For whatsoever from one place doth fall
 Is with the tide unto another brought:
 For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

xl. "Likewise the earth is not augmented more
 By all that dying into it doe fade;
 For of the earth they formed were of yore:
 How ever gay their blossome or their blade
 Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
 What wrong then is it, if that when they die
 They turne to that whereof they first were made?
 All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
 All creatures must obey the voice of the Most Hie.

xli. "They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
 Ne ever any asketh reason why.
 The hils doe not the lowly dales disdain,
 The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
 He maketh Kings to sit in soverainty;
 He maketh subjects to their powre obey;
 He pulleth downe, he setteth up on hy;
 He gives to this, from that he takes away,
 For all we have is his: what he list doe, he may.

xlII. "What ever thing is done by him is donne,
 Ne any may his mighty will withstand;
 Ne any may his souveraine power shonne,
 Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
 In vaine therefore doest thou now take in hand
 To call to count, or weigh his workes anew,
 Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand;
 Sith of things subject to thy daily vew
 Thou doest not know the causes, nor their courses dew.

xlIII. "For take thy ballaunce, if thou be so wise,
 And weigh the winde that under heaven doth blow;
 Or weigh the light that in the East doth rise;

Or weigh the thought that from mans mind doth flow:
 But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:
 For how canst thou these greater secrets know,
 That doest not know the least thing of them all?
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small."

XLIV. Therewith the Gyant much abashed sayd,
 That he of little things made reckoning light;
 Yet the least word that ever could be layd
 Within his ballaunce he could way aright.
 "Which is" (sayd he) "more heavy then in weight,
 The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?"
 He answered that he would try it streight;
 So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
 But streight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

XLV. Wroth wext he then, and sayd that words were light,
 Ne would within his ballaunce well abide:
 But he could justly weigh the wrong and right.
 "Well then," sayd Artegall, "let it be tride:
 First in one ballaunce set the true aside."
 He did so first, and then the false he layd
 In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
 And by no meane could in the weight be stayd;
 For by no meanes the false will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI. "Now take the right likewise," sayd Artegale,
 "And counterpeise the same with so much wrong."
 So first the right he put into one scale,
 And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
 To fill the other scale with so much wrong;
 But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
 Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
 And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
 Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII. Which when he saw he greatly grew in rage,
 And almost would his balances have broken;
 But Artegall him fairely gan asswage,
 And said, "Be not upon thy balance wroken,
 For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken;
 But in the mind the doome of right must bee:

And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
 The eare must be the ballance, to decree
 And judge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

XLVIII. " But set the truth and set the right aside,
 For they with wrong or falshood will not fare,
 And put two wrongs together to be tride,
 Or else two falses, of each equall share,
 And then together doe them both compare;
 For truth is one, and right is ever one."
 So did he; and then plaine it did appeare,
 Whether of them the greater were attone;
 But right sate in the midst of the beame alone.

XLIX. But he the right from thence did thrust away,
 For it was not the right which he did seeke,
 But rather strove extremities to way,
 Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke;
 For of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
 Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
 Approching nigh unto him, cheeke by cheeke,
 He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
 And, down the rock him throwing, in the sea him dround.

L. Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest drives
 Upon a rocke with horrible dismay,
 Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces rives,
 And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray
 Does make her selfe misfortunes piteous pray.
 So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
 His battred ballances in peeces lay,
 His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
 So was the high-aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

LI. That when the people, which had there about
 Long wayted, saw his sudden desolation,
 They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
 And mutining to stirre up civill faction
 For certaine losse of so great expectation:
 For well they hoped to have got great good,
 And wondrous riches by his innovation.
 Therefore resolving to revenge his blood
 They rose in armes, and all in battell order stood.

- LII. Which lawlesse multitude him comming too
In warlike wise when Artegall did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to doo:
For loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew:
Therefore he Talus to them sent t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.
- LIII. But soone as they him nigh approaching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely stroke at him on every side;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay:
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes from his vew.
- LIV. As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that raskall rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him throughout.

CANTO III

The spousals of faire Florimell,
 Where turney many knights:
 There Braggadochio is uncas'd
 In all the Ladies sights.

- I. AFTER long stormes and tempests overblowne
 The sunne at length his joyous face doth cleare:
 So when as fortune all her spight hath showne,
 Some blisfull houres at last must needes appeare;
 Else should afflicted wights oftymes despeire:
 So comes it now to Florimell by tourne,
 After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
 In which captiv'd she many moneths did mourne,
 To tast of joy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.
- II. Who being freed from Proteus cruell band
 By Marinell was unto him affide,
 And by him brought againe to Faerie land,
 Where he her spous'd, and made his joyous bride.
 The time and place was blazed farre and wide,
 And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore:
 To which there did resort from every side
 Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
 Ne any Knight was absent that brave courage bore.
- III. To tell the glorie of the feast that day,
 The goodly service, the devicefull sights,
 The bridegrooms state, the brides most rich aray,
 The pride of Ladies, and the worth of knights,
 The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
 Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
 But for so much as to my lot here lights,
 That with this present treatise doth agree,
 True vertue to advance, shall here recounted bee.
- IV. When all men had with full satietie
 Of meates and drinkes their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalrie

They gan themselves addresse, full rich aguiz'd
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir Marinell,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintaine that she all others did excell.

v. The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes;
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowesse prayse;
The third was Brunell, famous in his dayes;
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might;
The fift Armeddan, skild in lovely layes;
The sixt was Lansack, a redoubted Knight;
All sixe well-seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

vi. And them against came all that list to giust,
From every coast and countrie under sunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that lust.
The trompets sound, then all together ronne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest prayse redounded
To Marinell, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

vii. The second day, so soone as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with perill to winne fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be ghest:
But at the last the trompets did proclame
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they disparted were, and all men went to rest.

viii. The third day came, that should due tryall lend
Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of armes did shew,
And through the thickest like a Lyon flew,
Rashing off helmes, and rying plates asonder,

That every one his daunger did eschew:
 So terribly his dreadfull strokes did thonder,
 That all men stood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

- ix. But what on earth can alwayes happie stand?
 The greater prowesse greater perils find.
 So farre he past amongst his enemies band,
 That they have him enclosed so behind,
 As by no meanes, he can himselfe outwind:
 And now perforce they have him prisoner taken;
 And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
 And now they lead him thence, of all forsaken,
 Unlesse some succour had in time him overtaken.
- x. It fortun'd, whylest they were thus ill beset,
 Sir Artegall into the Tilt-yard came,
 With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
 Upon the way with that his snowy Dame:
 Where when he understood by common fame
 What evil hap to Marinell betid,
 He much was mov'd at so unworthie shame,
 And streight that boaster prayd, with whom he rid,
 To change his shield with him, to be the better hid.
- xi. So forth he went, and soone them over-hent,
 Where they were leading Marinell away;
 Whom he assayld with dreadlesse hardiment,
 And forst the burden of their prize to stay.
 They were an hundred knights of that array,
 Of which th' one halfe upon himselfe did set,
 The other stayd behind to gard the pray:
 But he ere long the former fiftie bet,
 And from the other fiftie soone the prisoner fet.
- xii. So backe he brought Sir Marinell againe;
 Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
 They both together joyned might and maine,
 To set afresh on all the other crew:
 Whom with sore havocke soone they overthrew,
 And chaced quite out of the field, that none
 Against them durst his head to perill shew.
 So were they left Lords of the field alone:
 So Marinell by him was rescu'd from his fone.

- xiii. Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To Braggadochio did his shield restore,
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there close with him in pretious store
That his false Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets sound, and Judges rose,
And all these knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall to listen whose
The honour of the prize should be adjudg'd by those.
- xiv. And thether also came in open sight
Fayre Florimell, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And best to him to whom the best should fall.
Then for that stranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they should the girlond yield,
Who came not forth; but for Sir Artegall
Came Braggadochio, and did shew his shield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.
- xv. The sight whereof did all with gladnesse fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the prise
Of all that Tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
Don Braggadochios name resounded thrise:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardise.
And then to him came fayrest Florimell,
And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
And thousand thanks him yeeld, that had so well
Approv'd that day that she all others did excell.
- xvi. To whom the boaster, that all knights did blot
With proud disdaine did scornefull answere make,
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies sake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely speeches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Ladie quell,
And turn'd aside for shame to heare what he did tell.
- xvii. Then forth he brought his snowy Florimele,
Whom Trompart had in keeping there beside,
Covered from peoples gazement with a vele:

Whom when discovered they had throughly eide,
 With great amazement they were stupefide;
 And said, that surely Florimell it was,
 Or if it were not Florimell so tride,
 That Florimell her selfe she then did pas.
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

xviii. Which when as Marinell beheld likewise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismayd,
 Ne wist he what to thinke, or to devise;
 But, like as one whom feends had made affrayd,
 He long astonisht stood, ne ought he sayd,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fixed eies
 He gazed still upon that snowy mayd;
 Whom ever as he did the more avize,
 The more to be true Florimell he did surmize.

xix. As when two sunnes appeare in the asure skye,
 Mounted in Phœbus charet fierie bright,
 Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
 And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light;
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
 Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
 So stood Sir Marinell, when he had seene
 The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

xx. All which when Artegall, who all this while
 Stood in the preasse close covered, well advewed,
 And saw that boasters pride and gracelesse guile,
 He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
 And unto all himselfe there open shewed,
 And to the boaster said; "Thou losell base,
 That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
 And others worth with leasings doest deface,
 When they are all restor'd thou shalt rest in disgrace.

xxi. "That shield, which thou doest beare, was it indeed
 Which this dayes honour sav'd to Marinell:
 But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
 Which didst that service unto Florimell.
 For prooffe shew forth thy sword, and let it tell
 What strokes, what dreadfull stoure, it stird this day;

Or shew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat with which thou diddest sway
So sharpe a battell, that so many did dismay.

xxii. “ But this the sword which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme the which that shield did beare,
And these the signs ” (so shewed forth his wounds)
“ By which that glorie gotten doth appeare.
As for this Ladie, which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) Florimell at all;
But some fayre Franion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.”
For prooffe whereof he bad them Florimell forth call.

xxiii. So forth the noble Ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashful shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face,
As roses did with lilies interlace;
For of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceived great disgrace:
Whom when as all the people such did vew,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

xxiv. Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true saint beside the image set,
Of both their beauties to make paragone
And triall, whether should the honor get.
Streight-way, so soone as both together met,
Th' enchanted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th' emptie girdle which about her wast was wrought.

xxv. As when the daughter of Thaumantes faire
Hath in a watry cloud displayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

- xxvi. Which when as all that present were beheld,
They stricken were with great astonishment,
And their faint harts with senselesse horror queld,
To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment
That what of it became none understood:
And Braggadochio selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despeyring mood,
That like a lifelesse corse immoveable he stood.
- xxvii. But Artegall that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But Florimells owne girdle, from her reft
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fayrest Florimell,
Who round about her tender wast it fitted well
- xxviii. Full many Ladies often had assayd
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till Florimell about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans wast
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Unlesse that she were continent and chaste,
But it would lose or breake, that many had disgrast.
- xxix. Whilest thus they busied were bout Florimell,
And boastfull Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest preasse of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the same
He ment the thiefe there deadly to have smit:
And, had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.
- xxx. Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse;
For Braggadochio would not let him pas,

And Guyon would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stirre when Artegall perceived,
He nigh them drew to stay th' avengers forse,
And gan inquire how was that steed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceived?

xxxI. Who all that piteous storie, which befell
About that wofull couple which were slaine,
And their young bloodie babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horse purloyned was by subtill traine,
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto constraine;
For as the death he hated such despight,
And rather had to lose then trie in armes his right.

xxxII. Which Artegall well hearing, (though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe should him the field denie,)
Yet, further right by tokens to descrie,
He askt what privie tokens he did beare?
“ If that ” (said Guyon) “ may you satisfie,
Within his mouth a blacke spot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horses shoe, who list to seeke it there.”

xxxIII. Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he spoke.
Another, that would seeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright enbrodered hed-stall tooke;
But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

xxxIV. Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that Guyon selfe unto him spake,
And called Brigadore, (so was he hight,)
Whose voice so soone as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suffred all his secret marke to see:

And, when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
 His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
 And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

xxxv. Thereby Sir Artégall did plaine areed
 That unto him the horse belong'd, and sayd;
 "Lo there! Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
 As he with golden saddle is arayd,
 And let that losell, plainely now displayd,
 Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have gayned."
 But the proud boaster gan his doome upbrayd,
 And him revil'd, and rated, and disdayned,
 That judgement so unjust against him had ordayned.

xxxvi. Much was the knight incenst with his lewd word
 To have revenged that his villeny;
 And thrise did lay his hand upon his sword,
 To have him slaine, or dearely doen aby:
 But Guyon did his choler pacify,
 Saying, "Sir knight, it would dishonour bee
 To you that are our judge of equity,
 To wreake your wrath on such a carle as hee:
 It's punishment enough that all his shame doe see."

xxxvii. So did he mitigate Sir Artégall;
 But Talus by the backe the boaster hent,
 And drawing him out of the open hall
 Upon him did inflict this punishment:
 First he his beard did shave, and fowly shent,
 Then from him reft his shield, and in renverst,
 And blotted out his armes with falshood blent,
 And himselfe baffuld, and his armes unherst,
 And broke his sword in twaine, and all his armour spers

xxxviii. The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away,
 But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie;
 Who overtaking him did disaray,
 And all his face deform'd with infamie,
 And out of court him scourged openly.
 So ought all faytours that true knighthood shame,
 And armes dishonour with base villanie,
 From all brave knights be banisht with defame;
 For oft their lewdness blotteth good deserts with blame.

- xxxix. Now when these counterfeits were thus uncased
Out of the fore-side of their forgerie,
And in the sight of all men cleane disgraced,
All gan to jest and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie:
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abused through his subtill slights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their sights.
- xl. There leave we them in pleasure and repast,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking usurie of time fore-past,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for such Ladies and such lovely knights;
And turne we here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, when as time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward send.

CANTO IV

Arte gall dealeth right betwixt
 Two brethren that doe strive:
 Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
 And doth from death reprove.

- I. WHOSO upon him selfe will take the skill
 True Justice unto people to divide,
 Had neede have mightie hands for to fulfill
 That which he doth with righteous doome decide,
 And for to maister wrong and puissant pride:
 For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
 And makes wrong doers justice to deride,
 Unlesse it be perform'd with dreadlesse might;
 For powre is the right hand of Justice truely hight.
- II. Therefore whylome to knights of great emprise
 The charge of Justice given was in trust,
 That they might execute her judgements wise,
 And with their might beat downe licentious lust,
 Which proudly did impugne her sentence just:
 Whereof no braver president this day
 Remaines on earth, preserv'd from yron rust
 Of rude oblivion and long times decay,
 Then this of Arte gall, which here we have to say.
- III. Who having lately left that lovely payre,
 Enlincked fast in wedlockes loyall bond,
 Bold Marinell with Florimell the fayre,
 With whom great feast and goodly glee he fond,
 Departed from the Castle of the Strond
 To follow his adventures first intent,
 Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
 Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
 But that great yron groome, his gard and government.
- IV. With whom, as he did passe by the sea shore,
 He chaunst to come whereas two comely Squires,
 Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,

But stirred up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beside two seemely damzells stood,
By all meanes seeking to asswage their ires;
Now with faire words, but words did little good,
Now with sharpe threats, but threats the more increast
their mood.

v. And there before them stood a Coffe strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt uppon the sands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it these squires at ods did fall,
And bent against them selves their cruell hands;
But evermore those Damzells did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fiercenesse pall.

vi. But firmly fixt they were with dint of sword
And battailes doubtfull prooffe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would justify:
So stood they both in readinesse thereby
To joyne the combate with cruell intent,
When Artegall, arriving happily,
Did stay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their dissent.

vii. To whom the elder did this aunswere frame:
“ Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you see
Not farre in sea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of small degree,
Yet was as great and wide, ere many yeares,
As that same other Isle, that greater bredth now beares.

viii. “ But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring Sea, that naught doth spare,
The most part of my land hath washt away,
And throwne it up unto my brothers share:
So his encreased, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,

That further mayd, hight Philtera the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I should have got,
And should have joynd bene to her in wedlocks knot.

- ix. " Then did my younger brother, Amidas,
Love that same other Damzell, Lucy bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now, when Philtra saw my lands decay
And former livedod fayle, she left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope streight way,
Who, taking her from me, his owne love left astray.
- x. " She, seeing then her selfe forsaken so,
Through dolorous despaire which she conceyved,
Into the Sea her selfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved:
But see how much her purpose was deceived!
Whilest thus, amidst the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death long to and fro she weaved,
She chaunst unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.
- xi. " The wretched mayd, that earst desir'd to die,
When as the paine of death she tasted had,
And but halfe seene his ugly visnomie,
Gan to repent that she had beene so mad
For any death to chaunge life, though most bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten chest,
(The lucky Pylot of her passage sad,)
After long tossing in the seas distrest,
Her weary barke at last uppon mine Isle did rest.
- xii. " Where I by chaunce then wandring on the shore
Did her espy, and through my good endeavour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned sore
Her to have swallow'd up, did helpe to save her.
She then, in recompence of that great favour
Which I on her bestowed, bestowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
Together with her selfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better she.

- xiii. " Yet in this coffer which she with her brought
Great threasure sithence we did finde contained,
Which as our owne we tooke, and so it thought;
But this same other Damzell since hath fained
That to her selfe that threasure appertained;
And that she did transport the same by sea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But suffred cruell shipwracke by the way:
But whether it be so or no, I can not say.
- xiv. " But, whether it indeede be so or no,
This doe I say, that what so good or ill
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and so will hold it still.
And though my land he first did winne away,
And then my love, (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he shall not likewise pray,
But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."
- xv. So having sayd, the younger did ensew:
" Full true it is what so about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth stand,
But for this threasure throwne upon his strand:
Which well I prove, as shall appeare by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall."
- xvi. When they thus ended had, the Knight began:
" Certes, your strife were easie to accord,
Would ye remit it to some righteous man."
" Unto yourselfe," said they, " we give our word,
To bide that judgement ye shall us afford."
" Then for assurance to my doome to stand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his sword;
And then you shall my sentence understand."
So each of them layd downe his sword out of his hand.
- xvii. Then Artegal thus to the younger sayd:
" Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the sea hath layd

Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
 By what good right doe you withhold this day? ”
 “ What other right,” (quoth he) “ should you esteeme,
 But that the sea it to my share did lay? ”
 “ Your right is good,” (sayd he) “ and so I deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.”

xviii. Then turning to the elder thus he sayd:

“ Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be showne;
 Your brothers threasure, which from him is strayed,
 Being the dowry of his wife well knowne,
 By what right doe you claime to be your owne? ”
 “ What other right,” (quoth he) “ should you esteeme,
 But that the sea hath it unto me throwne? ”
 “ Your right is good,” (sayd he) “ and so I deeme,
 That what the sea unto you sent your own should seeme.

xix. “ For equall right in equall things doth stand;
 For what the mighty Sea hath once possest,
 And plucked quite from all possessors hand,
 Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
 Or else by wracke that wretches hath distrest,
 He may dispose by his imperiall might,
 As thing at randon left, to whom he list.
 So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight;
 And so the threasure yours is, Bracidas, by right.”

xx. When he his sentence thus pronounced had,
 Both Amidas and Philtra were displeased;
 But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
 And on the threasure by that judgement seased,
 So was their discord by this doome appeased,
 And each one had his right. Then Artegal,
 When as their sharpe contention he had ceased,
 Departed on his way, as did befall,
 To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

xxi. So as he travelled upon the way,
 He chaunst to come, where happily he spide
 A rout of many peeple farre away;
 To whom his course he hastily applide,
 To weete the cause of their assemblaunce wide:
 To whom when he approched neare in sight,

(An uncouth sight) he plainly then describe
To be a troupe of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands as ready for to fight.

xxii. And in the midst of them he saw a Knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow-tree prepart:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was uneath was to descry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the soule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands so base a death should dy.

xxiii. But they, like tyrants mercilesse, the more
Rejoyced at his miserable case,
And him reviled, and reproched sore
With bitter taunts and termes of vile disgrace.
Now when as Artegall, arriv'd in place,
Did aske what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares some villanous assay.

xxiv. But he was soone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent:
Yet, though him selfe did shame on womankind
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few sowces of his yron flae
Dispersed all their troupe incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vaine prowesse turned to their proper bale.

xxv. But that same wretched man, ordayned to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit:
Him Talus tooke out of perplexitie,
And horror of fowle death for Knight unfit,
Who more then losse of life ydreaded it;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weake fight:
Whom soone as he beheld he knew, and thus behight:

xxvi. "Sir Turpine! haplesse man, what make you here?
 Or have you lost your selfe and your discretion,
 That ever in this wretched case ye were?
 Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppression
 Of womens powre, that boast of mens subjection?
 Or else what other deadly dismall day
 Is falne on you by heavens hard direction
 That ye were runne so fondly far astray
 As for to lead your selfe unto your owne decay?"

xxvii. Much was the man confounded in his mind,
 Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
 That all astonisht he him selfe did find,
 And little had for his excuse to say,
 But onely thus: "Most haplesse well ye may
 Me justly terme, that to this shame am brought,
 And made the scorne of Knighthod this same day:
 But who can scape what his owne fate hath wrought?
 The worke of heavens will surpasseth humaine thought."

xxviii. "Right true: but faulty men use oftentimes
 To attribute their folly unto fate,
 And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
 But tell, Sir Terpin, ne let you amate
 Your misery, how fell ye in this state?"
 "Then sith ye needs" (quoth he) "will know my shame,
 And all the ill which chaunst to me of late,
 I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
 In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame."

xxix. "Being desirous (as all Knights are woont)
 Through hard adventures deedes of armes to try,
 And after fame and honour for to hunt,
 I heard report that farre abroad did fly,
 That a proud Amazon did late defy
 All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
 And unto them wrought all the villany
 That she could forge in her malicious head,
 Which some hath put to shame, and many done be dead."

xxx. "The cause, they say, of this her cruell hate
 Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
 To whom she bore most fervent love of late,

And, wooed him by all the waies she could:
 But when she saw at last that he ne would
 For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
 She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
 And for his sake vow'd to doe all the ill
 Which she could doe to Knights; which now she doth
 fulfill.

xxxI. "For all those Knights, the which by force or guile
 She doth subdue, she fowly doth entreate.
 First, she both them of warlike armes despoile,
 And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threat
 Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
 To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring;
 Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
 But bread and water or like feeble thing,
 Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

xxxII. "But if through stout disdaine of manly mind
 Any her proud observaunce will withstand,
 Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
 She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
 In which condition I right now did stand:
 For, being overcome by her in fight,
 And put to that base service of her band,
 I rather chose to die in lives despight,
 Then lead that shamefull life, unworthy of a Knight."

xxxIII. "How hight that Amazon?" (sayd Artegall)
 "And where and how far hence does she abide?"
 "Her name" (quoth he) "they Radigund doe call,
 A Princesse of great powre and greater pride,
 And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride
 And sundry battels, which she hath atchieved
 With great successe, that her hath glorifide,
 And made her famous, more then is believed;
 Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prievied."

xxxIV. "Now sure," (said he) "and by the faith that I
 To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
 I will not rest till I her might doe trie,
 And venge the shame that she to Knights doth show.
 Therefore, Sir Terpin, from you lightly throw
 This squalid weede, the patterne of dispaire,

And wend with me, that ye may see and know
 How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire
 And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise she would
 empaire."

xxxv. With that, like one that hopelesse was depryv'd
 From deathes dore at which he lately lay,
 Those yron fetters wherewith he was gyv'd,
 The badges of reproch, he threw away,
 And nimble did him dight to guide the way
 Unto the dwelling of that Amazone:
 Which was from thence not past a mile or tway,
 A goodly city and a mighty one,
 The which, of her owne name, she called Radegone.

xxxvi. Where they arriving by the watchman were
 Descried streight; who all the city warn'd
 How that three warlike persons did appeare,
 Of which the one him seem'd a Knight all armed,
 And th' other two well likely to have harmed.
 Eftsoones the people all to harnesse ran,
 And like a sort of Bees in clusters swarmed:
 Ere long their Queene her selfe, halfe like a man,
 Came forth into the rout, and them t' array began.

xxxvii. And now the Knights, being arrived neare,
 Did beat uppon the gates to enter in;
 And at the Porter, skorning them so few,
 Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
 To teare his flesh in peeces for his sin:
 Which when as Radigund there comming heard,
 Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin.
 She bad that streight the gates should be unbard,
 And to them way to make with weapons well prepar'd.

xxxviii. Soone as the gates were open to them set,
 They pressed forward, entraunce to have made;
 But in the middle way they were ymet
 With a sharpe showre of arrowes, which them staid,
 And better bad advise, ere they assaid
 Unknownen perill of bold womens pride.
 Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
 And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
 And arrowes haild so thicke, that they could not abide.

- xxxix. But Radigund her selfe, when she espide
Sir Terpin, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongst her maides divide
T' avenge that shame they did on him commit,
All sodainely enflam'd with furious fit
Like a fell Lionesse at him she flew,
And on his head-peece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismayd so with the stroke that he no colours knew.
- xl. Soone as she saw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his necke
Her proud foote setting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake
And his contempt, that did her judg'ment breake.
As when a Beare hath seiz'd her cruell clawes
Uppon the carkasse of some beast too weake,
Proudly stands over, and a while doth pause
To heare the piteous beast pleading her plaintiffe cause.
- xli. Whom when as Artegall in that distresse
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloody slaughter
In which he swam, and ranne to his redresse:
There her assayling fiercely fresh, he raught her
Such an huge stroke, that it of sence distraught her;
And had she not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter:
Nathlesse for all the powre she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with ghastly eye.
- xlII. Like to an Eagle, in his kingly pride
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire
To weather his brode sailes, by chaunce hath spide
A Goshauke, which hath seized for her share
Uppon some fowle that should her feast prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his souce, which none endure dare,
Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.
- xlIII. But, soone as she her sence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him her selfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and sdeignfull pride half mad;

For never had she suffred such despight:
 But ere she could joyne hand with him to fight,
 Her warlike maides about her flockt so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their might,
 And with their troupes did far asunder cast;
 But mongst the rest the fight did untill evening last.

XLIV. And every while that mighty yron man
 With his strange weapon, never wont in warre,
 Them sorely vext, and courst, and overran,
 And broke their bowes, and did their shooting marre,
 That none of all the many once did darre
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nie;
 But like a sort of sheepe dispersed farre
 For dread of their devouring enemy,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV. But when as daies faire shinie-beame, yclouded
 With fearefull shadowes of deformed night,
 Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be shrowded,
 Bold Radigund with sound of trumpe on hight,
 Causd all her people to surcease from fight;
 And gathering them unto her citties gate,
 Made them all enter in before her sight;
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
 To be conuayed in, ere she would once retrate.

XLVI. When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight,
 Weary of toile and travell of that day,
 Causd his pavilion to be richly pight
 Before the city gate, in open sight;
 Where he him selfe did rest in safetie
 Together with Sir Terpin all that night:
 But Talus usde, in times of jeopardy,
 To keepe a nightly watch for dread of treachery.

XLVII. But Radigund, full of heart-gnawing grieve
 For the rebuke which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receive reliefe;
 But tossed in her troublous minde what way
 She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
 There she resolv'd her selfe in single fight

To try her Fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather then see her people spoiled quight,
 As she had seene that day, a disaventerous sight.

XLVIII. She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
 Whom she thought fittest for that businesse;
 Her name was Clarin, and thus to her sayd:
 "Goe, damzell, quickly, doe thy selfe addresse
 To doe the message which I shall expresse.
 Goe thou unto that stranger Faery Knight,
 Who yeester day drove us to such distresse:
 Tell, that to morrow I with him wil fight,
 And try in equall field whether hath greater might.

XLIX. "But these conditions doe to him propound:
 That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
 My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
 What ever he shall like to doe or say.
 Goe streight, and take with thee to witnesse it
 Sixe of thy fellowes of the best array,
 And beare with you both wine and juncates fit,
 And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hungry sit."

L. The Damzell streight obayd, and putting all
 In readinesse, forth to the Towne-gate went;
 Where, sounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
 Unto those warlike Knights she warning sent.
 Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
 Unto the wall his way did fearelesse take,
 To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
 Where that same Damzell lowdly him bespake,
 And shew'd that with his Lord she would emparlaunce
 make.

LI. So he them streight conducted to his Lord;
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
 Till they had told their message word by word:
 Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
 Them fairely entertaynd with curt'sies meete,
 And gave them gifts and things of deare delight.
 So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete;
 But Artegall him selfe to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next daies fight.

CANTO V

Arte gall fights with Radigund,
 And is subdewd by guile:
 He is by her imprisoned,
 But wrought by Clarins wile.

- i. So soone as day forth dawning from the East
 Nights humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
 And earely calling forth both man and beast
 Comaunded them their daily workes renew,
 These noble warriors, mindefull to pursew
 The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
 Them selves thereto preperde in order dew;
 The Knight, as best was seeming for a Knight,
 And th' Amazon, as best it likt her selfe to dight.
- II. All in a Camis light of purple silke
 Woven uppon with silver, subtylly wrought,
 And quilted uppon sattin white as milke;
 Trayled with ribbands diversly distraught,
 Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
 Which was short tucked for light motion
 Up to her ham; but, when she list, it raught
 Downe to her lowest heele; and thereuppon
 She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.
- III. And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bends of gold on every side,
 And mailles betweene, and laced close afore;
 Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide
 With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
 Uppon the bosse with stones that shined wide,
 As the faire Moone in her most full aspect
 That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.
- iv. So forth she came out of the citty gate
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many Damzells that did waite

Uppon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach unto the heavens hight:
So forth into the field she marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight
Her to receive, till time they should begin the fight.

v. Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the Lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent
And countenaunce fierce, as having fully bent her
That battells utmost triall to aduenter.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting how Fortune would resolve that daungerous dout.

vi. The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended,
She at the first encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if she had intended
Out of his breast the very heart have rended:
But he, that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flaw him selfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on every side.

vii. Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her crueltie increased more,
And, though powre faild, her courage did accrew;
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew.
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne mettall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

viii. So did Sir Artegall upon her lay,
As if she had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire ye would her surely weene;
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded

From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely garded;
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

ix. For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
That halfe her side it selfe did naked show,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was she moved with the mightie sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And, like a greedie Beare unto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh the purple bloud forth drew.

x. Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to upbrayd that chaunce which him misfell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissaunce fearefull fell:
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

xi. Having her thus disarmed of her shield,
Upon her helmet he againne her strooke,
That downe she fell upon the grassie field
In sencelesse swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit overtooke.
Whom when he saw before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshynie helmet soone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

xii. But, when as he discovered had her face,
He saw, his senses straunge astonishment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace
In her faire visage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and sweat together ment;
Which in the rudenesse of that evill plight
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggie winters night
Doth seeme to be her selfe, though darkned be her light.

- xiii. At sight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharpe sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this, upstarting from her swoone, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenlye.
- xiv. Soone as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with emptie hands all weaponlesse,
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelnesse:
And though he still retyr'd, yet nathelesse
With huge redoubled strokes she on him layd;
And more increast her outrage mercilesse,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have stayd.
- xv. Like as a Puttocke having spyde in sight
A gentle Faulcon sitting on an hill,
Whose other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by some fortune ill;
The foolish Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle stoups her troubling still:
Even so did Radigund with bootlesse paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and sorely him constraine.
- xvi. Nought could he do but shun the dred despight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retyre;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre:
And evermore he gently did desyre
To stay her stroks, and he himselfe would yield;
Yet nould she hearke, ne let him once respyre,
Till he to her delivered had his shield,
And to her mercie him submitted in plaine field.
- xvii. So was he overcome; not overcome,
But to her yeilded of his owne accord:
Yet was he justly damned by the doome

Of his owne mouth, that spake so warelesse word,
 To be her thrall and service her afford:
 For though that he first victorie obtayned,
 Yet after, by abandoning his sword,
 He wilfull lost that he before attained:
 No fayrer conquest then that with goodwill is gayned.

xviii. Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke,
 In signe of true subjection to her powre,
 And as her vassall him to thraldome tooke:
 But Terpine, borne to a more unhappy howre,
 As he on whom the lucklesse stars did lowre,
 She caused to be attacht, and forthwith led
 Unto the crooke, t'abide the balefull stowre
 From which he lately had through reskew fled:
 Where he full shamefully was hanged by the hed.

xix. But when they thought on Talus' hands to lay,
 He with his yron flaile amongst them thondred,
 That they were fayne to let him scape away,
 Glad from his companie to be so sondred;
 Whose presence all their troupes so much encombred,
 That th' heapes of those which he did wound and slay,
 Besides the rest dismayd, might not be nombred:
 Yet all that while he would not once assay
 To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it just t' obey.

xx. Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
 Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
 And caused him to be disarmed quight
 Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
 With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
 Instead whereof she made him to be dight
 In womans weedes, that is to manhood shame,
 And put before his lap an apron white,
 Instead of Curiets and bases fit for fight.

xxi. So being clad she brought him from the field,
 In which he had bene trayned many a day,
 Into a long large chamber, which was sield
 With moniments of many Knights decay,
 By her subdewed in victorious fray:
 Amongst the which she causd his warlike armes

Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame bewray;
And broke his sword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to stirre up battailous alarmes.

xxii. There entred in he round about him saw
Many brave knights, whose names right well he knew,
There bound t' obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd so uncomely vew:
But they were forst, through penurie and pyne,
To doe those workes to them appointed dew;
For nought was given them to sup or dyne,
But what their hands could earne by twisting linnen
twyne.

xxiii. Amongst them all she placed him most low,
And in his hand a distaffe to him gave,
That he thereon should spin both flax and tow;
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a womans slave.
Yet he it tooke in his owne selves despight,
And thereto did himselfe right well behave
Her to obay, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassall to become, if she him wonne in fight.

xxiv. Who had him seene imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules bene told,
How for Iolas sake he did apply
His mightie hands the distaffe vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdew'd of old
So many monsters which the world annoyed,
His Lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which, forgetting warres, he onely joyed
In combats of sweet love, and with his mistresse toyed,

xxv. Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have shaken off the shamefast band,
With which wise Nature did them strongly bynd
T' obay the heasts of mans well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious libertie:
But vertuous women wisely understand,
That they were borne to base humilitie,
Unlesse the heavens them lift to lawfull soveraintie.

- xxvi. Thus there long while continu'd Artegall,
 Serving proud Radigund with true subjection,
 How ever it his noble heart did gall
 T' obey a womans tyrannous direction,
 That might have had of life or death election:
 But, having chosen, now he might not chaunge.
 During which time the warlike Amazon,
 Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
 Gan cast a secret liking to this captive straunge.
- xxvii. Which long concealing in her covert brest,
 She chaw'd the cud of lover's carefull plight;
 Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
 Being fast fixed in her wounded spright,
 But it tormented her both day and night:
 Yet would she not thereto yeeld free accord
 To serve the lowly vassall of her might,
 And of her servant make her soverayne Lord:
 So great her pride that she such basenesse much abhord.
- xxviii. So much the greater still her anguish grew,
 Through stubborne handling of her love-sicke hart;
 And still the more she strove it to subdew,
 The more she still augmented her owne smart,
 And wyder made the wound of th' hidden dart.
 At last, when long she struggled had in vaine,
 She gan to stoupe, and her proud mind convert
 To meeke obeysance of loves mightie raine,
 And him entreat for grace that had procur'd her paine.
- xxix. Unto her selfe in secret she did call
 Her nearest handmayd, whom she most did trust,
 And to her sayd: "Clarinda, whom of all
 I trust alive, sith I thee fostred first,
 Now is the time that I untimely must
 Thereof make tryall in my greatest need:
 It is so hapned that the heavens unjust,
 Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed
 To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to breed."
- xxx. With that she turn'd her head, as halfe abashed,
 To hide the blush which in her visage rose
 And through her eyes like sudden lightning flashed,

Decking her cheeke with a vermilion rose;
But soone she did her countenance compose,
And to her turning thus began againe:
“ This griefes deepe wound I would to thee disclose,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine;
But dread of shame my doubtfull lips doth still
restraine.”

xxxI. “ Ah! my deare dread,” (said then the faithfull Mayd)
“ Can dread of ought your dreadlesse hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death dismayd,
And dare even deathes most dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my soverayne Ladie, and be bold:
Doth not your handmayds life at your foot lie? ”
Therewith much comforted she gan unfold
The cause of her conceived maladie,
As one that would confesse, yet faine would it denie.

xxxII. “ Clarin,” (said she) “ thou seest yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequall might.
What right is it, that he should thraldome find
For lending life to me, a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue still:

xxxIII. “ Bound unto me but not with such hard bands
Of strong compulsion and streight violence,
As now in miserable state he stands;
But with sweete love and sure benevolence,
Voide of malitious mind or foule offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchase may,
And eke with gratefull service me right well apay.

xxxIV. “ Which that thou mayst the better bring to pas,
Loe! here this ring, which shall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old Eumenias,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt see,
That in and out thou mayst have passage free.

Goe now, Clarinda; well thy wits advise,
 And all thy forces gather unto thee,
 Armies of lovely lookes, and speeches wise,
 With which thou canst even Jove himselfe to love
 entise."

xxxv. The trustie Mayd, conceiving her intent,
 Did with sure promise of her good endeavour
 Give her great comfort and some harts content.
 So, from her parting, she thenceforth did labour
 By all the meanes she might to curry favour
 With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies best beloved:
 With daily shew of courteous kind behaviour,
 Even at the marke-white of his hart she roved,
 And with wide-glauncing words one day she thus him
 proved.

xxxvi. "Unhappie Knight! upon whose hopelesse state
 Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
 And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
 I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
 In sad despaire, and all thy senses swowned
 In stupid sorow, sith thy juster merit
 Might else have with felicitie bene crowned:
 Looke up at last, and wake thy dulled spirit
 To thinke how this long death thou mightest dis-
 inherit."

xxxvii. Much did he marvell at her uncouth speach,
 Whose hidden drift he could not well perceive;
 And gan to doubt least she him sought t' appeach
 Of treason, or some guilefull traine did weave,
 Through which she might his wretched life bereave.
 Both which to barre he with this answer met her:
 "Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceave)
 Of my mishaps art mov'd to wish me better,
 For such your kind regard I can but rest your detter.

xxxviii. "Yet, weete ye well, that to a courage great
 It is no lesse beseeming well to beare
 The storme of fortunes frowne or heavens threat,
 Then in the sunshine of her countenance cleare
 Timely to joy and carrie comely cheare:
 For though this cloud have now me overcast,

Yet doe I not of better times despeyre;
 And though (unlike) they should for ever last,
 Yet in my truthes assurance I rest fixed fast."

xxxix. " But what so stonie minde," (she then replyde)

" But if in his owne powre occasion lay,
 Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
 And to his fortunes helpe make readie way? "

" Unworthy sure " (quoth he) " of better day,
 That will not take the offer of good hope,
 And eke pursew, if he attaine it may."

Which speaches she applying to the scope
 Of her intent, this further purpose to him shope.

xl. " Then why doest not, thou ill advized man,
 Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
 And try if thou by faire entreatie can
 Move Radigund? who, though she still have worne
 Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
 Of Beares and Tygres, nor so salvage mynded
 As that, albe all love of men she scorne,
 She yet forgets that she of men was kynded:
 And sooth oft seene, that proudest harts base love hath
 blynded."

xli. " Certes, Clarinda, not of cancred will,"
 (Sayd he) " nor obstinate disdainefull mind,
 I have forbore this duetie to fulfill;
 For well I may this weene by that I fynd,
 That she a Queene, and come of Princely kynd,
 Both worthie is for to be sewd unto,
 Chiefely by him whose life her law doth bynd,
 And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
 And als' of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

xlII. " But want of meanes hath bene mine onely let
 From seeking favour where it doth abound;
 Which if I might by your good office get,
 I to your selfe should rest for ever bound,
 And readie to deserve what grace I found."
 She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
 Yet doubting least his hold was but unsound
 And not well fastened, would not strike him strayt,
 But drew him on with hope fit leasure to awayt.

- XLIII. But, foolish Mayd! whyles heedlesse of the hooke
 She thus oft times was beating off and on,
 Through slipperie footing fell into the brooke,
 And there was caught to her confusion:
 For, seeking thus to salve the Amazon,
 She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
 And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
 Conceived close in her beguiled hart,
 To Artegall, through pittie of his causelesse smart.
- XLIV. Yet durst she not disclose her fancies wound,
 Ne to himselfe, for doubt of being sdayned,
 Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
 For feare her mistresse shold have knowledge gayned;
 But to her selfe it secretly retayned
 Within the closet of her covert brest,
 The more thereby her tender hart was payned;
 Yet to awayt fit time she weened best,
 And fairely did dissemble her sad thoughts unrest.
- XLV. One day her Ladie, calling her apart,
 Gan to demaund of her some tydings good,
 Touching her loves successe, her lingering smart.
 Therewith she gan at first to change her mood,
 As one adaw'd, and halfe confused stood;
 But quickly she it overpast, so soone
 As she her face had wypt to fresh her blood:
 Tho gan she tell her all that she had donne,
 And all the wayes she sought his love for to have wonne:
- XLVI. But sayd that he was obstinate and sterne,
 Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
 Ne would be taught with any termes to lerne
 So fond a lesson as to love againe:
 Die rather would he in penurious paine,
 And his abridged dayes in dolour wast,
 Then his foes love or liking entertaine.
 His resolution was, both first and last,
 His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plast.
- XLVII. Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
 She gan to storne, and rage, and rend her gall,
 For very fell despight which she conceived,

To be so scorned of a base-borne thrall,
 Whose life did lie in her least eye-lids fall;
 Of which she vow'd, with many a cursed threat,
 That she therefore would him ere long forstall.
 Nathlesse, when calmed was her furious heat,
 She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat:

XLVIII. "What now is left, Clarinda? what remaines,
 That we may compasse this our enterprize?
 Great shame to lose so long employed paines,
 And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
 With which he dares our offers thus despize:
 Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
 And more my gracious mercie by this wize,
 I will a while with his first folly beare,
 Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more
 neare.

XLIX. "Say and do all that may thereto prevaile;
 Leave nought unpromist that may him perswade,
 Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great availe,
 With which the Gods themselves are mylder made:
 Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
 The art of mightie words that men can charme;
 With which in case thou canst him not invade,
 Let him feele hardnesse of thy heavie arme:
 Who will not stoupe with good shall be made stoupe
 with harme.

L. "Some of his diet doe from him withdraw,
 For I him find to be too proudly fed:
 Give him more labour, and with streighter law,
 That he with worke may be forwearied:
 Let him lodge hard, and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
 And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold yron chaines with which let him be tide;
 And let what ever he desires be him denide.

LI. "When thou hast all this doen, then bring me newes
 Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a lover,
 But like a rebell stout, I will him use;
 For I resolve this siege not to give over,

Till I the conquest of my will recover.”
 So she departed full of griefe and sdaine,
 Which inly did to great impatience move her:
 But the false mayden shortly turn'd againe
 Unto the prison, where her hart did thrall remaine.

- LII. There all her subtill nets she did unfold,
 And all the engins of her wit display;
 In which she meant him warelesse to enfold,
 And of his innocence to make her pray.
 So cunningly she wrought her crafts assay,
 That both her Ladie, and her selfe withall,
 And eke the knight attonce she did betray;
 But most the knight, whom she with guilefull call
 Did cast for to allure into her trap to fall.
- LIII. As a bad Nurse, which, fayning to receive
 In her owne mouth the food ment for her chyld,
 Withholdes it to her selfe, and doeth deceive
 The infant, so for want of nourture spoyld;
 Even so Clarinda her owne Dame beguyld,
 And turn'd the trust which was in her affyde,
 To feeding of her private fire, which boylde
 Her inward brest, and in her entrayles fryde,
 The more that she it sought to cover and to hyde.
- LIV. For, comming to this knight, she purpose fayned,
 How earnest suit she earst for him had made
 Unto her Queene, his freedome to have gayned,
 But by no meanes could her thereto perswade;
 But that instead thereof she sternely bade
 His miserie to be augmented more,
 And many yron bands on him to lade:
 All which nathlesse she for his love forbore;
 So praying him t'accept her service evermore.
- LV. And, more then that, she promist that she would,
 In case she might finde favour in his eye,
 Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
 The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
 Can yeeld great thankses for such her curtesie
 And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
 To feede the humour of her maladie,

Promist, if she would free him from that case,
He wold, by all good means he might, deserve such grace.

LVI. So daily he faire semblant did her shew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind
To his owne absent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceiptfull Clarin find
In her false hart his bondage to unbind,
But rather how she mote him faster tye.
Therefore unto her mistresse most unkind
She daily told her love he did defye;
And him she told her Dame his freedome did denye.

LVII. Yet thus much friendship she to him did show,
That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
And his worke lessened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him still she discommended,
That she with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but litle frended,
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned:
Which in an other Canto will be best containd.

CANTO VI

Talus brings newes to Britomart
 Of Artegals mishap:
 She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
 Who seekes her to entrap.

- I. SOME men, I wote, will deeme in Arte gall
 Great weaknesse, and report of him much ill,
 For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall
 To th' insolent commaund of womens will;
 That all his former praise doth fowly spill:
 But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
 Be well adviz'd that he stand stedfast still;
 For never yet was wight so well aware,
 But he, at first or last, was trapt in womens snare.
- II. Yet in the streightnesse of that captive state
 This gentle knight himselfe so well behaved,
 That notwithstanding all the subtill bait
 With which those Amazons his love still craved,
 To his owne love his loialtie he saved:
 Whose character in th' Adamantine mould
 Of his true hart so firmly was engraved,
 That no new loves impression ever could
 Bereave it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.
- III. Yet his owne love, the noble Britomart,
 Scarse so conceived in her jealous thought,
 What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
 In womans bondage Talus to her brought;
 Brought in untimely houre, ere it was sought:
 For, after that the utmost date assynde
 For his returne she waited had for nought,
 She gan to cast in her misdoubtfull mynde
 A thousand feares, that love-sicke fancies faine to fynde.
- IV. Sometime she feared least some hard mishap
 Had him misfalne in his adventurous quest;
 Sometime least his false foe did him entrap

In traytrous traine, or had unwares opprest;
But most she did her troubled mynd molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous feare,
Least some new love had him from her possest:
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
To thinke of him so ill; yet could she not forbear.

v. One while she blam'd her selfe; another whyle
She him condemn'd as trustlesse and untrew;
And then, her griefe with error to beguyle,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew:
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seeme more few;
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

vi. But when as yet she saw him not returne,
She thought to send some one to seeke him out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turne,
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of dout.
Now she deviz'd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant Knight;
And then againe resolv'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies lapped in delight:
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did spight.

vii. One day when as she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking please,
She to a window came that opened West,
Towards which coast her love his way addrest:
There looking forth, shee in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies working her unrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare unto her love the message of her mind.

viii. There as she looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede.
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine describe,
That it was one sent from her love indeede;
Who when he nigh approcht, shee mote arede
That it was Talus, Artegall his groome:

Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede,
 Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
 But ran to meete him forth to know his tidings somme.

- ix. Even in the dore him meeting, she begun:
 "And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
 Declare at once: and hath he lost or won?"
 The yron man, albe he wanted sence
 And sorrowes feeling, yet, with conscience
 Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
 And stood still mute, as one in great suspence;
 As if that by his silence he would make
 Her rather reade his meaning then him selfe it spake.
- x. Till she againe thus sayd: "Talus, be bold,
 And tell what ever it be, good or bad,
 That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold."
 To whom he thus at length: "The tidings sad,
 That I would hide, will needs, I see, be rad.
 My Lord, your love, by hard mishap doth lie
 In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
 "Ay me," (quoth she) "what wicked destinie!
 And is he vanquisht by his tyrant enemy?"
- xi. "Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe,
 But by a Tyrannesse," (he then replide)
 "That him captived hath in haplesse woe."
 "Cease, thou bad newes-man! badly doest thou hide
 Thy maisters shame, in harlots bondage tide:
 The rest my selfe too readily can spell."
 With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
 Forcing in vaine the rest to her to tell;
 And to her chamber went like solitary cell.
- xii. There she began to make her monefull plaint
 Against her Knight for being so untrew;
 And him to touch with falshoods fowle attaint,
 That all his other honour overthrew.
 Oft did she blame her selfe, and often rew,
 For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
 Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
 And evermore she did him sharpely twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly plight.

- xiii. And then she in her wrathfull will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last:
And then againe she did her selfe torment,
Inflicting on her selfe his punishment.
A while she walkt, and chauft; a while she threw
Her selfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did she not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe sighes and singults few.
- xiv. Like as a wayward childe, whose sounder sleepe
Is broken with some fearefull dreams affright,
With froward will doth set him selfe to weepe,
Ne can be stild for all his nurses might,
But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkenesse, and now seeking light,
Then craving sucke, and then the sucke refusing:
Such was this Ladies fit in her loves fond accusing.
- xv. But when she had with such unquiet fits
Her selfe there close afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd againe,
By change of place seeking to ease her paine;
And gan enquire of him with mylder mood
The certaine cause of Artegals detaine,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd?
- xvi. " Ah wellaway! " (sayd then the yron man)
" That he is not the while in state to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by strong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo."
" Sayd I not then " (quoth shee), " erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forst, nor overcome in fight? "
- xvii. With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
In sort as ye have heard the same of late:

All which when she with hard enduraunce had
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
 With sodaine stounds of wrath and grieve attone;
 Ne would abide, till she had aunswere made,
 But streight her selfe did dight, and armor don,
 And mounting to her steede bad Talus guide her on.

XVIII. So forth she rode uppon her ready way,
 To seeke her Knight, as Talus her did guide.
 Sadly she rode, and never word did say
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aside,
 But still right downe; and in her thought did hide
 The felnesse of her heart, right fully bent
 To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
 Which had her Lord in her base prison pent,
 And so great honour with so fowle reproch had blent.

XIX. So as she thus melancholicke did ride,
 Chawing the cud of grieve and inward paine,
 She chaunst to meete, toward the even-tide,
 A Knight that softly paced on the plaine,
 As if him selfe to solace he were faine:
 Well shot in yeares he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace then needlesse trouble to constraine,
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant that no evill ment.

xx. He comming neare gan gently her salute
 With curteous words, in the most comely wize;
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
 Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
 Yet rather then she kindnesse would despize,
 She would her selfe displease; so him requite.
 Then gan the other further to devise
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
 And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

xxi. For little lust had she to talke of ought,
 Or ought to heare that mote delightfull bee:
 Her minde was whole possessed of one thought,
 That gave none other place. Which when as hee
 By outward signes (as well he might) did see,
 He list no lenger to use lothfull speach,

But her besought to take it well in gree,
 Sith shady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,
 To lodge with him that night, unles good cause empeach.

xxii. The Championesse, now seeing night at dore,
 Was glad to yeeld unto his good request,
 And with him went without gaine-saying more.
 Not farre away, but little wide by West,
 His dwelling was, to which he him adress:
 Where soone arriving they received were
 In seemely wise, as them beseemed best;
 For he, their host, them goodly well did cheare,
 And talk't of pleasant things the night away to weare.

xxiii. Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
 Then Britomart unto a bowre was brought,
 Where groomes awayted her to have undrest;
 But she ne would undressed be for ought,
 Ne doffe her armes, though he her much besought:
 For she had vow'd, she sayd, not to forgo
 Those warlike weedes, till she revenge had wrought
 Of a late wrong uppon a mortall foe;
 Which she would sure performe, betide her wele or wo.

xxiv. Which when their Host perceiv'd, right discontent
 In minde he grew, for feare least by that art
 He should his purpose misse, which close he ment:
 Yet taking leave of her he did depart.
 There all that night remained Britomart,
 Restlesse, recomfortlesse, with heart deepe grieved,
 Nor suffering the least twinckling sleepe to start
 Into her eye, which th' heart mote have relieved;
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she streight reprieved:

xxv. "Ye guilty eyes," (sayd she) "the which with guyle
 My heart at first betrayd, will ye betray
 My life now too, for which a little while
 Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway!
 I wote when ye did watch both night and day
 Unto your losse; and now needes will ye sleepe?
 Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
 Now will ye sleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe
 To thinke of your nights want, that should yee waking
 keepe."

xxvi. Thus did she watch, and weare the weary night
 In wayfull plaints that none was to appease;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
 As sundry chaunge her seemed best to ease.
 Ne lesse did Talus suffer sleepe to seaze
 His eye-lids sad, but watcht continually,
 Lying without her dore in great disease:
 Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
 Least any should betray his Lady treacherously.

xxvii. What time the native Belman of the night,
 The bird that warned Peter of his fall,
 First rings his silver Bell t' each sleepy wight,
 That should their mindes up to devotion call,
 She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
 All sodainely the bed, where she should lie,
 By a false trap was let adowne to fall
 Into a lower roome, and by and by
 The loft was raysd againe, that no man could it spie.

xxviii. With sight whereof she was dismayd right sore,
 Perceiving well the treason which was ment;
 Yet stirred not at all for doubt of more,
 But kept her place with courage confident,
 Wayting what would ensue of that event.
 It was not long before she heard the sound
 Of armed men comming with close intent
 Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull stound
 She quickly caught her sword, and shield about her
 bound.

xxix. With that there came unto her chamber dore
 Two Knights all armed ready for to fight;
 And after them full many other more,
 A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight;
 Whom soone as Talus spide by glims of night,
 He started up, there where on ground he lay,
 And in his hand his thresher ready keight.
 They seeing that let drive at him streightway,
 And round about him preace in riotous aray.

xxx. But, soone as he began to lay about
 With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,

Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout;
Yet Talus after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them spie,
That here and there like scattred sheepe they lay:
Then, backe returning where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray,
And all that treason there intended did bewray.

xxxI. Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for so fowle a deede,
Yet being forst to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd; but with right wary heede,
Least any more such practise should proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknownen was) whence all this did proceede;
And for what cause so great mischievous smart
Was ment to her that never evill ment in hart.

xxxII. The goodman of this house was Dolon hight;
A man of subtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much lesse honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with slie shiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason treacherous.

xxxIII. He had three sonnes, all three like fathers sonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compasse wonnes;
The eldest of the which was slaine erewhile
By Artegall, through his owne guilty wile:
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolon had deviz'd of late
With these his wicked sons, and shewd his cankred hate.

xxxIV. For sure he weend that this his present guest
Was Artegall, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he ghest,
Which still was wont with Artegall remaine;
And therefore ment him surely to have slaine:

But by Gods grace, and her good heedinesse,
 She was preserved from their traytrous traine.
 Thus she all night wore out in watchfulnesse,
 Ne suffred slothfull sleepe her eyelids to oppresse.

xxxv. The morrow next, so soone as dawning houre
 Discovered had the light to living eye,
 She forth yssew'd out of her loathed bowre,
 With full intent t'avenge that villany
 On that vilde man and all his family;
 And, comming down to seeke them where they wond,
 Nor sire, nor sonnes, nor any could she spie:
 Each rowme she sought, but them all empty fond.
 They all were fled for feare; but whether, nether kond.

xxxvi. She saw it vaine to make there lenger stay,
 But tooke her steede; and thereon mounting light
 Gan her addresse unto her former way.
 She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
 But that she saw there present in her sight
 Those two false brethren on that perillous Bridge,
 On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
 Streight was the passage, like a ploughed ridge,
 That, if two met, the one mote needes fall over the lidge.

xxxvii. There they did thinke them selves on her to wreake;
 Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
 These vile reproches gan unto her speake;
 "Thou recreant false traytor, that with lone
 Of armes hast knighthood stolne, yet Knight art none,
 No more shall now the darkenesse of the night
 Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
 Of Guizor by thee slaine, and muredred by thy slight."

xxxviii. Strange were the words in Britomartis eare,
 Yet stayd she not for them, but forward fared,
 Till to the perillous Bridge she came; and there
 Talus desir'd that he might have prepared
 The way to her, and those two losels scared;
 But she thereat was wroth, that for despight
 The glauncing sparkles through her bever glared,
 And from her eies did flash out fiery light,
 Like coles that through a silver Censer sparkle bright.

xxxix. She stayd not to advise which way to take,
But putting spurres unto her fiery beast,
Thorough the midst of them she way did make.
The one of them, which most her wrath increast,
Uppon her speare she bore before her breast,
Till to the Bridges further end she past;
Where falling downe his challenge he releast:
The other over side the Bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly last.

xl. As when the flashing Levin haps to light
Uppon two stubborne oakes, which stand so neare
That way betwixt them none appeares in sight;
The Engin, fiercely fiving forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, and through the aire doth bear;
The other it with force doth overthrow
Uppon one side, and from his rootes doth reare:
So did the Championesse those two there strow,
And to their sire their carcasses left to bestow.

CANTO VII

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
 Where shee strange visions sees:
 She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
 And Artegall thence frees.

- i. NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
 That Gods and men doe equally adore,
 Then this same vertue that doth right define:
 For th' hevens themselves, whence mortal men implore
 Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
 Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deale
 To his inferiour gods, and evermore
 Therewith containes his heavenly Commonweale:
 The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveale.
- ii. Well therefore did the antique world invent
 That Justice was a God of souveraine grace,
 And altars unto him and temples lent,
 And heavenly honours in the highest place;
 Calling him great Osyris, of the race
 Of th' old Ægyptian Kings that whylome were,
 With fayned colours shading a true case;
 For that Osyris, whilest he lived here,
 The justest man alive and truest did appeare.
- iii. His wife was Isis; whom they likewise made
 A Goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
 And in her person cunningly did shade
 That part of Justice which is Equity,
 Whereof I have to treat here presently:
 Unto whose temple when as Britomart
 Arrived, shee with great humility
 Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
 But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.
- iv. There she received was in goodly wize
 Of many Priests, which duely did attend
 Uppon the rites and daily sacrifice,

All clad in linnen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads, with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that Isis doth the Moone portend;
Like as Osyris signifies the Sunne:
For that they both like race in equall justice runne.

v. The Championesse them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behould,
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispredd
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

vi. Thenceforth unto the Idoll they her brought;
The which was framed all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of silver twine:
Uppon her head she wore a Crowne of gold;
To shew that she had powre in things divine:
And at her feete a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

vii. One foote was set uppon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand;
So meaning to suppress both forged guile
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the Goddess; whom when Britomart
Had long beheld, her selfe uppon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

viii. To which the Idoll, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sence desining:
Who well perceiving how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcast,

And joyous light the house of Jove forsooke;
Which when she saw her helmet she unlaste,
And by the altars side her selfe to slumber plaste.

- ix. For other beds the Priests there used none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides uppon the cold hard stone,
T' enure them selves to sufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify:
For by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastity
And continence of life, that, all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.
- x. Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine; for wine, they say, is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were slaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine:
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes which gainst them did rebell,
With inward grieve and malice did against them swell.
- xi. And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull vine; whose liquor blouddy red,
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought
To make new warre against the Gods againe.
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe.
- xii. There did the warlike Maide her selfe repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night;
And with sweete rest her heavy eyes did close,
After that long daies toile and weary plight:
Where whilest her earthly parts with soft delight
Of sencelesse sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close implie
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

- xiii. Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deckt with Mitre on her hed
And linnen stole after those Priestes guise
All sodainely she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That even she her selfe much wondered
At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Her selfe adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.
- xiv. And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from below
To rise through all the Temple sodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Uppon the ground; which, kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.
- xv. With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the Idols feete in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide did streight devoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat,
But that the Goddessse with her rod him backe did beat.
- xvi. Tho turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Him selfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to seeke;
Which she accepting, he so neare her drew
That of his game she soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew,
With that she waked full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully dismayd through that so uncouth sight.
- xvii. So thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Untill she spide the lampe of lightsome day

Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie:
 Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
 And forth into the lower parts did pas,
 Whereas the Priestes she found full busily
 About their holy things for morrow Mas;
 Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

xviii. But by the change of her unchearefull looke,
 They might perceive she was not well in plight,
 Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke:
 Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in sight
 To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
 To her bespake: "Sir Knight, it seemes to me
 That, thorough evil rest of this last night,
 Or ill apayd or much dismayd ye be;
 That by your change of cheare is easie for to see."

xix. "Certes," (sayd she) "sith ye so well have spide
 The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
 I will not seeke the same from you to hide;
 But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
 Your aide to guide me out of errour blind."
 "Say on" (quoth he) "the secret of your hart
 For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
 I am adjur'd best counsell to impart
 To all that shall require my comfort in their smart."

xx. Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
 Of all that vision which to her appeard,
 As well as to her minde it had recourse.
 All which when he unto the end had heard,
 Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared
 Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
 And, with long locks up-standing, stifly stared
 Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
 So, fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

xxi. "Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
 Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 So to pursue a perillous emprise,
 How couldst thou weene, through that disguised hood,
 To hide thy state from being understood?
 Can from th' immortall Gods ought hidden bee?

They doe thy lineage, and thy Lordly brood,
 They doe thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
 They doe thy love forlorne in womens thraldome see.

xxii. "The end whereof, and all the long event,
 They do to thee in this same dreame discover;
 For that same Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous Knight that is thy faithfull lover,
 Like to Osyris in all just endever:
 For that same Crocodile Osyris is,
 That under Isis feete doth sleepe for ever;
 To shew that clemence oft, in things amis,
 Restraines those sterne behests and cruell doomes of his.

xxiii. "That Knight shall all the troublous stormes asswage
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare
 To hinder thee from the just heritage
 Of thy sires Crowne, and from thy cuntry deare:
 Then shalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
 And joyne in equall portion of thy realme;
 And afterwards a sonne to him shalt beare,
 That Lion-like shall shew his powre extreame.
 So blesse thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dreame!"

xxiv. All which when she unto the end had heard,
 She much was eased in her troublous thought,
 And on those Priests bestowed rich reward;
 And royall gifts of gold and silver wrought
 She for a present to their Goddess brought.
 Then taking leave of them, she forward went
 To seeke her love, where he was to be sought;
 Ne rested till she came without relent
 Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

xxv. Whereof when newes to Radigund was brought,
 Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
 She was confused in her troublous thought;
 But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
 As glad to heare of armes, the which now she
 Had long surceast, she bad to open bold,
 That she the face of her new foe might see:
 But when they of that yron man had told,
 Which late her folke had slaine, she bad them forth to hold.

- xxvi. So there without the gate, (as seemed best)
 She caused her Pavillion be pight;
 In which stout Britomart her selfe did rest,
 Whiles Talus watched at the dore all night.
 All night likewise they of the towne in fright
 Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
 The morrow next, so soone as dawning light
 Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie sleepe,
 The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe.
- xxvii. And caused streight a Trumpet loud to shrill
 To warne her foe to battell soone be prest:
 Who, long before awoke, (for she ful ill
 Could sleepe all night, that in unquiet brest
 Did closely harbour such a jealous guest)
 Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
 Eftsoones that warriouresse with haughty crest
 Did forth issue all ready for the fight:
 On th' other side her foe appeared soone in sight.
- xxviii. But ere they reared hand the Amazone
 Began the streight conditions to propound,
 With which she used still to tye her fone,
 To serve her so as she the rest had bound:
 Which when the other heard, she sternly frownd
 For high disdaine of such indignity,
 And would no lenger treat, but bad them sound;
 For her no other termes should ever tie
 Then what prescribed were by lawes of chevalrie.
- xxix. The Trumpets sound, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smot;
 Ne either sought the others strokes to shun,
 But through great fury both their skill forgot,
 And practicke use in armes; ne spared not
 Their dainty parts, which nature had created
 So faire and tender without staine or spot
 For other uses then they them translated;
 Which they now hackt and hewd as if such use they hated.
- xxx. As when a Tygre and a Lionesse
 Are met at spoyling of some hungry pray,
 Both challenge it with equall greedinesse:

But first the Tygre clawes thereon did lay,
And therefore, loth to loose her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond:
To which the Lion strongly doth gainesay,
That she to hunt the beast first tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have where ever she it fond.

xxxI. Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully sore;
Which Britomart withstood with courage stout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
Was fild with bloud which from their sides did flow,
And gushed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did strow,
Like fruitles seede, of which untimely death should grow.

xxxII. At last proud Radigund, with fell despight,
Having by chaunce espide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding said: "This token beare
Unto the man whom thou doest love so deare;
And tell him for his sake thy life thou gavest."
Which spitefull words she, sore engriev'd to heare,
Thus answer'd: "Lewdly thou my love depravest,
Who shortly must repent that now so vainely bravest."

xxxIII. Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield, through raging smart of it,
Could scarce uphold: yet soone she it requit;
For, having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it emperced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

xxxIV. Where being layd, the wrothfull Britonesse
Stayd not till she came to her selfe againe,
But in revenge both of her loves distresse
And her late vile reproch though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.

Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

xxxv. But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift Talus did the formost win;
And, pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his yron flae did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

xxxvi. And now by this the noble Conqueresse
Her selfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where, though revengefull vow she did professe,
Yet when she saw the heapes which he did make
Of slaughtred carkasses, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake:
For else he sure had left not one alive,
But all, in his revenge, of spirite would deprive.

xxxvii. Tho, when she had his execution stayd,
She for that yron prison did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire:
Where when she saw that lothly uncouth sight
Of men disguiz'd in womanishe attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deepe despight
Of so unmanly maske in misery misdight.

xxxviii. At last when as to her owne Love she came,
Whom like disguise no lesse deformed had,
At sight thereof abasht with secrete shame
She turnd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad;
And then too well believ'd that which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruely drad:
Which vaine conceipt now nourishing no more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes sore.

xxxix. Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chaste Penelope possesse
To see her Lord, that was reported drent
And dead long since in dolorous distresse,
Come home to her in piteous wretchednesse,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That she knew not his favours likeliness,
For many scarres and many hoary heares,
But stood long staring on him mongst uncertaine feares.

xl. " Ah, my deare Lord! what sight is this? " quoth she,
" What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Those mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoastes to subdew?
Could ought on earth so wondrous change have wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could so great courage stouped have to ought?
Then, farewell fleshly force! I see thy pride is nought."

xli. Thenceforth she streight into a bowre him brought,
And causd him those uncomely weedes undight;
And in their steede for other rayment sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors bright,
Which had bene reft from many a noble Knight,
Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
Whilest Fortune favoured her successe in fight:
In which when as she him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his semblance glad.

xlII. So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princess rained,
And changing all that forme of common-weale
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and, them restoring
To mens subjection, did true Justice deale,
That all they, as a Goddess her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

xlIII. For all those Knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free,
And magistrates of all that city made,

And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to Artegall;
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so befall,
Uppon his first adventure which him forth did call.

XLIV. Full sad and sorrowfull was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of grieve;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe:
The care whereof, and hope of his successe,
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe;
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV. There she continu'd for a certaine space,
Till through his want her woe did more increase:
Then hoping that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and sorrow somewhat ease,
She parted thence her anguish to appease.
Meane-while her noble Lord, sir Artegall,
Went on his way; ne ever howre did cease
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They slay the Soudan, drive his wife
Adicia to despaire.

- I. NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manlinesse;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden tresse,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.
- II. So whylome learnd that mighty Jewish swaine,
Each of whose lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his spoiles before his lemans traine:
So also did that great Oetean Knight
For his loves sake his Lions skin undight;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The worlds whole rule for Cleopatras sight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.
- III. Yet could it not sterne Artegall retaine,
Nor hold from suite of his avowed quest,
Which he had undertane to Gloriane;
But left his love, albe her strong request,
Faire Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode him selfe uppon his first intent,
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest;
Ne wight but onely Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.
- IV. So travelling, he chaunst far off to heed
A Damzell, flying on a palfrey fast
Before two Knights that after her did speed

With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaste
 In hope to have her overhent at last:
 Yet fled she fast, and both them farre outwent,
 Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghast,
 With locks all loose, and rayment all to-rent;
 And ever as she rode her eye was backward bent.

v. Soone after these he saw another Knight,
 That after those two former rode apace
 With speare in rest, and pickt with all his might:
 So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
 They being chased that did others chase.
 At length he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turne his face;
 However loth he were his way to slake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answere make.

vi. But th' other still pursu'd the fearefull Mayd;
 Who still from him as fast away did flie,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage stayd,
 Till that at length she did before her spie
 Sir Artegall; to whom she straight did hie
 With gladfull hast, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enemy:
 Who seeing her approach gan forward set
 To save her from her feare, and him from force to let.

vii. But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continu'd still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his speare him quight have overwent.
 So both together, ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met. But Artegall was stronger,
 And better skild in Tilt and Turnament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
 Then two speares length: So mischief overmatcht the
 wronger.

viii. And in his fall misfortune him mistooke;
 For on his head unhappily he pight,
 That his owne waight his necke asunder broke,
 And left there dead. Meane-while the other Knight
 Defeated had the other faytour quight,
 And all his bowels in his body brast:

Whom leaving there in that dispiteous plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan which before him past.

ix. Instead of whom finding there ready prest
Sir Artegall, without discretion
He at him ran with ready speare in rest;
Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly either strooke
And broke their speares; yet neither has forgon
His horses backe, yet to and fro long shooke
And tottred, like two towres which through a tempest quooke.

x. But, when againe they had recovered sence,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had fayld of their pretence:
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in hast, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Untill they both doe heare what she to them will say.

xi. They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake:
“ Ah gentle Knights! what meane ye thus unwise
Upon your selves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then devise
Of more revenge? if more, then I am shee
Which was the roote of all: end your revenge on mee.”

xii. Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about
To weete if it were true as she had told;
Where when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And Ventailes reare each other to behold.
Tho when as Artegall did Arthure vew,
So faire a creature and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection nigh him drew;

- xiii. Saying, "Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus sore,
Suffring my hand against my heart to stray;
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my selfe yours evermore,
Or what so penance shall by you be red."
To whom the Prince: "Certes me needeth more
To crave the same; whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the ded.
- xiv. "But, sith ye please that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby."
So can they both them selves full eath perswade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either others cause to maintaine mutually.
- xv. Then Artegall gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that Mayd?
"Certes I wote not well," (the Prince then sayd)
"But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayed:
And lo! the Damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know."
- xvi. Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie:
And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus: "Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.
- xvii. "Her name Mercilla most men use to call
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all

And souveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne;
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

xviii. " Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate
Seekes to subvert her Crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good Knights, of which so brave a band
Serves her as any Princesse under sky,
He either spoiles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

xix. " Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That, O ye Heavens, defend! and turne away
From her unto the miscreant him selfe;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And Idols serves: so let his Idols serve the Elfe!

xx. " To all which cruell tyranny, they say,
He is provokt, and stird up day and night
By his bad wife that hight Adicia;
Who counsels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that love her deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

xxi. " Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe and to her common-weale,
And all forepast displeasures to repeale.
So me in message unto her she sent,

To treat with her, by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

xxii. "All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just:
But this proude Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth brust,
Reviling me and rayling as she lust,
But lastly, to make prooffe of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deserved blame.

xxiii. "And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But, thank't be God, and your good hardiment,
They have the price of their owne folly payd."
So said this Damzell, that hight Samient;
And to those knights for their so noble ayd
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

xxiv. But they now having throughly heard and seene
Al those great wrongs, the which that mayd complained
To have bene done against her Lady Queene
By that proud dame which her so much disdained,
Were moved much thereat; and twixt them fained
With all their force to worke avengement strong
Upon the Souldan selfe, which it mayntained,
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And uppon all those Knights that did to her belong.

xxv. But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt them selves devise:
First, that Sir Artegall should him array
Like one of those Knights which dead there lay;
And then that Damzell, the sad Samient,
Should as his purchast prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to present
Unto his scornfull Lady that for her had sent.

- xxvi. So as they had deviz'd, Sir Artegal
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right:
Where soone as his proud wife of her had sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened streight it was her Paynim Knight,
Which brought that Damzell as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page that mote direct his way.
- xxvii. Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his service to disarm the Knight;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discovered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his straunge armour dight:
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defyanee, did of him requere
That Damsell whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.
- xxviii. Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commaunded straight his armour to be brought;
And, mounting straight upon a charret hye,
(With yron wheelles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steedes which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe ded
Their bodies to his beastes for provender did spred,)
- xxix. So forth he came, all in a cote of plate
Burnisht with bloudie rust; whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In glistering armes right goodly well-beseene,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven sheene:
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end
He should his flae to final execution bend.
- xxx. Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different;
For the proud Souldan, with presumptuous cheare

And countenance sublime and insolent
 Sought onely slaughter and avengement;
 But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
 Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
 In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
 More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

xxxI. Like to the Thracian Tyrant, who they say
 Unto his horses gave his guests for meat,
 Till he himselfe was made their greedie pray,
 And torne in pieces by Alcides great;
 So thought the Souldan, in his follies threat,
 Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
 With his sharp wheelles, in his first rages heat,
 Or under his fierce horses feet have borne,
 And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained scorne.

xxxII. But the bold child that perill well espying,
 If he too rashly to his charet drew,
 Gave way unto his horses speedie flying,
 And their resistlesse rigour did eschew:
 Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
 A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
 That had he not it shun'd with heedful vew,
 It had himselfe transfixed or his horse,
 Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

xxxIII. Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
 In hope some stroke to fasten on him neare,
 But he was mounted in his seat so high,
 And his wingfooted coursers him did beare
 So fast away that, ere his readie speare
 He could advance, he farre was gone and past:
 Yet still he him did follow every where,
 And followed was of him likewise full fast,
 So long as in his steedes the flaming breath did last.

xxxIV. Again the Pagan threw another dart,
 Of which he had with him abundant store
 On every side of his embatteld cart,
 And of all other weapons lesse or more,
 Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore:
 The wicked shaft, guded through th' ayrie wyde

By some bad spirit that it to mischiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glyde,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

xxxv. Much was he grieved with that haplesse throe,
That opened had the welspring of his blood;
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come to wreake his wrathfull mood:
That made him rave, like to a Lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsmans hand
Cannot come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his shady stand,
And fenst himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

xxxvi. Still when he sought t' approach unto him ny
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as fast to fly;
And eke his steedes, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renound
For noble courage and for hardie race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

xxxvii. Thus long they trast and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach;
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengthes assay he might him teach.
At last from his victorious shield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach,
And comming full before his horses vew,
As they upon him prest, it plaine to them did shew.

xxxviii. Like lightening flash that hath the gazer burned
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That backe againe upon themselves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay
With raynes or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought feared they what he could do or say,
But th' onely feare that was before their vew,
From which like mazed deare dismayfully they flew.

- xxxix. Fast did they fly as them their feete could beare
 High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
 As they were follow'd of their former feare.
 In vaine the Pagan bannes, and sweares, and rayles
 And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
 The resty raynes, regarded now no more:
 He to them calles and speakes, yet nought avayles;
 They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
 But go which way they list, their guide they have forlore.
- xl. As when the frie-mouthed steedes, which drew
 The Sunnes bright wayne to Phaëtons decay,
 Soone as they did the monstrous Scorpion vew
 With ugly craples crawling in their way,
 The dreadfull sight did them so sore affray,
 That their well-knownen courses they forwent;
 And, leading th' ever-burning lampe astray,
 This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
 And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.
- xli. Such was the furie of these head-strong steeds,
 Soone as the infants sunlike shield they saw,
 That all obedience both to words and deeds
 They quite forgot, and scornd all former law:
 Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
 The yron charet, and the wheelles did teare,
 And tost the Paynim without feare or awe;
 From side to side they tost him here and there,
 Crying to them in vaine that nould his crying heare.
- xlII. Yet still the Prince pursew'd him close behind.
 Oft making offer him to smite, but found
 No easie meanes according to his mind:
 At last they have all overthrowne to ground
 Quite topside turvey, and the Pagan hound
 Amongst the yron hookes and graples keene
 Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
 That no whole peece of him was to be seene,
 But scattred all about, and strow'd upon the greene.
- xlIII. Like as the cursed son of Thesëus,
 That following his chace in dewy morne,
 To fly his stepdames loves outrageous,

Of his owne steedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the wooddy Nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to-rent,
That of his shape appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV. Onely his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to-brusd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all mongst whom this storie should be spoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Justice that day of wrong her selfe had wroken;
That all men, which that spectacle did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV. So on a tree before the Tyrants dore
He caused them be hung in all mens sight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Ladie from the castles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in dolefull fit
She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftsoones devise to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI. Streight downe she ranne, like an enraged cow
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatallly did vow
To wreake her on that mayden messengere,
Whom she had causd be kept as prisonere
By Artegall, misween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe: And, comming present there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII. Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands mured infant out;
Or fell Medea, when on Colchicke strand
Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus Priests, her owne deare flesh did teare:

Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
 Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
 As this bold woman when she saw that Damzell there.

XLVIII. But Artegall, being thereof aware,
 Did stay her cruell hand ere she her raught;
 And, as she did her selfe to strike prepare,
 Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
 With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did come whether her rage her bore,
 With franticke passion and with furie fraught;
 And, breaking forth out at a posterne dore,
 Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX. As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
 Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
 Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
 Snatching at every thing doth wreake her wrath
 On man and beast that commeth in her path.
 There they doe say that she transformed was
 Into a Tygre, and that Tygres scath
 In crueltie and outrage she did pas,
 To prove her surname true, that she imposed has.

I. Then Artegall, himselfe discovering plaine,
 Did issue forth gainst all that warlike rout
 Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
 That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
 All which he did assault with courage stout,
 All were they nigh an hundred knights of name,
 And like wyld Goates them chaced all about,
 Flying from place to place with cowheard shame;
 So that with finall force them all he overcame.

II. Then caused he the gates be opened wyde;
 And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
 With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
 Presenting him with all the rich array
 And roiall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
 Purchast through lawlesse powre and tortious wrong
 Of that proud Souldan whom he earst did slay.
 So both, for rest, there having stayd not long,
 Marcht with that mayd; fit matter for another song.

CANTO IX

Arthur and Artegall catch Guyle,
Whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
And see her rich array.

- I. WHAT Tygre, or what other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it selfe with might?
Not fit mongst men that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts, and salvage woods, to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell
Are dreadded most, and feared for their powre;
Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked bowre.
- II. There let her wonne, farre from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegall her late exyled;
There let her ever keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled;
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.
- III. Where having with Sir Artegall a space
Well solast in that Souldans late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And so would have departed on their way;
But she them woo'd, by all the meanes she might,
And earnestly besought to wend that day
With her, to see her Ladie thence not farre away.
- IV. By whose entreatie both they overcommen
Agree to goe with her; and by the way,
(As often falles) of sundry things did commen:

Mongst which that Damzell did to them bewray
 A straunge adventure, which not farre thence lay;
 To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and stout.
 Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
 That robbed all the countrie there about,
 And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

v. Thereto both his owne wylie wit, (she sayd)
 And eke the fastnesse of his dwelling place,
 Both unassaylable, gave him great ayde:
 For he so crafty was to forge and face,
 So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
 So smooth of tongue, and subtile in his tale,
 That could deceive one looking in his face:
 Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
 Well knownen by his feates, and famous overall.

vi. Through these his slights he many doth confound:
 And eke the rocke, in which he wons to dwell,
 Is wondrous strong and hewen farre under ground,
 A dreadfull depth; how deepe no man can tell,
 But some doe say it goeth downe to hell:
 And all within it full of wyndings is
 And hidden wayes, that scarce an hound by smell
 Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
 Ne none can backe returne that once are gone amis:

vii. Which when those knights had heard, their harts gan earne
 To understand that villeins dwelling place,
 And greatly it desir'd of her to learne,
 And by which way they towards it should trace.
 "Were not" (sayd she) "that it should let your pace
 Towards my Ladies presence, by you ment,
 I would you guyde directly to the place."
 "Then let not that" (said they) "stay your intent;
 For neither will one foot, till we that carle have hent."

viii. So forth they past, till they approched ny
 Unto the rocke where was the villains won:
 Which when the Damzell neare at hand did spy,
 She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
 Gan to advize what best were to be done.
 So both agreed to send that mayd afore,

Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raysing pittifull uprore,
As if she did some great calamitie deplore.

- ix. With noyse whereof when as the caytive carle
Should issue forth, in hope to find some spoyle,
They in awayt would closely him ensnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And so would hope him easily to foyle.
The Damzell straight went, as she was directed,
Unto the rocke; and there, upon the soyle
Having her selfe in wretched wize abjected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great grieve had her affected.
- x. The cry whereof entring the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her some wishfull boot to have.
Full dreadfull wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks that downe his shoulders shagged;
And on his backe an uncouth vestiment
Made of straunge stuffe, but all to-worne and ragged,
And underneath, his breech was all to-torne and jagged.
- xi. And in his hand an huge long staffe he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compasse of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he cast his looke:
Als at his backe a great wyde net he bore,
With which he seldome fished at the brooke,
But usd to fish for fooles on the dry shore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great store.
- xii. Him when the damzell saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earnest cride:
But when the villaine saw her so affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perswade
To banish feare; and, with Sardonian smyle
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguyle,
That from her self unwares he might her steale the whyle.

xiii. Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
 Charmes to the birds full many a pleasant lay,
 That they the whiles may take lesse heedie keepe
 How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
 So did the villaine to her prate and play,
 And many pleasant trickes before her show,
 To turne her eyes from his intent away;
 For he in slights and jugling feates did flow,
 And of legierdemayne the mysteries did know.

xiv. To which whilest she lent her intentive mind,
 He suddenly his net upon her threw,
 That oversprad her like a puffe of wind;
 And snatching her soone up, ere well she knew,
 Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
 Crying for helpe aloud: But when as ny
 He came unto his cave, and there did vew
 The armed knights stopping his passage by,
 He threw his burden downe, and fast away did fly.

xv. But Artegall him after did pursew,
 The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance still.
 Up to the rocke he ran, and thereon flew
 Like a wyld Gote, leaping from hill to hill,
 And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
 That deadly daunger seem'd in all mens sight
 To tempt such steps, where footing was so ill;
 Ne ought avayled for the armed knight
 To thinke to follow him that was so swift and light.

xvi. Which when he saw, his yron man he sent
 To follow him; for he was swift in chace.
 He him pursewd where ever that he went;
 Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place
 Where so he fled, he followd him apace;
 So that he shortly forst him to forsake
 The hight, and downe descend unto the base:
 There he him courst a-fresh, and soone did make
 To leave his proper forme, and other shape to take.

xvii. Into a Foxe himselfe he first did tourne;
 But he him hunted like a Foxe full fast:
 Then to a bush himselfe he did transforme;

But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him past,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand;
But he then stones at it so long did cast,
That like a stone it fell upon the land;
But he then tooke it up, and held fast in his hand.

xviii. So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his Lord Sir Artégall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for feare of slights:
Who whilst in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him so that he away it threw:
Then ganne it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew;
But Talus soone him overtooke, and backward drew.

xix. But, when as he would to a snake againe
Have turn'd himselfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with so huge might and maine,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrayle,
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was past:
So did deceipt the selfe-deceiver fayle.
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and foules to feede upon for their repast.

xx. Thence forth they passed with that gentle Mayd
To see her Ladie, as they did agree;
To which when she approched, thus she sayd:
“ Loe! now, right noble knights, arriv'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye desir'd to see:
There shall ye see my soverayne Lady Queene,
Most sacred wight, most debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seene,
Or that with Diademe hath ever crowned beene.”

xxi. The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayses of that Prince so manifold;
And, passing litle further, commen were
Where they a stately pallace did behold
Of pompous show, much more then she had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,

And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to outshine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightness daz'd the straunge beholders
eye.

- xxii. There they alighting by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with gyantlike resemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and despight,
That under shew oftymes of fayned semblance
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great scath and
hindrance:
- xxiii. His name was Awe; by whom they passing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome:
By whom they passing through the thickest preasse,
The marshall of the hall to them did come,
His name hight Order; who, commanding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their
clamors cease.
- xxiv. They ceast their clamors upon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror halfe affray,
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of warre there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietnesse alway
Dealing just judgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threatates of any to be wroken.
- xxv. There, as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one whose tongue was for his trespasse vyle
Nayld to a post, adjudged so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revyle
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold speaches which he blazed had,

And with lewd poems which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had sprad.

xxvi. Thus there he stood, whylest high over his head
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read,
Bon Font; but *Bon*, that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red,
Eyther for th' evill which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked sclaunders by him shed.

xxvii. They, passing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the presence of that gracious Queene;
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all embost with Lyons and with Flourdelice.

xxviii. All over her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tissew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told.
That her brode-spreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth silver streames,
Mongst which crept litle Angels through the glittering
gleames.

xxix. Seemed those litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of state, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants through their nimblesse bold:
Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
Hymns to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompassed the throne on which she sate,—
She, Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie Conquerors, in royall state,
Whylest kings and kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

xxx. Thus she did sit in soverayne Majestie,
 Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
 The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
 With which high God had blest her happie land,
 Maugre so many foes which did withstand:
 But at her feet her sword was likewise layde,
 Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
 Yet when as foes enforst, or friends sought ayde,
 She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismayde.

xxxI. And round about before her feet there sate
 A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seem'd t' adorne her royall state;
 All lovely daughters of high Jove, that hight
 Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
 Upon the righteous Themis; those, they say,
 Upon Joves judgement-seat wayt day and night;
 And, when in wrath he threatens the worlds decay,
 They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

xxxII. They also doe, by his divine permission,
 Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
 And often treat for pardon and remission
 To suppliants, through frayltie which offend:
 Those did upon Mercillaes throne attend,
 Just Dice, wise Eunomie, myld Eirene;
 And them amongst, her glorie to commend,
 Sate goodly Temperance in garments clene,
 And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly strene.

xxxIII. Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
 Admyr'd of many, honoured of all;
 Whylest underneath her feete, there as she sate,
 An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
 An hardie courage, like captived thrall
 With a strong yron chaine and collar bound,
 That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
 Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
 And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound.

xxxIV. So sitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
 Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
 Who, bowing low before her Majestie,

Did to her myld obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone that they imagine mought:
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some majestie imperiall.

xxxv. As the bright sunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the westerne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beme,
And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw
So did this mightie Ladie, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate somewhat of that Majestie and awe
That whylome wont to doe so many quake,
And with more myld aspect those two to entertake.

xxxvi. Now at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common-wele,
Dealing with Justice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base:
Mongst which, as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie case,
Which on both sides was then debating hard;
But at the sight of these those were awhile debard.

xxxvii. But, after all her princely entertayne,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Her selfe eftsoones she gan convert againe:
Which that those knights likewise mote understand,
And witnesse forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly scand
On either part, she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and neare them none.

xxxviii. Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Ladie of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,

And titles of nobilitie deface:

Yet in that wretched semblant she did sure

The peoples great compassion unto her allure.

xxxix. Then up arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight hard matters to revele;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his speach
To all assayes; his name was called Zele.
He gan that Ladie strongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a pele,
That those, whom she to pitie had allured,
He now t' abhorre and loath her person had procured.

xl. First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so faire
And royally arayd, Duessa hight;
That false Duessa, which had wrought great care
And mickle mischief unto many a knight,
By her beguyled and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vyld treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dred Mercilla oft did frame.

xli. For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspyred
With faithlesse Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aspyred,
That she might it unto her selfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood whom she to death did dryve.

xlII. But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere prooffe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th' actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all that by such mene
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes!
But false Duessa, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

XLIII. Strongly did Zele her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame:
And with him, to make part against her, came
Many grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The Kingdomes Care, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV. Then gan Authority her to appose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her rose,
And reasons brought that no man could refute:
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry and Commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly Justice charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV. But then, for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came Pittie with full tender hart,
And with her joyn'd Regard of womanhead;
And then came Daunger, threatning hidden dread
And high alliance unto forren powre;
Then came Nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre;
And lastly Griefe did plead, and many teares forth powre.

XLVI. With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent:
Which when as Zele perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present.

XLVII. He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,

The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
 Who privie was and partie in the case:
 She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
 Did her appeach; and, to her more disgrace,
 The plot of all her practise did display,
 And all her traynes and all her treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII. Then brought he forth with griesly grim aspect
 Abhorred Murder, who, with bloudie knyfe
 Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,
 And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
 Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding stryfe
 In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
 Then brought he forth Incontinence of lyfe,
 Even foule Adulterie her face before,
 And lewd Impietie, that her accused sore.

XLIX. All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
 And from her partie eftsoones was drawn cleene:
 But Artegall, with constant firme intent
 For zeale of Justice, was against her bent:
 So was she guiltie deemed of them all.
 Then Zele began to urge her punishment,
 And to their Queene for judgement loudly call,
 Unto Mercilla myld, for Justice gainst the thrall.

L. But she, whose Princely brest was touched nere
 With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
 Though plaine she saw, by all that she did heare,
 That she of death was guiltie found by right,
 Yet would not let just vengeance on her light;
 But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
 Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
 The which she covering with her purple pall
 Would have the passion hid, and up arose withall.

CANTO X

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
 For Belgee for to fight:
 Gerioneos Seneschall
 He slayes in Belges right.

- I. SOME Clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art
 Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
 To weeten Mercie, be of Justice part,
 Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate:
 This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
 And meriteth to have as high a place,
 Sith in th' Almightyes everlasting seat
 She first was bred, and borne of heavenly race,
 From thence pour'd down on men by influence of grace.
- II. For if that Vertue be of so great might
 Which from just verdict will for nothing start,
 But to preserve inviolated right
 Oft spilles the principall to save the part;
 So much more, then, is that of powre and art
 That seekes to save the subject of her skill,
 Yet never doth from doome of right depart,
 As it is greater prayse to save then spill,
 And better to reforme then to cut off the ill.
- III. Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly prayse,
 That herein doest all earthly Princes pas?
 What heavenly Muse shall thy great honour rayse
 Up to the skies, whence first deriv'd it was,
 And now on earth it selfe enlarged has
 From th' utmost brinke of the Armericke shore
 Unto the margent of the Molucas?
 Those Nations farre thy justice doe adore;
 But thine owne people do thy mercy prayse much more.
- IV. Much more it praysed was of those two knights,
 The noble Prince and righteous Artegal,
 When they had seene and heard her doome a-rights

Against Duessa, damned by them all;
 But by her tempred without grieve or gall,
 Till strong constraint did her thereto enforce:
 And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall
 With more then needfull naturall remorse,
 And yeelding the last honour to her wretched corse.

v. During all which, those knights continu'd there
 Both doing and receiving curtesies
 Of that great Ladie, who with goodly chere
 Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
 Approving dayly to their noble eyes
 Royall examples of her mercies rare
 And worthie paterns of her clemencies;
 Which till this day mongst many living are,
 Who them to their posterities doe still declare.

vi. Amongst the rest, which in that space befell,
 There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
 Farre thence from forrein land where they did dwell,
 To seeke for succour of her and her Peares,
 With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
 Sent by their mother, who, a widow, was
 Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares
 By a strong Tyrant, who invaded has
 Her land, and slaine her children ruefully, alas!

vii. Her name was Belgæ; who in former age
 A Ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
 And mother of a frutefull heritage,
 Even seventeene goodly sonnes; which who had seene
 In their first flowre, before this fatall teene
 Them overtooke and their faire blossomes blasted,
 More happie mother would her surely weene
 Then famous Niobe, before she tasted
 Latonaes childrens wrath that all her issue wasted.

viii. But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
 Had left her now but five of all that brood:
 For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
 And to his Idols sacrifice their blood,
 Whylest he of none was stopped nor withstood:
 For soothly he was one of matchlesse might,

Of horrible aspect and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one wast empight,
And th' armes and legs of three to succour him in fight.

ix. And sooth they say that he was borne and bred
Of Gyants race, the sonne of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spaine so sore was dred
For his huge powre and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,
Through his three bodies powre in one combynd;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food assynd;
The fayrest kyne alive, but of the fiercest kynd:

x. For they were all, they say, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight Eurytion,
A cruell carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleepe t' attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone
With his two-headed dogge that Orthrus hight;
Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foule Echidna in the house of night:
But Hercules them all did overcome in fight.

xi. His sonne was this Geryoneo hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides club, streight tooke his flight
From that sad land where he his syre did quell,
And came to this, where Belgè then did dwell
And flourish in all wealth and happinesse,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her Noble husbands late decesse;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchednesse.

xii. Then this bold Tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet fresh woes,
Himselfe and service to her offered,
Her to defend against all forrein foes
That should their powre against her right oppose:
Whereof she glad, now needing strong defence,
Him entertayn'd and did her champion chose;
Which long he used with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearelesse confidence.

- xiii. By meanes whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him souveraine powre
To doe whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To stirre up strife and many a tragicke stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadfull Monster to deuoure,
And setting up an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.
- xiv. So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For ayde against that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft:
Therefore these two, her eldest sonnes, she sent
To seeke for succour of this Ladies gieft;
To whom their sute they humbly did present
In th' hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.
- xv. Amongst the which then fortun'd to bee
The noble Briton Prince with his brave Peare;
Who then he none of all those knights did see
Hastily bent that enterprise to heare,
Nor undertake the same for cowheard feare,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.
- xvi. She gladly graunted it: then he straightway
Himselfe unto his journey gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd with purple hayre
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his steede to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.
- xvii. Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,
Who gave him roiall giftes and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind besene,

And leaving Artegal to his owne care,
 Upon his voyage forth he gan to fare
 With those two gentle youthes, which him did guide
 And all his way before him still prepare.
 Ne after him did Artigall abide,
 But on his first adventure forward forth did ride.

xviii. It was not long till that the Prince arrived
 Within the land where dwelt that Ladie sad;
 Whereof that Tyrant had her now deprived,
 And into moores and marshes banisht had,
 Out of the pleasant soyle and cities glad,
 In which she wont to harbour happily:
 But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
 That to those fennes for fastnesse she did fly,
 And there her selfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

xix. There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
 All solitarie without living wight;
 For all her other children, through affray,
 Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
 And eke her selfe, through sudden strange affright
 When one in armes she saw, began to fly;
 But, when her owne two sonnes she had in sight,
 She gan take hart and looke up joyfully;
 For well she wist this knight came succour to supply.

xx. And, running unto them with greedy joyes,
 Fell straight about their neckes as they did kneele,
 And bursting forth in teares, "Ah! my sweet boyes,"
 (Sayd she) "yet now I gin new life to feele;
 And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reele,
 Now rise againe at this your joyous sight.
 Alreadie seemes that fortunes headlong wheele
 Begins to turne, and sunne to shine more bright
 Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight."

xxi. Then turning unto him; "And you, Sir knight,"
 (Sayd she) "that taken have this toylesome paine
 For wretched woman, miserable wight,
 May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
 For so great travell as you doe sustaine!
 For other meede may hope for none of mee,

To whom nought else but bare life doth remaine;
 And that so wretched one, as ye do see,
 Is liker lingring death then loathed life to bee."

xxii. Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
 And low dismounting from his loftie steede
 Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
 Seeking to drive away deepe-rooted dreede
 With hope of helpe in that her greatest neede.
 So thence he wished her with him to wend
 Unto some place where they mote rest and feede,
 And she take comfort which God now did send:
 Good hart in evils doth the evils much amend.

xxiii. "Ay me!" (sayd she) "and whether shall I goe?
 Are not all places full of forraine powres?
 My pallaces possessed of my foe,
 My cities sackt, and their sky-threatening towres
 Raced and made smooth fields now full of flowres?
 Onely these marishes and myrie bogs,
 In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
 Yeeld me an hostry mongst the croking frogs,
 And harbour here in safety from those ravenous dogs."

xxiv. "Nathlesse," (said he) "deare Ladie, with me goe;
 Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
 If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
 And purchase it to us with speare and shield:
 And if all fayle, yet farewell open field;
 The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
 With such his chearefull speeches he doth wield
 Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
 And, bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him
 wends.

xxv. They came unto a Citie farre up land,
 The which whylome that Ladies owne had bene;
 But now by force extort out of her hand
 By her strong foe, who had defaced cleene
 Her stately towres and buildings sunny sheene,
 Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
 Robbed her people that full rich had beene,
 And in her necke a Castle huge had made,
 The which did her commaund without needing perswade.

- xxvi. That Castle was the strength of all that state,
Untill that state by strength was pulled downe;
And that same citie, so now ruinate,
Had bene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly Castle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th' offended heavens list to lowre
Upon their blisse, and balefull fortune frowne:
When those gainst states and kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure?
- xxvii. But he had brought it now in servile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of Inquisition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withstond;
Yet glad at last to make most base submission,
And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Imposd on it with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to doe unto his Idole most untrew.
- xxviii. To him he hath before this Castle greene
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of costly Ivory full rich besene,
On which that cursed Idole, farre proclamed,
He hath set up, and him his God hath named;
Offering to him in sinfull sacrifice
The flesh of men, to Gods owne likenesse framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutishe wize,
That any yron eyes to see it would agrize.
- xxix. And, for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that cursed Idols altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darknesse lie,
Whose dreadfull shape was never seene of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificed bee:
Those he devoures, they say, both flesh and bone,
What else they have is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one may see.
- xxx. There eke he placed a strong garrisone,
And set a Seneschall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppressed every one,

And vanquished all ventrous knights in fight;
 To whom he wont shew all the shame he might,
 After that them in battell he had wonne:
 To which when now they gan approach in sight,
 The Ladie counseld him the place to shonne,
 Where as so many knights had foully bene fordonne.

xxxI. Her fearefull speaches nought he did regard,
 But, ryding streight under the Castle wall,
 Called aloud unto the watchfull ward
 Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
 Into the field their Tyrants Seneschall:
 To whom when tydings thereof came, he streight
 Cals for his armes, and arming him withall
 Eftsoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
 And gan with courage fierce addresse him to the fight.

xxxII. They both encounter in the middle plaine,
 And their sharpe speares doe both together smite
 Amid their shields, with so huge might and maine
 That seem'd their soules they wold have ryven quight
 Out of their breasts with furious despight:
 Yet could the Seneschals no entrance find
 Into the Princes shield where it empight,
 (So pure the metall was and well refynd,)
 But shivered all about, and scattered in the wynd:

xxxIII. Not so the Princes, but with restlesse force
 Into his shield it readie passage found,
 Both through his haberjeon and eke his corse;
 Which tombling downe upon the senselesse ground
 Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldome bound
 To wander in the griesly shades of night.
 There did the Prince him leave in deadly swound,
 And thence unto the castle marched right,
 To see if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

xxxIV. But, as he nigher drew, three knights he spyde,
 All arm'd to point, issuing forth apace,
 Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
 And meeting him right in the middle race
 Did all their speares attonce on him enchace.
 As three great Culverings for battrie bent,

And leveld all against one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to stagger with astonishment:

xxxv. So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder,
Who from his saddle swarved nought asyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder;
But like a bulwarke firmly did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ryde,
With so huge rigour, that his mortall speare
Past through his shield and pierst through either syde;
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

xxxvi. Whom when his other fellowes saw, they fled
As fast as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as swiftly sped,
To be aveng'd of their unknighly play.
There, whilst they entring th' one did th' other stay,
The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
And, as he pressed in, him there did slay:
His carkasse, tumbling on the threshold, sent
His groning soule unto her place of punishment.

xxxvii. The other which was entred laboured fast
To sperre the gate; but that same lump of clay,
Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and past,
Right in the middest of the threshold lay,
That it the Posterne did from closing stay:
The whiles the Prince hard preased in betweene,
And entraunce wonne: Streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the Hall, where he did weene
Him selfe to save; but he there slew him at the skreene.

xxxviii. Then all the rest which in that Castle were,
Seeing that sad ensample them before,
Durst not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a Posterne dore.
Long sought the Prince; but when he found no more
T' oppose against his powre he forth issued
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare with what she there had vewed,
And what she had not seene within unto her shewed:

xxxix. Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting
For so great prowesse as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honourd him with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Castle he her led
With her two sonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night themselves they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he banished.

CANTO XI

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth slay the Monster, and restore
Belgè unto her right.

- I. IT often fals, in course of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or strife,
That weakens her, and makes her party strong;
But Justice, though her dome she doe prolong,
Yet at the last she will her owne cause right:
As by sad Belgè seemes; whose wrongs though long
She suffred, yet at length she did requight,
And sent redresse thereof by this brave Briton Knight.
- II. Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady Belgè now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneschall low on the ground,
And eke him selfe did threaten to confound;
He gan to burne in rage, and friese in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unsound:
Yet, sith he heard but one that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage and take better cheare.
- III. Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in hast,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne stayed step, till that he came at last
Unto the Castle which they conquerd had:
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He sternely marcht before the Castle gate,
And, with bold vaunts and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull state.
- IV. The Prince staid not his aunswere to devize,
But, opening streight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;

And asked him, if that he were the same,
 Who all that wrong unto that wofull Dame
 So long had done, and from her native land
 Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
 He boldly aunswered him, He there did stand
 That would his doings justifie with his owne hand.

v. With that so furiously at him he flew,
 As if he would have over-run him streight;
 And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
 So hideously uppon his armour bright,
 As he to peeces would have chopt it quight,
 That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
 To his first rage, and yeeld to his despight;
 The whilest at him so dreadfully he drive,
 That seem'd a marble rocke asunder could have rive.

vi. Thereto a great advauntage eke he has
 Through his three double hands thrise multiplyde,
 Besides the double strength which in them was:
 For stil, when fit occasion did betyde,
 He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
 From hand to hand; and with such nimblesse sly
 Could wield about, that, ere it were espide,
 The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
 Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

vii. Which uncouth use when as the Prince perceived,
 He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
 Least by such slight he were unwares deceived;
 And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
 He would it meete and warily withstand.
 One time when he his weapon faynd to shift,
 As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
 He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
 That quite smit off his arme as he it up did lift.

viii. Therewith all fraught with fury and disdaine,
 He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
 And sodainely, t' avenge him selfe againe
 Gan into one assemble all the might
 Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:

But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Upon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horses head him quite did mall.

- ix. Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare;
But he him selfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him selfe to fight on foote prepare:
Whereof when as the Gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles that pitched are awry.
- x. Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him so dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arrived on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine:
But th' Adamantine shield which he did beare
So well was tempred, that for all his maine
It would no passage yeeld unto his purpose vaine.
- xi. Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with uncertaine sway,
As if he would have tottered to one side:
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse braunches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.
- xii. With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto him selfe with horreur great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more which way he strooke,
Nor where it light; but gan to chaufe and sweat,
And gnasht his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

- xiii. Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats,
 But onely wexed now the more aware
 To save him selfe from those his furious heats,
 And watch advauntage how to worke his care,
 The which good Fortune to him offred faire;
 For as he in his rage him overstrooke,
 He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
 His side all bare and naked overtooke,
 And with his mortal steel quite through the body strooke.
- xiv. Through all three bodies he him strooke attonce,
 That all the three attonce fell on the plaine,
 Else should he thrise have needed for the nonce
 Them to have stricken, and thrise to have slaine.
 So now all three one sencelesse lumpe remaine,
 Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloody gore,
 And byting th' earth for very deaths disdaine;
 Who, with a cloud of night him covering, bore
 Downe to the house of dole, his daies there to deplore.
- xv. Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
 Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand,
 She towards him in hast her selfe did draw
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people, both of towne and land,
 Which there stood gazing from the Citties wall
 Uppon these warriours, greedy t' understand
 To whether should the victory befall,
 Now when they saw it falne, they eke him greeted all.
- xvi. But Belgè, with her sonnes, prostrated low
 Before his feete in all that peoples sight,
 Mongst joyes mixing some tears, mongst wele some wo,
 Him thus bespake: " O most redoubted Knight,
 The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
 That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
 And these weake impes replanted by thy might,
 What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
 But even that which thou savedst thine still to remaine? "
- xvii. He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying; " Deare Lady, deedes ought not be scand

By th' authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their trueth and by the causes right:
That same is it which fought for you this day.
What other meed, then, need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is, the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay."

xviii. She humbly thank't him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd: " Ah! Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and stablished my peace.
" What is there else " (sayd he) " left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, Dame, and doe not stand in dout."

xix. " Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There stands an Idole of great note and name,
The which this Gyant reared first on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom, for endlesse horror of his shame,
He offred up for daily sacrifice
My children and my people, burnt in flame
With all the tortures that he could devise,
The more t' aggrate his God with such his bloudy guize.

xx. " And underneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monster that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carkasses that die
In sacrifice unto that cursed feend;
Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kend,
That ever scap'd: for of a man, they say,
It has the voice, that speaches forth doth send,
Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
Out of her poysnous entrails fraught with dire decay."

xxi. Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great desire that Monster to assay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne;
Which being shew'd, he gan him selfe streightway
Thereto addresse, and his bright shield display.
So to the Church he came, where it was told

The Monster underneath the Altar lay:
There he that Idoll saw of massy gold
Most richly made, but there no Monster did behold.

xxii. Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he strooke;
And the third time out of an hidden shade
There forth issewd from under th' Altars smooke
A dreadfull feend with fowle deformed looke,
That stretcht it selfe as it had long lyen still;
And her long taile and fethers strongly shooke,
That all the Temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrified that feared nothing ill.

xxiii. An huge great Beast it was, when it in length
Was stretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And seem'd to be of infinite great strength:
Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
Borne of the brooding of Echidna base,
Or other like infernall furies kinde;
For of a Mayd she had the outward face,
To hide the horroure which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile whom she so fond did finde.

xxiv. Thereto the body of a dog she had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedinesse;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what so she can oppresse;
A Dragons taile, whose sting without redresse
Full deadly wounds where so it is empight;
And Eagles wings, for scope and speedinesse,
That nothing may escape her reaching might,
Whereto she ever list to make her hardy flight.

xxv. Much like in foulnesse and deformity
Unto that Monster, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her selfe for very hearts despight
That he had red her Riddle, which no wight
Could ever loose but suffred deadly doole:
So also did this Monster use like slight
To many a one which came unto her schoole,
Whom she did put to death, deceived like a foole.

- xxvi. She comming forth, when as she first beheld
The armed Prince with shield so blazing bright
Her ready to assaile, was greatly queld,
And much dismayd with that dismayfull sight,
That backe she would have turnd for great affright:
But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
That forst her turne againe in her despight
To save her selfe, least that he did her slay;
And sure he had her slaine, had she not turnd her way.
- xxvii. Tho, when she saw that she was forst to fight,
She flew at him like to an hellish feend,
And on his shield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it she would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand that did it hend:
Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
To loose his shield, and long while did contend;
But, when he could not quite it, with one stripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.
- xxviii. With that aloude she gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blasphemous speaches forth did cast,
And bitter curses, horrible to tell;
That even the Temple, wherein she was plast,
Did quake to heare, and nigh asunder brast:
Tho with her huge long taile she at him strooke,
That made him stagger and stand halfe agast,
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour shooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.
- xxix. As when the Mast of some well-timbred hulke
Is with the blast of some outrageous storme
Blowne downe, it shakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke as they were torne;
Whilest still she stands, as stonisht and forlorne:
So was he stound with stroke of her huge taile;
But, ere that it she backe againe had borne,
He with his sword it strooke, that without faile
He jointed it, and mard the swinging of her flaile.
- xxx. Then gan she cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And Belgé selfe was therewith stonied sore,

As if the onely sound thereof she feard.
 But then the feend her selfe more fiercely reard
 Uppon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
 With all her body at his head and beard,
 That had he not foreseene with heedfull vew,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

xxxI. But, as she prest on him with heavy sway,
 Under her wombe his fatall sword he thrust,
 And for her entrailes made an open way
 To issue forth; the which, once being brust,
 Like to a great Mill-damb forth fiercely gusht,
 And powred out of her infernall sinke
 Most ugly filth; and poyson therewith rusht,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stinke.
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speake or thinke.

xxxII. Then downe to ground fell that deformed Masse,
 Breathing out clouds of sulphure fowle and blacke,
 In which a puddle of contagion was,
 More loathd then Lerna, or then Stygian lake,
 That any man would nigh awhaped make:
 Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
 And streight went forth his gladnesse to partake
 With Belgè, who watcht all this while full sad,
 Wayting what end would be of that same daunger drad.

xxxIII. Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
 She gan rejoyce and shew triumphant chere,
 Lauding and praying his renowned worth
 By all the names that honorable were.
 Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
 The present of his paines, that Monsters spoyle,
 And eke that Idoll deem'd so costly dere,
 Whom he did all to peeces breake, and foyle
 In filthy durt, and left so in the loathely soyle.

xxxIV. Then all the people which beheld that day
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
 And all the damzels of that towne in ray
 Come dauncing forth, and joyous carrols song:
 So him they led through all their streetes along
 Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies;

And all the vulgar did about them throng
To see the man, whose everlasting praise
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

xxxv. There he with Belgæ did awhile remaine
Making great feast and joyous merriment,
Untill he had her settled in her raine
With safe assuraunce and establishment:
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to Belgæ and to all the rest;
Of whom yet taking leave thence forth he went,
And to his former journey him address;
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

xxxvi. But turne we now to noble Artegall;
Who, having left Mercilla, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weete, to worke Irenæes franchisement,
And eke Grantortoes worthy punishment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely Talus wayting diligent,
Through many perils; and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

xxxvii. There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long since aside had set
The use of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone
That it was he which whilome did attend
On faire Irene in her affliction,
When first to Faery court he saw her wend,
Unto his souveraine Queene her suite for to commend.

xxxviii. Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan:
"Haile, good Sir Sergis, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?"
To whom he thus: "She liveth sure and sound,
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound:

xxxix. " For she presuming on th' appointed tyde,
 In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
 To meete her at the salvage Ilands syde,
 And then and there for triall of her right
 With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
 Did thither come; where she, afayrd of nought,
 By guilefull treason and by subtill slight
 Surprized was, and to Grantorto brought,
 Who her imprisond hath, and her life often sought.

xl. " And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
 By which if that no champion doe appeare,
 Which will her cause in battailous array
 Against him justifie, and prove her cleare
 Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth reare,
 She death shall sure aby." Those tidings sad
 Did much abash Sir Artegall to heare,
 And grieved sore that through his fault she had
 Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

xli. Then thus replide: " Now sure and by my life,
 Too much am I to blame for that faire Maide,
 That have her drawne to all this troublous strife,
 Through promise to afford her timely aide,
 Which by default I have not yet defraide:
 But witnesse unto me, ye heavens! that know
 How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide;
 For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
 And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

xlh. " But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
 Hath he her lent a Champion to provide? "
 " Ten daies," (quoth he) " he graunted hath of grace,
 For that he weeneth well before that tide
 None can have tidings to assist her side:
 For all the shores, which to the sea accoste,
 He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
 That none can there arrive without an hoste:
 So her he deemes already but a damned ghoste."

xlh. " Now turne againe," (Sir Artegall then sayd)
 " For, if I live till those ten daies have end,
 Assure your selfe, Sir Knight, she shall have ayd,

Though I this dearest life for her doe spend.”
So backward he attone with him did wend:
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confusde array;
As if that there were some tumultuous affray.

XLIV. To which as they approcht the cause to know,
They saw a Knight in daungerous distresse
Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
That sought with lawlesse powre him to oppresse,
And bring in bondage of their brutishnesse:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They spide a Lady left all succourlesse,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withstands.

XLV. Yet still he strives, ne any perill spares,
To reskue her from their rude violence;
And like a Lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large dispence,
Gainst which the pallid death findes no defence;
But all in vaine: their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banishe them from thence;
For soone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afresh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI. And now they doe so sharpely him assay,
That they his shield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to save;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name:
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant Knight with endles shame.

XLVII. Whom when they thus distressed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them also gan assaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how ever strong and stout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man

With his huge flaile began to lay about;
 From whose sterne presence they diffused ran,
 Like scattred chaffe the which the wind away doth fan.

XLVIII. So when that Knight from perill cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
 And yeeld great thankes for their so goodly deed,
 In saving him from daungerous despaire
 Of those which sought his life for to empaire:
 Of whom Sir Artegall gan then enquire
 The whole occasion of his late misfare,
 And who he was, and what those villaines were,
 The which with mortall malice him pursu'd so nere.

XLIX. To whom he thus: "My name is Burbon hight,
 Well knowne, and far renowned heretofore,
 Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
 That all my former praise hath blemisht sore:
 And that faire Lady, which in that uprore
 Ye with those caytives saw, Flourdellis hight,
 Is mine owne love, though me she have forlore,
 Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
 Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

I. "But sure to me her faith she first did plight
 To be my love, and take me for her Lord;
 Till that a Tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
 With golden giftes and many a guilefull word
 Entyced her to him for to accord.
 O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
 Sith which she hath me ever since abhord,
 And to my foe hath guilefully consented:
 Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented!

i. "And now he hath this troupe of villains sent
 By open force to fetch her quite away:
 Gainst whom my selfe I long in vaine have bent
 To rescue her, and daily meanes assay;
 Yet rescue her thence by no meanes I may,
 For they doe me with multitude oppresse,
 And with unequall might doe overlay,
 That oft I driven am to great distresse,
 And forced to forgoe th' attempt remedillesse."

- LII. " But why have ye " (said Artegall) " forborne
Your owne good shield in daungerous dismay?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loose the badge that should his deedes display."
To whom Sir Burbon, blushing halfe for shame:
" That shall I unto you " (quoth he) " bewray,
Least ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.
- LIII. " True is that I at first was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Redcrosse;
Who, when he gave me armes in field to fight,
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His deare Redeemers badge upon the bosse:
The same long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or losse;
Therewith Grandtorto selfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.
- LIV. " But for that many did that shield envie,
And cruell enemies increased more,
To stint all strife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie scutchin, being battered sore,
I layd aside, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned;
Yet can I not my love have nathemore,
For she by force is still fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth mis-trayned."
- LV. To whom thus Artegall: " Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the case the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may light
That it to such a streight mote you constraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours stile, that is, your warlike shield.
All perill ought be lesse, and lesse all paine
Then losse of fame in disaventrous field:
Dye, rather then doe ought that mote dishonour yield."
- LVI. " Not so," (quoth he) " for yet, when time doth serve,
My former shield I may resume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to swerve,

Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
 When as necessitie doth it constraine.”
 “ Fie on such forgerie! ” (sayd Artegall)
 “ Under one hood to shadow faces twaine:
 Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
 Of all things, to dissemble, foully may befall! ”

LVII. “ Yet let me you of courtesie request ”
 (Said Burbon) “ to assist me now at need
 Against these pesants which have me opprest,
 And forced me to so infamous deed,
 That yet my love may from their hands be freed.”
 Sir Artegall, albe he earst did wyte
 His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
 And, buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
 Did set upon those troupes with all his powre and might.

LVIII. Who flocking round about them, as a swarme
 Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
 Did them assault with terrible allarme;
 And over all the fields themselves did muster,
 With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luster,
 That forst at first those knights backe to retyre:
 As when the wrathfull Boreas doth bluster,
 Nought may abide the tempest of his yre;
 Both man and beast doe fly, and succour doe inqyre.

LIX. But, when as overblowen was that brunt,
 Those knights began afresh them to assayle,
 And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
 But chiefly Talus with his yron flayle,
 Gainst which no flight nor rescue mote avayle,
 Made cruell havocke of the baser crew,
 And chaced them both over hill and dale.
 The raskall manie soone they overthrew;
 But the two knights themselves their captains did subdew.

LX. At last they came whereas that Ladie bode,
 Whom now her keepers had forsaken quight
 To save themselves, and scattered were abroad.
 Her halfe dismayd they found in doubtfull plight,
 As neither glad nor sorie for their sight;
 Yet wondrous faire she was, and richly clad

In roiall robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villens through their usage bad
Them fouly rent, and shamefully defaced had.

LXI. But Burbon, streight dismounting from his steed,
Unto her ran with greedie great desyre,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embraced her with hart entyre;
But she backstarting with disdainfull yre
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when those knights so froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded sore.

LXII. Sayd Artegall: "What foule disgrace is this
To so faire Ladie, as ye seeme in sight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemisht is,
With so foule blame as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight!
Is ought on earth so pretious or deare
As prayse and honour? Or is ought so bright
And beautifull as glories beames appeare,
Whose goodly light then Phœbus lampe doth shine
more cleare?"

LXIII. "Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted bee
Unto a strangers love, so lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignitie debased!
Dearer is love than life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold."

LXIV. Much was the Ladie in her gentle mind
Abasht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find;
But, hanging down her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd as she amated weare:
Which Burbon seeing her againe assayd;
And, clasping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his steede, whiles she no whit gainesayd:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill payd.

- LXV. Nathlesse the yron man did still pursew
That raskall many with unpitied spoyle;
Ne ceassed not, till all their scattred crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But Artegall, seeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from slaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed;
For that the terme, approching fast, required speed.

CANTO XII

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slaith him in field.

- I. O SACRED hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent desire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common-weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beastes restraine,
Can keepe from outrage and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine:
No faith so firme, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure long.
- II. Witnesse may Burbon be; whom all the bands
Which may a Knight assure had surely bound,
Untill the love of Lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and unsound:
And witnesse be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause faire Belgè did oppresse,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no lesse
Then all the rest burst out to all outrageousnesse.
- III. Gainst whom Sir Artégall, long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great Gloriane, that Tyrant to fordoo,)
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forslackt: But now time drawing ny
To him assynd her high behest to doo,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply,
To weete if shipping readie he mote there descry.
- IV. Tho when they came to the sea coast they found
A ship all readie (as good fortune fell)
To put to sea, with whom they did compound

To passe them over where them list to tell.
 The winde and weather served them so well,
 That in one day they with the coast did fall;
 Whereas they readie found, them to repell,
 Great hostes of men in order martiall,
 Which them forbad to land, and footing did forstall.

v. But nathemore would they from land refraine:
 But, when as nigh unto the shore they drew
 That foot of man might sound the bottome plaine,
 Talus into the sea did forth issew
 Though darts from shore and stones they at him threw;
 And wading through the waves with stedfast sway,
 Maugre the might of all those troupes in vew,
 Did win the shore; whence he them chast away,
 And made to fly like doves whom the Eagle doth affray.

vi. The whyles Sir Artegall with that old knight
 Did forth descend, there being none them neare,
 And forward marched to a towne in sight.
 By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
 By those which earst did fly away for feare,
 Of their arrival: wherewith troubled sore
 He all his forces streight to him did reare,
 And forth issuing with his scouts afore,
 Meant them to have encountred ere they left the shore:

vii. But ere he marched farre he with them met,
 And fiercely charged them with all his force:
 But Talus sternely did upon them set,
 And brusht and battred them without remorse,
 That on the ground he left full many a corse;
 Ne any able was him to withstand,
 But he them overthrew both man and horse,
 That they lay scattered over all the land,
 As thicke as doth the seede after the sowers hand:

viii. Till Artegall him seeing so to rage
 Willd him to stay, and signe of truce did make:
 To which all harkning did a while asswage
 Their forces furie, and their terror slake;
 Till he an Herauld cald, and to him spake,
 Willing him wend unto the Tyrant streight,

And tell him that not for such slaughters sake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre Irenas cause with him in single fight:

- ix. And willed him for to reclayme with speed
His scattred people, ere they all were slaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full fayne
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So sounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.
- x. That night Sir Artegall did cause his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given streight commaundement
That none should dare him once to entertaine;
Which none durst breake, though many would right faine
For faire Irena, whom they loved deare:
But yet old Sergis did so well him paine,
That from close friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay which for them needfull weare.
- xi. The morrow next, that was the dismall day
Appointed for Irenas death before,
So soone as it did to the world display
His chearefull face, and light to men restore,
The heavy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of Artegals arryvall her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full sad and hart full sore,
Weening her lifes last howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh she did nor heare nor see.
- xii. Then up she rose, and on her selfe did dight
Most squalid garments, fit for such a day;
And with dull countenance and with doleful spright
She forth was brought in sorrowfull dismay
For to receive the doome of her decay:
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir Artegall, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent in midst of deadly feare.

- xiii. Like as a tender Rose in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, soone as few drops of raine
Thereon distill and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to looke up, and with fresh wonted grace
Dispreeds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was Irenas countenance, such her case,
When Artegall she saw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant till it was farre day.
- xiv. Who came at length with proud presumptuous gate
Into the field, as if he fearelesse were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare;
And on his head a steele-cap he did weare
Of colour rustie-browne, but sure and strong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
Whose steale was yron-studded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight to justifie his wrong:
- xv. Of stature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monstrous hight,
And did in strength most sorts of men surpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in single fight:
His face was ugly and his countenance sterne,
That could have frayd one with the very sight,
And gaped like a gulfe when he did gerne;
That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.
- xvi. Soone as he did within the listes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he Artegall beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare;
And, grinning griesly, did against him weld
His deadly weapon which in hand he held:
But th' Elfin swayne, that oft had seene like sight,
Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing queld;
But gan him streight to buckle to the fight,
And cast his shield about to be in readie plight.
- xvii. The trompets sound, and they together goe
With dreadfull terror and with fell intent;
And their huge strokes full daungerously bestow,

To doe most dammage where as most they ment:
But with such force and furie violent
The Tyrant thundred his thicke blowes so fast,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they past,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or brast.

- xviii. Which cruell outrage when as Artegall
Did well avize, thenceforth with warie heed
He shund his strokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their gracelesse speed:
As when a skilfull Marriner doth reed
A storme approaching that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of such dread,
But strikes his sayles, and vereth his main-sheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat.
- xix. So did the Faerie knight himselfe abeare,
And stouped oft his head from shame to shield:
No shame to stoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And, much to gaine, a litle for to yield:
So stoutest knights doen oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe so nimble wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him sore did overlade.
- xx. Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursed felon high did reare
His cruell hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping neare
Right in the flanke him stroke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud thence gushing grievously
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.
- xxi. Yet the huge stroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his course as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adowne descended,
That seemed nought could him from death protect;
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did cast,

Which thereon seizing tooke no great effect;
 But, byting deepe therein did sticke so fast
 That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wrast.

xxii. Long while he tug'd and strove to get it out,
 And all his powre applyed thereunto,
 That he therewith the knight drew all about
 Nathlesse, for all that ever he could doe,
 His axe he could not from his shield undoe;
 Which Artegall perceiving strooke no more,
 But loosing soone his shield did it forgoe;
 And, whiles he combred was therewith so sore,
 He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

xxiii. So well he him pursew'd, that at the last
 He stroke him with Chrysaor on the hed,
 That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
 He staggered to and fro in doubtfull sted.
 Againe, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
 He did him smite with all his might and maine,
 That, falling on his mother earth he fed:
 Whom when he saw prostrated on the plaine,
 He lightly reft his head to ease him of his paine.

xxiv. Which when the people round about him saw,
 They shouted all for joy of his successe,
 Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
 Which with strong powre did them long time oppresse;
 And, running all with greedie joyfulnesse
 To faire Irena, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humblenesse
 As their true Liege and Princesse naturall;
 And eke her champions glorie sounded overall.

xxv. Who streight her leading with meete majestie
 Unto the pallace where their kings did rayne,
 Did her therein establish peaceable,
 And to her kingdomes seat restore agayne:
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne
 That Tyrants part with close or open ayde,
 He sorely punished with heavie payne;
 That in short space, whiles there with her he stayd,
 Not one was left that durst her once have disobayd.

- xxvi. During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true Justice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale:
And that same yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he sent
To search out those that used to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.
- xxvii. But, ere he coulde reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of Justice he was forst to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realme for to redresse:
But envies cloud still dimmeth vertues ray.
So, having freed Irena from distresse,
He tooke his leave of her there left in heavinesse.
- xxviii. Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe whence forth he set,
He had not passed farre upon the strand,
When as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way side being together set;
Two griesly creatures: and, to that their faces
Most foule and filthie were, their garments yet,
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made most ugly cases.
- xxix. The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did seeme to looke askew,
That her mis-shape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung loose and loathsomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red:
Her lips were, like raw lether, pale and blew:
And as she spake therewith she slavered;
Yet spake she seldom, but thought more the lesse she sed.
- xxx. Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt
In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,
Like puttocks claws; with th' one of which she scracht

Her cursed head, although it itched naught:
 The other held a snake with venime fraught,
 On which she fed and gnawed hungrily,
 As if that long she had not eaten ought;
 That round about her jawes one might descry
 The bloudie gore and poyson dropping lothsomely.

xxxI. Her name was Envie, knowen well thereby,
 Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
 That ever she sees doen prays-worthily;
 Whose sight to her is greatest crosse may fall,
 And vexeth so that makes her eat her gall;
 For, when she wanteth other thing to eat,
 She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
 And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
 Meat fit for such a monsters monstrous dyeat:

xxxII. And if she hapt of any good to heare,
 That had to any happily betid,
 Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and teare
 Her flesh for felnesse, which she inward hid:
 But if she heard of ill that any did,
 Or harme that any had, then would she make
 Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid,
 And in anothers losse great pleasure take,
 As she had got thereby and gayned a great stake.

xxxIII. The other nothing better was then shee,
 Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd;
 But in bad maner they did disagree,
 For what so Envie good or bad did fynd
 She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd;
 But this, what ever evill she conceived,
 Did spred abroad and throw in th' open wynd:
 Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
 That all she sought was mens good name to have
 bereaved.

xxxIV. For, whatsoever good by any sayd
 Or doen she heard, she would streightwayes invent
 How to deprave or slaunderously upbrayd,
 Or to misconstrue of a mans intent,
 And turne to ill the thing that well was ment:

Therefore she used often to resort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in wicked sort.

xxxv. And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worse by telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many,
That every matter worse was for her melling:
Her name was hight Detraction, and her dwelling
Was neare to Envie even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy selfe excelling
In mischiefe; for her selfe she onely vext,
But this same both her selfe and others eke perplext.

xxxvi. Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foming with poyson round about her gils,
In which her cursed tongue, full sharpe and short,
Appear'd like Aspis sting that closely kils,
Or cruelly does wound whom so she wils:
A distaffe in her other hand she had,
Upon the which she litle spinnes, but spils;
And faynes to weave false tales and leasings bad,
To throw amongst the good which others had
disprad.

xxxvii. These two now had themselves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainst Sir Artegall;
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into mischiefe fall,
For freeing from their snares Irena thrall:
Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
A monster, which the Blatant Beast men call,
A dreadfull feend, of gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by slights allur'd, and to their purpose lad.

xxxviii. Such were these Hags, and so unhandsome drest:
Who when they nigh approching had espyde
Sir Artegall, return'd from his late quest,
They both arose, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two shepheards curres had scryde
A ravenous Wolfe amongst the scattered flockes:
And Envie first, as she that first him eyde,

Towards him runs, and, with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her brest and forehead
knockes.

xxxix. Then from her mouth the gobbet she does take,
The which whyleare she was so greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen snake,
And at him throwes it most despightfully:
The cursed Serpent, though she hungrily
Earst chawd thereon, yet was not all so dead
But that some life remayned secretly;
And, as he past afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

xl. Then th' other comming neare gan him revile,
And foully rayle with all she could invent;
Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
And foule abusion, both his honour blent,
And that bright sword, the sword of Justice lent,
Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie
In guiltlesse blood of many an innocent:
As for Grandtorto, him with treacherie
And traynes having surpriz'd he foully did to die.

xli. Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way
Began to quake and tremble with dismay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe,
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray:
And evermore those hags themselves did paine
To sharpen him, and their owne cursed tongs did straine.

xlII. And still among most bitter wordes they spake,
Most shamefull, most unrighteous, most untrew,
That they the mildest man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that so false sclaunders at him threw:
And more, to make them pierce and wound more deepe,
She with the sting which in her vile tongue grew
Did sharpen them, and in fresh poyson steepe:
Yet he past on, and seem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII. But Talus, hearing her so lewdly raile,
And speake so ill of him that well deserved,
Would her have chastiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir Artegall had not preserved,
And him forbidden, who his heast observed:
So much the more at him still did she scold,
And stones did cast; yet he for nought would swerve
From his right course, but still the way did hold
To Faerie Court; where what him fell shall else be told.

THE SIXTH BOOKE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF SIR CALIDORE, OR COURTESIE

- I. THE waies, through which my weary steps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And, when I gin to feele decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled spright.
- II. Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings treasures
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuse,
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In these strange waies where never foote did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the Muse.
- III. Revele to me the sacred nursery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in silver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked worlds disdaine;
Since it at first was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being derived at furst
From heavenly seedes of bounty soveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurst,
Till it to ripenesse grew, and forth to honour burst.
- IV. Amongst them all growes not a fayrer flowre
Then is the bloosme of comely courtesie;
Which though it on a lowly stalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,

And spreds it selfe through all civilitie:
 Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
 Yet, being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
 Ye will them all but fayned showes esteeme,
 Which carry colours faire that feeble eies misdeeme.

v. But, in the triall of true curtesie,
Its now so farre from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
 Fashion'd to please the eies of them that pas,
 Which see not perfect things but in a glas:
 Yet is that glasse so gay, that it can blynd
 The wisest sight to thinke gold that is bras;
But vertues seat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward shows, but inward thoughts defynd.

vi. But where shall I in all Antiquity
 So faire a patterne finde, where may be seene
 The goodly praise of Princely curtesie,
 As in your selfe, O soveraine Lady Queene?
 In whose pure minde, as in a mirrour sheene,
 It shoves, and with her brightnesse doth inflame
 The eyes of all which thereon fixed beene,
 But meriteth indeede an higher name:
 Yet so from low to high uplifted is your fame.

vii. Then pardon me, most dreaded Soveraine,
 That from your selfe I doe this vertue bring,
 And to your selfe doe it returne againe.
 So from the Ocean all rivers spring,
 And tribute backe repay as to their King:
 Right so from you all goodly vertues well
 Into the rest which round about you ring,
 Faire Lords and Ladies which about you dwell,
 And doe adorne your Court where courtesies excell.

CANTO I

Calidore saves from Maleffort
 A Damzell used vylde:
 Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
 Briana wexe more mylde.

- I. OF Court, it seemes, men Courtesie doe call,
 For that it there most useth to abound;
 And well beseemeth that in Princes hall
 That vertue should be plentifully found,
 Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
 And roote of civill conversation:
 Right so in Faery court it did redound,
 Where curteous Knights and Ladies most did won
 Of all on earth, and made a matchlesse paragon.
- II. But mongst them all was none more courteous Knight
 Then Calidore, beloved over-all,
 In whom, it seemes, that gentlenesse of spright
 And manners mylde were planted naturall;
 To which he adding comely guize withall
 And gracious speach, did steale mens hearts away:
 Nathlesse thereto he was full stout and tall,
 And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
 That him did much renowme, and far his fame display.
- III. Ne was there Knight ne was there Lady found
 In Faery court, but him did deare embrace
 For his faire usage and conditions sound,
 The which in all mens liking gayned place,
 And with the greatest purchast greatest grace:
 Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
 To please the best, and th' evill to embase;
 For he loathd leasing and base flattery,
 And loved simple truth and stedfast honesty.
- IV. And now he was in travell on his way,
 Uppon an hard adventure sore bestad,
 Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day

With Artégall, returning yet halfe sad
 From his late conquest which he gotten had:
 Who whenas each of other had a sight,
 They knew them selves, and both their persons rad;
 When Calidore thus first: "Haile, noblest Knight
 Of all this day on ground that breathen living spright!

v. "Now tell, if please you, of the good succeſſe
 Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
 To whom Sir Artégall gan to expreſſe
 His whole exploite and valorous emprise,
 In order as it did to him ariſe.
 "Now, happy man," (ſayd then Sir Calidore)
 "Which have, ſo goodly as ye can devize,
 Atchiev'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
 That ſhall you moſt renowned make for evermore.

vi. "But where ye ended have, now I begin
 To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde
 Or good direction how to enter in,
 Or how to iſſue forth in waies untryde,
 In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide;
 In which although good Fortune me befall,
 Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde."
 "What is that queſt," (quoth then Sir Artégall)
 "That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?"

vii. "The Blatant Beaſt" (quoth he) "I doe purſew,
 And through the world inceſſantly doe chase,
 Till I him overtake, or elſe ſubdew:
 Yet know I not or how, or in what place
 To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace."
 "What is that Blatant Beaſt?" (then he replide.)
 "It is a Monster bred of helliſhe race,"
 (Then answered he) "which often hath annoyd
 Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elſe deſtroyd.

viii. "Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
 And fell Chimæra, in her darkesome den,
 Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
 Where he was foſtred long in Stygian fen,
 Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew; and then
 Into this wicked world he forth was ſent

To be the plague and scourge of wretched men,
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

- ix. "Then, since the salvage Island I did leave,"
Sayd Artegall, "I such a Beast did see,
The which did seeme a thousand tongues to have,
That all in spight and malice did agree;
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure:
But I, that knew my selfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre;
But he the more his wicked poyson forth did poure."
- x. "That surely is that Beast" (saide Calidore)
"Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To heare these tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had;
Yet now some hope your words unto me add."
"Now God you speed," (quoth then Sir Artegall)
"And keepe your body from the daunger drad,
For ye have much adoe to deale withall."
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted severall.
- xi. Sir Calidore thence travelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough some more mighty enemies wrong
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from farre, with piteous sound
Of his shrill cries him called to his aide:
To whom approching, in that painefull stound
When he him saw, for no demaunds he staide,
But first him losde, and afterwards thus to him saide.
- xii. "Unhappy Squire! what hard mishap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and disgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this shamefull place?"
To whom he answered thus: "My haplesse case
Is not occasiond through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope subvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

- XIII. "Not farre from hence, uppon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a streight, there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady passe along
That way, (and yet they needs must passe that way,
By reason of the streight, and rocks among)
But they that Ladies lockes doe shave away,
And that knights berd, for toll which they for passage pay."
- XIV. "A shamefull use as ever I did heare,"
Sayd Calidore, "and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at first it reare,
And for what cause? tell, if thou have it knowne."
Sayd then that Squire; "The Lady, which doth owne
This Castle, is by name Briana hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And sought to win his love by all the meanes she might."
- XV. "His name is Crudor; who, through high disdain
And proud despight of his selfe-pleasing mynd,
Refused hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a Mantle she for him doe fynd
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd:
Which to provide she hath this Castle dight,
And therein hath a Seneschall assynd,
Cald Maleffort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despight."
- XVI. "He, this same day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawlesse doome
Did set uppon us flying both for feare;
For little bootes against him hand to reare.
Me first he tooke unhable to withstond,
And whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond;
Ne wote I surely whether her he yet have fond."
- XVII. Thus whiles they spake they heard a ruefull shrieke
Of one loud crying, which they streightway ghest
That it was she the which for helpe did seeke.

Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,
 They saw that Carle from farre, with hand unblest
 Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
 That all her garments from her snowy brest,
 And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
 Ne would he spare for pittie, nor refraine for feare.

xviii. Which haynous sight when Calidore beheld,
 Eftsoones he loosd that Squire, and so him left
 With hearts dismay and inward dolour queld,
 For to pursue that villaine, which had reft
 That piteous spoile by no injurious theft;
 Whom overtaking, loud, to him he cryde:
 "Leave, faytor, quickly that misgotten weft
 To him that hath it better justifyde,
 And turne thee soone to him of whom thou art defyde."

xix. Who, hearkning to that voice, him selfe upreard,
 And seeing him so fiercely towards make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enrag'd for those words sake;
 And with sterne count'naunce thus unto him spake:
 "Art thou the caytive that defyest me?
 And for this Mayd, whose party thou doest take,
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
 Yet shall it not her lockes for raunsome fro me free."

xx. With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous strokes with most importune might,
 That oft he made him stagger as unstayd,
 And oft recuile to shunne his sharpe despight:
 But Calidore, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and still his spirite spar'd,
 Lying in waite how him he damadge might;
 But when he felt him shrinke, and come to ward,
 He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

xxi. Like as a water-streame, whose swelling sourse
 Shall drive a Mill, within strong bancks is pent,
 And long restrayned of his ready course,
 So soone as passage is unto him lent,
 Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent;
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore:

When once he felt his foeman to relent,
 He fiercely him pursu'd, and pressed sore;
 Who as he still decayd so he encreased more.

xxii. The heavy burden of whose dreadfull might
 Whenas the Carle no longer could sustaine,
 His heart gan faint, and streight he tooke his flight
 Toward the Castle, where, if need constraine,
 His hope of refuge used to remaine:
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to flie,
 He him pursu'd and chaced through the plaine,
 That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
 Unto the ward to open to him hastilie.

xxiii. They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 The gate soone opened to receive him in;
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,
 That even in the Porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to his chin,
 The carkasse tumbling downe within the dore
 Did choke the entraunce with a lump of sin,
 That it could not be shut; whilst Calidore
 Did enter in, and slew the Porter on the flore.

xxiv. With that the rest the which the Castle kept
 About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a Steare, in heat of sommers day,
 With his long taile the bryzes brush away.
 Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
 Where of the Lady selfe in sad dismay
 He was ymett, who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and fowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

xxv. "False traytor Knight!" (said she) "no Knight at all,
 But scorne of armes, that hast with guilty hand
 Murdred my men, and slaine my Seneschall,
 Now comest thou to rob my house unmand,
 And spoile my selfe that can not thee withstand?
 Yet doubt thou not, but that some better Knight
 Then thou, that shall thy treason understand,
 Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right;
 And if none do, yet shame shal thee with shame
 requight."

xxvi. Much was the Knight abashed at that word
 Yet answer'd thus: "Not unto me the shame,
 But to the shamefull doer it afford.
 Bloud is no blemish, for it is no blame
 To punish those that doe deserve the same;
 But they that breake bands of civilitie,
 And wicked customes make, those doe defame
 Both noble armes and gentle curtesie.
 No greater shame to man then inhumanitie.

xxvii. "Then doe your selfe, for dread of shame, forgoe
 This evill manner which ye here maintaine,
 And doe instead thereof mild curt'sie showe
 To all that passe: That shall you glory gaine
 More then his love, which thus ye seeke t' obtaine."
 Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replyde:
 "Vile recreant! know that I doe much disdaine
 Thy courteous lore, that doest my love deride,
 Who scornes thy ydle scoffe, and bids thee be defyde."

xxviii. "To take defiaunce at a Ladies word,"
 (Quoth he) "I hold it no indignity;
 But were he here, that would it with his sword
 Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby."
 "Cowherd!" (quoth she) "were not that thou wouldst
 fly
 Ere he doe come, he should be soone in place."
 "If I doe so," (sayd he) "then liberty
 I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
 With all those shames, that erst ye spake me to deface."

xxix. With that a Dwarfe she cald to her in hast,
 And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
 A privy token which betweene them past,
 Bad him to flie with all the speed he could
 To Crudor; and desire him that he would
 Vouchsafe to reskue her against a Knight,
 Who through strong powre had now her self in hould,
 Having late slaine her Seneschall in fight,
 And all her people murdred with outrageous might:

xxx. The Dwarfe his way did hast, and went all night;
 But Calidore did with her there abyde
 The comming of that so much threatned Knight;

Where that discourteous Dame with scornfull pryde
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could sustaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely guyde,
Did well endure her womanish disdaine,
And did him selfe from fraile impatience refraine.

xxxI. The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that message to her knight,
Brought aunswere backe, that ere he tasted bread
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assured stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithfull band.

xxxII. Thereof full blyth the Lady streight became,
And gan t' augment her bitternesse much more;
Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore,
But rather did more chearefull seeme therefore:
And having soone his armes about him dight,
Did issue forth to meete his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, when as a Knight
He spide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

xxxIII. Well weend he streight that he should be the same
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne stayd to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his speare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middest of the plaine
With so fell fury and dispiteous forse,
That neither could the others stroke sustaine,
But rudely rowld to ground, both man and horse,
Neither of other taking pittie nor remorse.

xxxIV. But Calidore uprose againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in sencelesse swound;
Yet would he not him hurt although he might;
For shame he weend a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that drery stound,
There where she stood uppon the Castle wall,
She deem'd him sure to have bene dead on ground;

And made such piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements she ready seem'd to fall.

xxxv. Nathlesse at length him selfe he did upreare
In lustlesse wise; as if against his will,
Ere he had slept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to stretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he rested still:
But, when he saw his foe before in vew,
He shooke off luskishnesse; and courage chill
Kindling afresh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horsebacke would ensew.

xxxvi. There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two for maystery of might;
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And passing well expert in single fight,
And both inflam'd with furious despight;
Which as it still encreast, so still increast
Their cruell strokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releast,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempest ceast.

xxxvii. Thus long they trac'd and traversst to and fro,
And tryde all waies how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe:
They hew'd their helmes, and plates asunder brake,
As they had potshares bene; for nought mote slake
Their greedy vengeaunces but goary blood,
That at the last like to a purple lake
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
Which from their riven sides forth gushed like a flood.

xxxviii. At length it chaunst that both their hands on hie
At once did heave with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmost of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight;
But Calidore, that was more quicke of sight
And nimbler handed then his enemy,
Prevented him before his stroke could light,
And on the helmet smote him formerlie,
That made him stoupe to ground with meeke humilitie:

xxxix. And, ere he could recover foote againe,
He, following that faire advantage fast,

His stroke redoubled with such might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling cast;
And leaping to him light would have unlast
His Helme, to make unto his vengeance way:
Who, seeing in what daunger he was plast,
Cryde out; "Ah mercie, Sir! doe me not slay,
But save my life, which lot before your foot doth lay."

XL. With that his mortall hand a while he stayd;
And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him sayd:
"And is the boast of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne
Strangers no more so rudely to entreat,
But put away proud looke and usage sterne,
The which shal nought to you but foule dishonor yearne.

XLI. "For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'sie doth as well as armes professe,
However strong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruellenesse.
In vaine he seeketh others to suppressse,
Who hath not learnd him selfe first to subdew:
All flesh is frayle and full of ficklenesse,
Subject to fortunes chance, still chaunging new:
What haps to day to me to morrow may to you.

XLII. "Who will not mercie unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew;
Yet since ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopelesse life to save,
With these conditions which I will propound:
First, that ye better shall your selfe behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in every stead and stound."

XLIII. The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffring him to rise, he made him sweare
By his owne sword, and by the crosse thereon,

To take Briana for his loving fere
 Withouten dowre or composition;
 But to release his former foule condition.

XLIV. All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
 Bynding himselfe most firmly to obay,
 He up arose, however lief or loth,
 And swore to him true fealtie for aye.
 Then forth he cald from sorrowfull dismay
 The sad Briana which all this beheld;
 Who comming forth yet full of late affray
 Sir Calidore upheard, and to her teld
 All this accord to which he Crudor had compeld.

XLV. Whereof she now more glad then sory earst,
 All overcome with infinite affect
 For his exceeding courtesie, that pearst
 Her stubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
 Before his feet her selfe she did project;
 And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
 With all due thankes and dutifull respect,
 Her selfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
 By which he had to her both life and love restord.

XLVI. So all returning to the Castle glad,
 Most joyfully she them did entertaine;
 Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
 To show her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
 By all the meanes she mote it best explaine:
 And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
 She freely gave that Castle for his paine,
 And her selfe bound to him for evermore;
 So wondrously now chaung'd from that she was afore.

XLVII. But Calidore himselfe would not retaine
 Nor land nor fee for hyre of his good deede,
 But gave them streight unto that Squire againe,
 Whom from her Seneschall he lately freed,
 And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed
 For recompence of all their former wrong.
 There he remaind with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed hole and strong;
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

CANTO II

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
 A proud discourteous knight:
 He makes him Squire, and of him learns
 His state and present plight.

- I. WHAT vertue is so fitting for a knight,
 Or for a Ladie whom a knight should love,
 As Curtesie; to beare themselves aright
 To all of each degree as doth behove?
 For whether they be placed high above
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good; that none them rightly may reprove
 Of rudenesse for not yeelding what they owe:
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.
- II. Thereto great helpe dame Nature selfe doth lend;
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
 That every action doth them much commend,
 And in the eyes of men great liking find,
 Which others that have greater skill in mind,
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attaine;
 For everie thing to which one is inclin'd
 Doth best become and greatest grace doth gaine:
 Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes enforst with paine.
- III. That well in courteous Calidore appeares:
 Whose every deed and word, that he did say,
 Was like enchantment, that through both the eares
 And both the eyes did steale the hart away.
 He now againe is on his former way
 To follow his first quest, when as he spyde
 A tall young man, from thence not farre away,
 Fighting on foot, as well he him descryde,
 Against an armed knight that did on horsebacke ryde.
- IV. And them beside a Ladie faire he saw
 Standing alone on foot in foule array;
 To whom himselfe he hastily did draw

To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
 And to depart them, if so be he may:
 But, ere he came in place, that youth had kild
 That armed knight, that low on ground he lay:
 Which when he saw, his hart was inly child
 With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

v. Him stedfastly he markt, and saw to bee
 A goodly youth of amiable grace,
 Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
 Yet seventeene yeares, but tall and faire of face,
 That sure he deem'd him borne of noble race:
 All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
 Of Lincolne greene, belayd with silver lace;
 And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,
 And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had.

vi. Buskins he wore of costliest cordwayne,
 Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
 As then the guize was for each gentle swayne:
 In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
 Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
 And in his left he held a sharpe bore-speare,
 With which he wont to launch the salvage hart
 Of many a Lyon and of many a Beare,
 That first unto his hand in chase did happen neare.

vii. Whom Calidore awhile well having vewed
 At length bespake; "What meanes this, gentle Swaine.
 Why hath thy hand too bold it selfe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is slaine,
 By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?"
 "Certes," (said he) "loth were I to have broken
 The law of armes: yet breake it should againe,
 Rather then let my selfe of wight be stroken,
 So long as these two armes were able to be wroken.

viii. "For not I him, as this his Ladie here
 May witnesse well, did offer first to wrong,
 Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
 But he me first through pride and puissance strong
 Assayld, not knowing what to armes doth long."
 "Perdie great blame" (then said Sir Calidore)

“ For armed knight a wight unarm’d to wrong:
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and sterne uprore.”

- IX. “ That shall I, sooth,” (said he) “ to you declare.
I, whose unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight or worke of greater care,
Doe spend my dayes and bend my carelesse wit
To salvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forrest and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunst to meete this knight, who there lyes slaine,
Together with this Ladie, passing on the plaine.
- x. “ The knight, as ye did see, on horsebacke was,
And this his Ladie (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horse side did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
When so she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his speare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine and making piteous woe.
- XI. Which when I saw, as they me passed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind;
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud disdaine,
Tooke in foule scorne that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil’d againe,
Threatning to chastize me, as doth t’a chyld pertaine.
- XII. “ Which I no lesse disdayning, backe returned
His scornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he streightway with haughtie choler burned,
And with his speare strooke me one stroke or twaine;
Which I, enforst to beare though to my paine,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as seemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly did depart.”

- xiii. Much did Sir Calidore admyre his speach
 Tempred so well, but more admyr'd the stroke
 That through the mayles had made so strong a breach
 Into his hart, and had so sternely wroke
 His wrath on him that first occasion broke;
 Yet rested not, but further gan inquire
 Of that same Ladie, whether what he spoke
 Were soothly so, and that th' unrighteous ire
 Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire?
- xiv. Of all which when as she could nought deny,
 But cleard that stripling of th' imputed blame,
 Sayd then Sir Calidore; "Neither will I
 Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
 For what he spake, for you he spake it, Dame;
 And what he did, he did him selfe to save:
 Against both which that knight wrought knightlesse
 shame;
 For knights and all men this by nature have,
 Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.
- xv. "But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
 Please it you, Ladie, to us to aread
 What cause could make him so dishonourable
 To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
 And lackey by him, gainst all womenhead."
 "Certes, Sir knight," (sayd she) "full loth I were
 To rayse a lyving blame against the dead;
 But since it me concernes my selfe to clere,
 I will the truth discover as it chaunst whylere.
- xvi. "This day, as he and I together roade
 Upon our way to which we weren bent,
 We chaunst to come foreby a covert glade
 Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
 Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
 Of their franke loves, free from all gealous spyes.
 Faire was the Ladie, sure, that mote content
 An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
 And unto him did shew all lovely courtesyes.
- xvii. "Whom when my knight did see so lovely faire,
 He inly gan her lover to envy,
 And wish that he part of his spoyle might share:

Whereto when as my presence he did spy
 To be a let, he bad me by and by
 For to alight: but when as I was loth
 My loves owne part to leave so suddenly,
 He with strong hand downe from his steed me throw'th
 And with presumptuous powre against that knight
 streight go'th.

xviii. "Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
 For Ladies service, and for loves delight,
 Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
 Whereof he taking oddes, streight bids him dight
 Himselfe to yeeld his Love, or else to fight:
 Whereat the other starting up dismayd,
 Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
 To leave his love he should be ill apayd,
 In which he had good right gaynst all that it gainesayd.

xix. "Yet since he was not presently in plight
 Her to defend, or his to justifie,
 He him requested, as he was a knight,
 To lend him day his better right to trie,
 Or stay till he his armes, which were thereby,
 Might lightly fetch: But he was fierce and whot,
 Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
 But at him flew, and with his speare him smot;
 From which to thinke to save himselfe it bootied not.

xx. "Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage saw,
 Whilest they together for the quarrey strove,
 Into the covert did her selfe withdraw,
 And closely hid her selfe within the grove.
 My knight hers soone, as seemes, to daunger drove,
 And left sore wounded: but, when her he mist,
 He woxe halfe mad; and in that rage gan rove
 And range through all the wood, where so he wist
 She hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

xxi. "But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
 After long search and chauff he turned backe
 Unto the place where me he left behind:
 There gan he me to curse and ban, for lacke
 Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
 To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong:

Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe
 Strove to appease him, and perswaded long;
 But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

xxii. "Then, as it were t' avenge his wrath on mee,
 When forward we should fare he flat refused
 To take me up (as this young man did see)
 Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
 But forst to trot on foot, and foule misused,
 Pouching me with the butt end of his speare,
 In vaine complayning to be so abused;
 For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
 But more enforst my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

xxiii. "So passed we till this young man us met;
 And being moov'd with pittie of my plight
 Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
 Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
 "Now sure," (then said Sir Calidore) "and right,
 Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
 Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,
 Or through support of count'nance proud and hault,
 To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault."

xxiv. Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
 Which had himsele so stoutly well acquit,
 Seeing his face so lovely sterne and coy,
 And hearing th' answeres of his pregnant wit,
 He prayd it much, and much admyred it;
 That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
 And when he long had him beholding stood,
 He burst into these wordes, as to him seemed good:

xxv. "Faire gentle swayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
 That in these woods amongst the Nymphs dost wonne,
 Which daily may to thy sweete lookes repayre,
 As they are wont unto Latonaes sonne
 After his chace on woodie Cynthus donne;
 Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily hast wonne,
 Or surely borne of some Heroicke sead,
 That in thy face appeares and gracious goodly-head.

- xxvi. But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale
For love amongst the woodie Gods to dwell)
I would thy selfe require thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee grow in worship and great weale;
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I never saw in any greater hope appeare.”
- xxvii. To whom then thus the noble Youth: “ May be,
Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harme may arise unweeting unto me;
Nathelesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, (how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And lost the crowne which should my head by right
adorne,)
- xxviii. “ And Tristram is my name, the onely heire
Of good king Meliograss which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives despeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reason my right to maintaine:
After whose death his brother, seeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to sustaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for to bee.
- xxix. “ The widow Queene my mother, which then hight
Faire Emiline, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile safetie, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whose gealous dread induring not a peare
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought best away me to remove somewhere
Into some forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.
- xxx. “ So, taking counsell of a wise man red,
She was by him adviz’d to send me quight
Out of the countrie wherein I was bred,

The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
 Into the land of Faerie, where no wight
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong:
 To whose wise read she hearkning sent me streight
 Into this land, where I have wond thus long
 Since I was ten yeares old, now grownen to stature
 strong.

xxxI. "All which my daies I have not lewdly spent,
 Nor spilt the blossome of my tender yeares
 In ydlesse; but, as was convenient,
 Have trayned bene with many noble feres
 In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:
 Mongst which my most delight hath alwaies been
 To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peres,
 Of all that raungeth in the forrest greene,
 Of which none is to me unknowne that ev'r was seene.

xxxII. "Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
 Whether high trowing or accoasting low,
 But I the measure of her flight doe search,
 And all her pray and all her diet know.
 Such be our joyes which in these forrests grow:
 Onely the use of armes, which most I joy,
 And fitteth most for noble swayne to know,
 I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy,
 And being now high time these strong joynts to imploy.

xxxIII. "Therefore, good Sir, sith now occasion fit
 Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldome may,
 Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
 That ye will make me Squire without delay,
 That from henceforth in batteilous array
 I may beare armes, and learne to use them right;
 The rather, since that fortune hath this day
 Given to me the spoile of this dead knight,
 These goodly gilden armes which I have won in fight."

xxxIV. All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
 Him much more now then earst he gan admire
 For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
 And thus replide: "Faire chyld, the high desire
 To love of armes, which in you doth aspire,
 I may not, certes, without blame denie,

But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie."

xxxv. There him he causd to kneele, and made to sweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew;
Like as a flowre, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode displayes his
smyling hew.

xxxvi. Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betooke him to depart,
Chyld Tristram prayd that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wayt on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble hart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this answeare he to him behight.

xxxvii. "Glad would I surely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble brest;
But I am bound by vow, which I profest
To my dread Soveraine, when I it assayd,
That in atchievement of her high behest
I should no creature joyne unto mine ayde:
For-thy I may not graunt that ye so greatly prayde.

xxxviii. "But since this Ladie is all desolate,
And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well, in this her needfull state,
To succour her from daunger of dismay,
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay."
The noble ympe, of such new service fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twayne,
And Calidore forth passed to his former payne.

xxxix. But Tristram, then despoyling that dead knight
 Of all those goodly implements of prayse,
 Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire sight
 Of the bright mettall shyning like Sunne rayes,
 Handling and turning them a thousand wayes:
 And, after having them upon him dight,
 He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayse
 Upon the steed of her owne late dead knight;
 So with her marched forth, as she did him behight.

xl. There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
 And turne we backe to good Sir Calidore;
 Who, ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
 Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
 This knight, whom Tristram slew, had wounded sore
 Another knight in his despiteous pryde:
 There he that knight found lying on the flore
 With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
 That all his garments and the grasse in vermeill dyde.

xli. And there beside him sate upon the ground
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
 With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constrayning,
 To wype his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
 Which sorie sight when Calidore did vew
 With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refrayning,
 His mightie hart their mournfull case can rew,
 And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

xlII. Then speaking to the Ladie thus he said:
 "Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
 To tell what cruell hand hath thus arayd
 This knight unarm'd with so unknowntly breach
 Of armes, that, if I yet him nigh may reach,
 I may avenge him of so foule despyght."
 The Ladie, hearing his so courteous speach,
 Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
 And from her sory hart few heavie words forth sight:

xlIII. In which she shew'd, how that discourteous knight,
 (Whom Tristram slew) them in that shadow found
 Joying together in unblam'd delight;

And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his speare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but onely her to reave
From him to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV. When Calidore this ruefull storie had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus describ'd; to be of stature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves row'd in a sommer barge.

XLV. Then gan Sir Calidore to ghesse streightway,
By many signes which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram earst did slay,
And to her said: " Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your Knight so ill bestad,
Is now him selfe in much more wretched plight:
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth sprad,
The meede of his desert for that despyght,
Which to your selfe he wrought and to your loved knight.

XLVI. " Therefore, faire Lady, lay aside this grieve,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that displeasure, and thinke what reliefe
Were best devise for this your lovers smart;
And how ye may him hence, and to what part,
Convey to be recur'd." She thank't him deare
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her love and to her selfe in that sad dreare.

XLVII. Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a straunger to her wretched case;
And him to beare she thought it thing too base.
Which when as he perceiv'd he thus bespake:

“ Faire Lady, let it not you seeme disgrace
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My selfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.”

XLVIII. So off he did his shield, and downeward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Castle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what ensu'd shall in next Canto be begonne.

CANTO III

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
 Pursues the Blatant Beast:
 Saves Serena, whilest Calepine
 By Turpine is opprest.

- I. TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet sayd,
 The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne:
 For a man by nothing is so well bewrayd
 As by his manners; in which plaine is showne
 Of what degree and what race he is growne:
 For seldome seene a trotting Stalion get
 An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
 So seldome seene that one in basenesse set
 Doth noble courage shew with curteous manners met.
- II. But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
 That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
 As well may be in Calidore descryde,
 By late ensample of that courteous deed
 Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
 Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
 Unto the Castle where they had decreed:
 There of the Knight, the which that Castle ought,
 To make abode that night he greatly was besought.
- III. He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
 That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
 And borne great sway in armes amongst his peares;
 But now weake age had dimd his candle-light:
 Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
 And loved all that did to armes incline;
 And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
 Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
 And Aldus was his name; and his sonnes, Aladine.
- IV. Who when he saw his sonne so ill bedight
 With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare
 By a faire Lady and a straunger Knight,

Was inly touched with compassion deare,
 And deare affection of so dolefull dreare,
 That he these words burst forth: " Ah, sory boy!
 Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
 Thou brings? aie me! is this the timely joy,
 Which I expected long, now turnd to sad annoy?"

- v. " Such is the weakenesse of all mortall hope,
 So tickle is the state of earthly things,
 That, ere they come unto their aymed scope,
 They fall too short of our fraile reckonings,
 And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
 Instead of comfort which we should embrace:
 This is the state of Keasars and of Kings!
 Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
 Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case."
- vi. So well and wisely did that good old Knight
 Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
 To cheare his guests whom he had stayd that night,
 And make their welcome to them well appeare.
 That to Sir Calidore was easie geare;
 But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
 But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover deare,
 And inly did afflict her pensive thought
 With thinking to what case her name should now be brought:
- vii. For she was daughter to a noble Lord
 Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to affy
 To a great pere; but she did disaccord,
 Ne could her liking to his love apply,
 But lov'd this fresh young Knight who dwelt her ny,
 The lusty Aladine, though meaner borne
 And of lesse livelihood and hability,
 Yet full of valour the which did adorne
 His meanesse much, and make her th' others riches scorne.
- viii. So, having both found fit occasion,
 They met together in that lucklesse glade;
 Where that proud Knight in his presumption
 The gentle Aladine did earst invade,
 Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
 Whereof she now bethinking, gan t' advize

How great a hazard she at earst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devise
How she the blame might salve with coloured disguise.

- ix. But Calidore with all good courtesie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The pensive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening past till time of rest;
When Calidore in seemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undrest
Did sleepe all night through weary travell of his quest.
- x. But faire Priscilla (so that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did wash and steepe:
So well she washt them, and so well she wacht him,
That of the deadly swound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, she at the length dispacht him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attacht him.
- xi. The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He also gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he saw his faire Priscilla by,
He deepely sigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill state in which she stood;
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought her selfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For first, next after life, he tendered her good.
- xii. Which she perceiving did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compassionate,
Forgetfull of her owne to minde his feares:
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each others grieve with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to cast
How to save hole her hazarded estate;
For which the onely helpe now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore: all other helps were past.

- xiii. Him they did deeme, as sure to them he seemed,
 A courteous Knight and full of faithfull trust;
 Therefore to him their cause they best esteemed
 Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.
 Earely, so soone as Titans beames forth brust
 Through the thicke clouds in which they steeped lay
 All night in darkenesse, duld with yron rust,
 Calidore rising up as fresh as day
 Gan freshly him addresse unto his former way.
- xiv. But first him seemed fit that wounded Knight
 To visite, after this nights perillous passe,
 And to salute him, if he were in plight,
 And eke that Lady, his faire lovely lasse.
 There he him found much better then he was;
 And moved speach to him of things of course,
 The anguish of his paine to overpasse:
 Mongst which he namely did to him discourse
 Of former daies mishap, his sorrowes wicked sourse.
- xv. Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
 Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
 And all his disadvantages to unfold,
 That Calidore it dearly deepe did move:
 In th' end, his kyndly courtesie to prove,
 He him by all the bands of love besought,
 And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
 To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
 To leave, till to her fathers house he had her brought.
- xvi. Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
 It to performe: so after little stay,
 That she her selfe had to the journey dight,
 He passed forth with her in faire array,
 Fearlesse who ought did thinke or ought did say,
 Sith his own thought he knew most cleare from wite:
 So, as they past together on their way,
 He can devize this counter-cast of slight,
 To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in sight.
- xvii. Streight to the carkasse of that Knight he went,
 The cause of all this evill, who was slaine
 The day before by just avengement

Of noble Tristram, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the signe of shame.
So forth he passed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers house he came;
Most pensive man, through feare what of his childe
became.

xviii. There he arriving boldly did present
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Most perfect pure, and guiltlesse innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood sweare,
Since first he saw her, and did free from feare
Of a discourteous Knight, who her had reft
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

xix. Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And heare th' adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: Ne lesse the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploite he did him selfe apply.

xx. So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chaunst to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert shade him selfe did safely rest,
To solace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight,
For that him selfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him spight;
And eke the Lady was full faire to see,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

xxi. To whom Sir Calidore approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abasht, but more him selfe thereby,
That he so rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,

Him selfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
 And pardon crav'd for his so rash default,
 That he gainst courtesie so fowly did default.

xxii. With which his gentle words and goodly wit
 He soone allayd that Knights conceiv'd displeasure,
 That he besought him downe by him to sit,
 That they mote treat of things abroad at leasure,
 And of adventures, which had in his measure
 Of so long waies to him befallen late.
 So downe he sate, and with delightfull pleasure
 His long adventures gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through daungerous debate:

xxiii. Of which whilest they discoursed both together,
 The faire Serena (so his Lady hight)
 Allur'd with myldnesse of the gentle wether
 And pleasaunce of the place, the which was dight
 With divers flowres distinct with rare delight,
 Wandred about the fields, as liking led
 Her wavering lust after her wandring sight,
 To make a garland to adorne her hed,
 Without suspect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

xxiv. All sodainely out of the forrest nere
 The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
 Caught her, thus loosely wandring here and there,
 And in his wide great mouth away her bare
 Crying aloud to shew her sad misfare
 Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
 Who with the horreur of her haplesse care
 Hastily starting up, like men dismayde,
 Ran after fast to reskue the distressed mayde.

xxv. The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
 Into the wood was bearing her apace
 For to have spoyled her, when Calidore,
 Who was more light of foote and swift in chace,
 Him overtooke in middest of his race;
 And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
 Forst to forgoe his pray there in the place,
 And to betake him selfe to fearefull flight;
 For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

- xxvi. Who nathelesse, when he the Lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the Monster in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him so fast,
That he nould let him breath, nor gather spright,
But forst him gape and gaspe, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh asunder brast.
- xxvii. And now by this Sir Calepine (so hight)
Came to the place where he his Lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both sides through grypt with griesly wound,
His weapons soone from him he threw away,
And stouping downe to her in drery swound
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to stay.
- xxviii. So well he did his busie paines apply,
That the faint sprite he did revoke againe
To her fraile mansion of mortality:
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And setting on his steede her did sustaine
With carefull hands, soft footing her beside;
Till to some place of rest they mote attaine,
Where she in safe assuraunce mote abide,
Till she recured were of those her woundes wide.
- xxix. Now when as Phœbus with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho waxing weary of that toylesome paine,
In travelling on foote so long a space,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers syde
He chaunst to spie a faire and stately place,
To which he meant his weary steps to guyde,
In hope there for his love some succour to provyde.
- xxx. But, comming to the rivers side, he found
That hardly passable on foote it was;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,

Ne wist which way he through the foord mote pas:
 Thus whilest he was in this distressed case,
 Devising what to doe, he nigh espyde
 An armed Knight approaching to the place
 With a faire Lady lincked by his syde,
 The which themselves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

xxxI. Whom Calepine saluting (as became)
 Besought of courtesie, in that his neede,
 For safe conducting of his sickely Dame
 Through that same perillous foord with better heede,
 To take him up behinde upon his steed;
 To whom that other did this taunt returne:
 "Perdy, thou peasant Knight mightst rightly reed
 Me then to be full base and evill borne,
 If I would beare behinde a burden of such scorne.

xxxII. "But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with shame,
 So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
 And let thy Lady likewise doe the same,
 Or beare her on thy backe with pleasing payne,
 And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne."
 With which rude speach his Lady much displeased
 Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
 And would on her owne Palfrey him have eased,
 For pittie of his Dame whom she saw so diseased.

xxxIII. Sir Calepine her thanckt; yet, inly wroth
 Against her Knight, her gentlenesse refused,
 And carelesly into the river goth,
 As in despight to be so fowle abused
 Of a rude churle, whom often he accused
 Of fowle discourtesie, unfit for Knight,
 And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
 With speare in th' one hand stayd him selfe upright,
 With th' other staide his Lady up with steddy might.

xxxIV. And all the while that same discourteous Knight
 Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
 At whose calamity, for more despight,
 He laught, and mockt to see him like to swim:
 But when as Calepine came to the brim,
 And saw his carriage past that perill well,

Looking at that same Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did breake in speaches sharpe and fell:

xxxv. "Unknightly Knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe! I defie thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe those armes forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unlesse thou dare, for thy deare Ladies sake
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight
To justifie thy fault gainst me in equall fight."

xxxvi. The dastard, that did heare him selfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did scorne the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.
So much the more was Calepine offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him selfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward so to be condemned.

xxxvii. But he, nought weighing what he sayd or did,
Turned his steede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Castle rid,
Where was his won: ne did the other stay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his sicke charge some harbour there to seeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke
And myld entreaty lodging did for her beseeke.

xxxviii. But the rude Porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad:
Nathelesse the Knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly praid to let them in that night;
Who to him aunswer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unlesse that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

xxxix. "Full loth am I," (quoth he) "as now at earst
 When day is spent, and rest us needeth most,
 And that this Lady, both whose sides are pearst
 With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghost;
 Ne would I gladly combate with mine host,
 That should to me such curtesie afford,
 Unlesse that I were thereunto enforst:
 But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
 That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford?"

xl. "His name," (quoth he) "if that thou list to learne,
 Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
 And manhood rare, but terrible and stearne
 In all assaies to every errant Knight,
 Because of one that wrought him fowle despight."
 "Ill seemes," (sayd he) "if he so valiaunt be,
 That he should be so sterne to stranger wight;
 For seldome yet did living creature see
 That curtesie and manhood ever disagree."

xli. "But go thy waies to him, and fro me say,
 That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
 That house-rome craves; yet would be loth t' assay
 The prooffe of battell now in doubtfull night,
 Or curtesie with rudenesse to requite:
 Yet, if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
 And tell with all the lamentable plight
 In which this Lady languisheth forlorne,
 That pittie craves, as he of woman was yborne."

xlII. The groome went streight way in, and to his Lord
 Declar'd the message which that Knight did move:
 Who, sitting with his Lady then at bord,
 No onely did not his demaund approve,
 But both him selfe revil'd and eke his love;
 Albe his Lady, that Blandina hight,
 Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
 And earnestly entreated, that they might
 Finde favour to be lodged there for that same night.

xlIII. Yet would he not perswaded be for ought,
 Ne from his currish will a whit reclame.
 Which answer when the groome returning brought

To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathful fury for so foule a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee;
But most for pittie of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did see,
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV. But all in vaine; for-why no remedy
He saw the present mischiefe to redresse,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addresse.
So downe he tooke his Lady in distresse,
And layd her underneath a bush to sleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedness;
Whiles he him selfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her safeguard keepe.

XLV. The morrow next, so soone as joyous day
Did shew it selfe in sunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkenesse dread and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies sake, full loth
To make there lenger stay, forth on his journey goth.

XLVI. He goth on foote all armed by her side,
Upstaying still her selfe uppon her steede,
Being unhable else alone to ride,
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did bleede;
Till that at length, in his extreamest neede,
He chaunst far off an armed Knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speede;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his misery.

XLVII. Wherefore he stayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betyde:
Tho, whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine signes he plainly him descryde
To be the man that with such scornfull pryde
Had him abuse and shamed yesterday;

Therefore, misdoubting least he should misguyde
 His former malice to some new assay,
 He cast to keepe him selfe so safely as he may.

XLVIII. By this the other came in place likewise,
 And couching close his speare and all his powre,
 As bent to some malicious enterprise,
 He bad him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
 Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure
 Of the lewd words and deedes which he had done:
 With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
 His life attonce; who nought could do but shun
 The perill of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX. Yet he him still pursew'd from place to place,
 With full intent him cruelly to kill,
 And like a wilde goate round about did chace
 Flying the fury of his bloody will:
 But his best succour and refuge was still
 Behinde his Ladies back; who to him cryde,
 And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
 As ever he to Lady was affyde,
 To spare her Knight, and rest with reason pacifyde:

L. But he the more thereby enraged was,
 And with more eager felnesse him pursew'd;
 So that at length, after long weary chace,
 Having by chaunce a close advantage vew'd,
 He over raught him, having long eschew'd
 His violence in vaine; and with his spere
 Strooke through his shoulder, that the blood ensew'd
 In great aboundance, as a well it were
 That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did appere.

LI. Yet ceast he not for all that cruell wound,
 But chaste him still for all his Ladies cry;
 Not satisfyde till on the fatall ground
 He saw his life powrd forth despiteously;
 The which was certes in great jeopardy,
 Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought.
 And saved from his cruell villany.
 Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought!
 That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

CANTO IV

Calepine by a salvage man
From Turpine reskewed is;
And, whylest an Infant from a Beare
He saves, his love doth misse.

- I. LIKE as a ship with dreadfull storme long tost,
Having spent all her mastes and her groundhold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be lost,
At last some fisher-barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the state of this most courteous knight
Being oppressed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in most perilous plight,
And his sad Ladie left in pitifull affright:
- II. Till that, by fortune passing all foresight,
A salvage man, which in those woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous shright,
Toward the same incessantly did ronne
To understand what there was to be donne:
There he this most discourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet as when he first begonne,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound.
- III. The salvage man, that never till this houre
Did taste of pittie, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharpe assault and cruell stoure,
Was much enmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feele compassion of his evill plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursew;
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that so villenous despight.
- IV. Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;

But naked, without needfull vestiments
 To clad his corpse with meete habiliments,
 He cared not for dint of sword nor speere,
 No more then for the stroke of strawes or bents:
 For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
 He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

v. He stayed not t'advize which way were best
 His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force infest
 Upon him ran; who being well prepard
 His first assault full warily did ward,
 And with the push of his sharp-pointed speare
 Full on the breast him strooke, so strong and hard
 That forst him backe recoyle and reele areare,
 Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appeare.

vi. With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
 Like to a Tygre that hath mist his pray,
 And with mad moode againe upon him flew,
 Regarding neither speare that mote him slay,
 Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay:
 The salvage nation doth all dread despire,
 Tho on his shield he griple hold did lay,
 And held the same so hard, that by no wize
 He could him force to loose, or leave his enterprize.

vii. Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
 And every way did try, but all in vaine;
 For he would not his greedie grype forgoe,
 But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
 That from his steed him nigh he drew againe:
 Who having now no use of his long speare
 So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to straine,
 Both speare and shield, as things that needlesse were,
 He quite forsooke, and fled himselfe away for feare.

viii. But after him the wyld man ran apace,
 And him pursewed with importune speed,
 (For he was swift as any Bucke in chace)
 And, had he not in his extreamest need
 Bene helped through the swiftnesse of his steed,
 He had him overtaken in his flight.

Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out, a thing uncomely for a knight.

- ix. But, when the Salvage saw his labour vaine
In following of him that fled so fast,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With speede unto the place, whereas he last
Had left that couple nere their utmost cast:
There he that knight full sorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghast,
Both for the perill of the present stound,
And also for the sharpnesse of her rankling wound:
- x. For though she were right glad so rid to bee
From that vile lozell which her late offended;
Yet now no lesse encombrance she did see,
And perill, by this salvage man pretended,
Gainst whom she saw no meanes to be defended,
By reason that her knight was wounded sore:
Therefore her selfe she wholly recommended
To Gods sole grace, whom she did oft implore
To send her succour, being of all hope forlore.
- xi. But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compassion of her dolefull stound,
Kissing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none, nor speach,
But a soft murmure and confused sound
Of senselesse words, which nature did him teach
T' expresse his passions, which his reason did empeach.
- xii. And, comming likewise to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the streames of purple blood
Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
He made great mone after his salvage mood;
And, running streight into the thickest wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whose vertue he by use well understood;
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And stopt the bleeding straight, ere he it staunched thought.

- xiii. Then taking up that Recreants shield and speare,
Which earst he left, he signes unto them made
With him to wend unto his winning neare;
To which he easily did them perswade.
Farre in the forrest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossie shrubs, which spredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wyld beasts durst come, there was this wights
abode.
- xiv. Thether he brought these unacquainted guests,
To whom faire semblance, as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes, and all his other gests;
But the bare ground with hoarie mosse bestrowed
Must be their bed; their pillow was unsowed:
And the frutes of the forest was their feast;
For their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wyld beast
Did taste the bloud, obaying natures first beheast.
- xv. Yet, howsoever base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And sav'd from being to that caytive thrall,
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselves awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That having there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe unto the rest.
- xvi. During which time that wyld man did apply
His best endeavour and his daily paine
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe;
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly unsound.
- xvii. Now when as Calepine was woxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abrode to wend,
To take the ayre and heare the thrushes song,

Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without sword his person to defend:
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, besprinckled all with gore.

xviii. The litle babe did loudly srike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To Calepine, whose eares those shrieches shrill,
Percing his hart, with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat overpast,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

xix. Well then him chaunst his heavy armes to want,
Whose burden mote empeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant;
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

xx. So well he sped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he overtooke and forst to stay;
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to loose his pray
Upon him turned, and, with greedie force
And furie to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorse
To be aveng'd on him and to devoure his corse.

xxi. But the bold knight no whit thereat dismayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,

Being unable to digest that bone;
 Ne could it upward come, nor downward passe,
 Ne could he brooke the coldnesse of the stony masse.

xxii. Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
 Stryving in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
 He with him closd, and, laying mightie hold
 Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
 That wanting breath him downe to ground he cast;
 And, then oppressing him with urgent paine,
 Ere long enforst to breath his utmost blast,
 Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine,
 And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre
 to traine.

xxiii. Then tooke he up betwixt his armes twaine
 The litle babe, sweet relickes of his pray;
 Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
 From his soft eyes the teares he wypt away,
 And from his face the filth that did it ray;
 And every litle limbe he searcht around,
 And every part that under sweath-bands lay,
 Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
 Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

xxiv. So, having all his bands againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe;
 But when he lookt about on every syde,
 To weet which way were best to entertaine
 To bring him to the place where he would faine,
 He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
 Ne by inquirie learne, nor ghesse by ayme;
 For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
 That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

xxv. Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
 Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
 Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell:
 So up and downe he wandred many a mile
 With weary travell and uncertaine toile,
 Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end,
 And evermore his lovely litle spoile
 Crying for food did greatly him offend:
 So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

- xxvi. At last, about the setting of the Sunne,
Him selfe out of the forest he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where, looking all about where he mote fynd
Some place of succour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forrests syde
A voice, that seemed of some woman kynd,
Which to her selfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.
- xxvii. To whom approching, when as she perceived
A stranger wight in place, her plaint she stayd,
As if she doubted to have bene deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrowes be bewrayd:
Whom when as Calepine saw so dismayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandishment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her sayd:
“What be you, wofull Dame, which thus lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not repent.”
- xxviii. To whom she thus: “What need me, Sir, to tell
That which your selfe have earst ared so right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redressed be by living wight!”
“Nathlesse,” (quoth he) “if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it disclose to ease your grieved spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unsought, which seeking cannot fynd.”
- xxix. Then thus began the lamentable Dame:
“Sith then ye needs will know the grieve I hoord,
I am th’ unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of bold Sir Bruin, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer’d by his sword
From a great Gyant, called Cormoraunt,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord;
And in three battailes did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.
- xxx. “So is my Lord now seiz’d of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,

Ne any dares with him for it debate.
 And to these happie fortunes cruell fate
 Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
 All these our joyes, and all our blisse abate;
 And like in time to further ill to grow,
 And all this land with endlesse losse to overflow.

xxxI. "For th' heavens, envying our prosperitie,
 Have not vouchsaft to graunt unto us twaine
 The gladfull blessing of posteritie,
 Which we might see after our selves remaine
 In th' heritage of our unhappie paine:
 So that for want of heires it to defend,
 All is in time like to returne againe
 To that foule feend, who dayly doth attend
 To leape into the same after our lives end.

xxxII. "But most my Lord is grieved herewithall,
 And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
 That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
 For which he long in vaine did sweate and swinke,
 That now the same he greatly doth forthinke.
 Yet was it sayd, there should to him a sonne
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drinke
 And dry up all the water which doth ronne
 In the next brooke, by whom that feend shold be
 fordonne.

xxxIII. "Well hop't he then, when this was propheside,
 That from his sides some noble chyld should rize,
 The which through fame should farre be magnifide,
 And this proud gyant should with brave emprise
 Quite overthrow; who now ginnes to despize
 The good Sir Bruin growing farre in yeares,
 Who thinkes from me his sorrow all doth rize.
 Lo! this my cause of grieve to you appears;
 For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth cease-
 lesse teares."

xxxIV. Which when he heard, he inly touched was
 With tender ruth for her unworthy grieve;
 And, when he had devized of her case,
 He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe

For all her paine, if please her make the priefe;
 And, having cheared her, thus said: " Faire Dame,
 In evils counsell is the comfort chiefe;
 Which though I be not wise enough to frame,
 Yet, as I well it meane, vouchsafe it without blame.

xxxv. " If that the cause of this your languishment
 Be lacke of children to supply your place,
 Lo! how good fortune doth to you present
 This litle babe, of sweete and lovely face,
 And spotlesse spirit in which ye may enchace
 Whatever formes ye list thereto apply,
 Being now soft and fit them to embrace;
 Whether ye list him traine in chevalry,
 Or nourlsle up in lore of learn'd Philosophy.

xxxvi. " And, certes, it hath oftentimes bene seene,
 That of the like, whose linage was unknowne,
 More brave and noble knights have raysed beene
 (As their victorious deedes have often shoven,
 Being with fame through many Nations blowen,)
 Then those which have bene dandled in the lap:
 Therefore some thought that those brave imps were
 sowen
 Here by the Gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
 That made them grow so hight t' all honorable hap."

xxxvii. The Ladie, hearkning to his sensefull speach,
 Found nothing that he said unmeet nor geason,
 Having oft seene it tryde as he did teach:
 Therefore inclyning to his goodly reason,
 Agreeing well both with the place and season,
 She gladly did of that same babe accept,
 As of her owne by liverey and seisin;
 And, having over it a litle wept,
 She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

xxxviii. Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
 Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought,
 Ne she lesse glad; for she so wisely did,
 And with her husband under hand so wrought,
 That, when that infant unto him she brought,
 She made him think it surely was his owne;

And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes; the which elsewhere are
showne.

xxxix. But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenewoods side in sorie plight,
Withouten armes or steede to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heavens spight,
Albe that Dame, by all the meanes she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courtesie to requite,
Both horse and armes and what so else to lend,
Yet he them all refusd, though thankd her as a frend;

xl. And, for exceeding grieve which inly grew
That he his love so lucklesse now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himselfe he threw
For fell despight to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or understand that she in safetie did remaine.

CANTO V

The salvage serves Serena well,
 Till she Prince Arthure fynd;
 Who her, together with his Squyre,
 With th' Hermit leaves behynd.

- i. O WHAT an easie thing is to descry
 The gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt
 In sad misfortunes foule deformity
 And wretched sorrowes, which have often hapt!
 For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
 Like this wyld man being undisciplynd,
 That to all vertue it may seeme unapt,
 Yet will it shew some sparkes of gentle mynd,
 And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kynd.
- ii. That plainely may in this wyld man be red,
 Who, though he were still in this desert wood,
 Mongst salvage beasts both rudely borne and bred,
 Ne ever saw faire guize, ne learned good,
 Yet shewd some token of his gentle blood
 By gentle usage of that wretched Dame:
 For certes he was borne of noble blood,
 How ever by hard hap he hether came,
 As ye may know when time shall be to tell the same.
- iii. Who, when as now long time he lacked had
 The good Sir Calepine, that farre was strayd,
 Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afayd;
 And, leaving there this Ladie all dismayd,
 Went forth streightway into the forest wyde
 To seeke if he perchance asleep were layd,
 Or what so else were unto him betyde:
 He sought him farre and neare, yet him no where he spyde.
- iv. Tho, backe returning to that sorie Dame,
 He shewed semblant of exceeding mone
 By speaking signes, as he them best could frame,

Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
 Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
 That ruth it was to see him so lament:
 By which she well perceiving what was done,
 Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
 And beat her breast, and piteously her selfe torment.

v. Upon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
 Regardlesse of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
 That with her bloud did all the flore imbrew,
 As if her breast, new launcht with murderous knife,
 Would streight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
 There she long groveling and deepe groning lay,
 As if her vitall powers were at strife
 With stronger death, and feared their decay:
 Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

vi. Whom when the Salvage saw so sore distrest,
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
 And sought by all the meanes that he could best
 Her to recure out of that stony swound,
 And staunch the bleeding of her dreary wound:
 Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
 Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
 But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
 And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought.

vii. At length, when as no hope of his retourne
 She saw now left, she cast to leave the place,
 And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that sorie case.
 His steede, now strong through rest so long a space,
 Well as she could she got, and did bedight;
 And being thereon mounted forth did pace
 Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
 Or gard her to defend from bold oppressors might.

viii. Whom when her Host saw readie to depart,
 He would not suffer her alone to fare,
 But gan himselfe addresse to take her part.
 Those warlike armes which Calepine whyleare
 Had left behind he gan eftsoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,

His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without sword upon his thigh to sit:
Sir Calepine himselfe away had hidden it.

- ix. So forth they traveld, an uneven payre
That mote to all men seeme an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matcht with a Ladie fayre,
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might,
Gotten by spoyle then purchaced aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villeny,
Ne ever shewed signe of foule disloyalty.
- x. Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chaunst some furniture about her steed
To be disordred by some accident,
Which to redresse she did th' assistance need
Of this her groome; which he by signes did reede,
And streight his combrous armes aside did lay
Upon the ground withouten doubt or dreed;
And in his homely wize began to assay
T' amend what was amisse, and put in right aray.
- xi. Bout which whilest he was busied thus hard
Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came ryding thetherward;
Which seemed, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Those were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince Arthur and young Timias, which met
By straunge occasion that here needs forth be set.
- xii. After that Timias had againe recured
The favour of Belphebe (as ye heard)
And of her grace did stand againe assured,
To happie blisse he was full high uprear'd,
Nether of envy nor of chaunge afeard:
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unjust detraction him did beard,
Yet he himselfe so well and wisely bore,
That in her souveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

- xiii. But of them all which did his ruine seeke,
Three mightie enemies did him most despight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by slight:
The first of them by name was cald Despetto,
Exceeding all the rest in powre and hight;
The second, not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third, nor strong nor wise, but spightfullest, Defetto.
- xiv. Oftimes their sundry powres they did employ,
And several deceipts, but all in vaine;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treasons subtill traine.
Therefore, conspiring all together plaine,
They did their counsels now in one compound:
Where singled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.
The Blatant Beast the fittest meanes they found
To worke his utter shame, and throughly him confound.
- xv. Upon a day, as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for salvage game,
They sent that Blatant Beast to be a baite
To draw him from his deare beloved dame
Unwares into the daunger of defame;
For well they wist that Squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forrest, wylde or tame,
Met him in chase but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.
- xvi. The hardy boy, as they devised had,
Seeing the ugly Monster passing by,
Upon him set, of perill nought adrad,
He skilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him so fierce and furiously,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled he with his tooth impure
Him heedlesse bit, the whiles he was thereof secure.
- xvii. Securely he did after him pursew,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,

To weary him the more and waste his spight,
So that he now has almost spent his spright,
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopt his further sight:
There his three foes shrowded in guilefull shade
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to invade.

xviii. Sharpely they all attonce did him assaile,
Burning with inward rancour and despright,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from percing thorough quite:
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his backe for best safegard
He lent against a tree, that backward onset bard.

xix. Like a wylde Bull, that, being at a bay,
Is bayted of a mastiffe and a hound
And a curre-dog, that doe him sharpe assay
On every side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sownd,
And creeping still behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that Squire his foes disperse and drive asonder.

xx. Him well behaved so; for his three foes
Sought to encompassse him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose:
But most of all Defetto him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him still to have destroyde;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent;
But stout Despetto in his greater pryde
Did front him, face to face against him bent:
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

xxi. Till that at length, nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke and somewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have escaped hard;
When as unwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steede, that with his neighing fast

Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
 With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
 Revived was, and sad dispaire away did cast.

xxii. Eftsoones he spide a Knight approching nye;
 Who, seeing one in so great daunger set
 Mongst many foes, him selfe did faster hye
 To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
 For pittie so to see him overset:
 Whom soone as his three enemies did vew,
 They fled, and fast into the wood did get.
 Him booted not to thinke them to pursew,
 The covert was so thicke that did no passage shew.

xxiii. Then turning to that swaine him well he knew
 To be his Timias, his owne true Squire;
 Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
 And, him embracing twixt his armes entire,
 Him thus bespake: "My lief, my lifes desire,
 Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
 Tell me what worlds despight, or heavens yre,
 Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
 Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene
 weft?"

xxiv. With that he sighed deepe for inward tyne:
 To whom the Squire nought aunswered againe,
 But, shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
 His dear affect with silence did restraine,
 And shut up all his plaint in privy paine.
 There they awhile some gracious speaches spent,
 As to them seemed fit time to entertaine;
 After all which up to their steedes they went,
 And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

xxv. So now they be arrived both in sight
 Of this wyld man, whom they full busie found
 About the sad Serena things to dight,
 With those brave armours lying on the ground,
 That seem'd the spoile of some right well renownd:
 Which when that Squire beheld, he to them stept
 Thinking to take them from that hylding hound;
 But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
 And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept.

- xxvi. Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he strooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence soone upstarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have slaine;
Who it perceiving hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayd.
- xxvii. With that aloude the faire Serena cryde
Unto the Knight, them to dispart in twaine;
Who to them stepping did them soone divide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that salvage villaines hand?
And whether free with him she now were, or in band?
- xxviii. To whom she thus: "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame that lives this day on ground;
Who both in minde, the which most grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chaunce be done to pine
Since I him lately lost, uneath is to define.
- xxix. "In salvage forrest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this bene dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull stead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In such a salvage wight, of brutish kynd,
Amongst wilde beastes in desert forrests bred,
It is most straunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity and perfect gentle mynd.
- xxx. "Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expresse his simple minde,

Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speake:
 Small praise to prove your powre on wight so weake."
 With such faire words she did their heat asswage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
 That they to pittie turnd their former rage,
 And each sought to supply the office of her page.

xxxI. So having all things well about her dight,
 She on her way cast forward to proceede,
 And they her forth conducted, where they might
 Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede;
 For now her wounds corruption gan to breed:
 And eke this Squire, who likewise wounded was
 Of that same Monster late, for lacke of heed
 Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
 Through feeblenesse, which all his limbes oppressed has.

xxxII. So forth they rode together all in troupe
 To seeke some place the which mote yeeld some ease
 To these sicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
 And all the way the Prince sought to appease
 The bitter anguish of their sharpe disease
 By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
 Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
 And otherwhile with good encouragement
 To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

xxxIII. Mongst which Serena did to him relate
 The foule discour'tsies and unknighly parts,
 Which Turpine had unto her shewed late,
 Without compassion of her cruell smarts:
 Although Blandina did with all her arts
 Him otherwise perswade all that she might,
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

xxxIV. Wherewith the Prince sore moved there avoud
 That soone as he returned backe againe,
 He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
 And shamefull Knight of whom she did complaine.
 This wize did they each other entertaine
 To passe the tedious travell of the way,

Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood the which annoy it may.

xxxv. And nigh thereto a little Chappell stooode,
Which being all with Yvy overspred
Deckt all the roofe, and, shadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over-hed:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In streight observaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these Knights arriv'd, they wist not where
nor how.

xxxvi. They stayd not there, but streightway in did pas:
Whom when the Hermite present saw in place,
From his devotion streight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace
With stayed steps and grave beseeming grace:
For well it seem'd that whilome he had beene
Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all; and well did weene
How each to entertaine with curt'sie well beseene.

xxxvii. And soothly it was sayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe;
But being aged now, and weary to
Of warres delight and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did disavow;
And, hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe assoyle.

xxxviii. He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their steedes to graze upon the greene.
Small was his house, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes and flowers gay beseene:
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with such forged showes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles that curtesies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

xxxix. Yet was their fare but homely, such as hee
Did use his feeble body to sustaine,
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well suffiz'd them rested faine.
But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the Blatant Beast
Had given them, whose grieffe through suffraunce sore
increast.

xl. So all that night they past in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them also ease,
And some asswagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they rose, and gan them selves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were sicke; their sides were sore; their
feete were lame.

xli. Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger stay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd
In that good Hermits charge; whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the salvage, (that whyleare
Seeing his royall usage and array
Was greatly growne in love of that brave pere,)
Would needes depart; as shall declared be elsewhere.

CANTO VI

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and shame
For his late villanies.

- i. No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the poysnous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might,
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the skill, which that immortall spright
Of Podalyrius did in it retaine,
Can remedy such hurts: such hurts are hellish paine.
- ii. Such were the wounds the which that Blatant Beast
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And, being such, were now much more increast
For want of taking heede unto the same,
That now corrupt and curelesse they became:
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his best,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poysnous humour which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely drest.
- iii. For he right well in Leaches craft was seene;
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes tossed beene
And past through many perillous assayes,
He knew the diverse went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsell, when they went astray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the passions heale which wound the weaker spright.
- iv. For whylome he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,

Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
 And in all battels bore away the baies:
 But being now attacht with timely age,
 And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
 He tooke him selfe unto this Hermitage,
 In which he liv'd alone, like carelesse bird in cage.

v. One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
 He found that they had festred privily;
 And ranckling inward with unruly stounds,
 The inner parts now gan to putrify,
 That quite they seem'd past helpe of surgery;
 And rather needed to be disciplinde
 With holesome reede of sad sobriety,
 To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
 Give salves to every sore, but counsell to the minde.

vi. So, taking them apart into his cell,
 He to that point fit speaches gan to frame,
 As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
 And eke could doe as well as say the same;
 And thus he to them sayd: " Faire daughter Dame,
 And you, faire Sonne, which here thus long now lie
 In piteous languor since ye hither came,
 In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
 And I likewise in vaine doe salves to you applie:

vii. " For in your selfe your onely helpe doth lie
 To heale your selves, and must proceed alone
 From your owne will to cure your maladie.
 Who can him cure that will be cur'd of none?
 If therefore health ye seeke, observe this one:
 First learne your outward senses to refraine
 From things that stirre up fraile affection;
 Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talk restraine
 From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

viii. " For from those outward sences, ill affected,
 The seede of all this evill first doth spring,
 Which at the first, before it had infected,
 Mote easie be suppress with little thing;
 But being growen strong it forth doth bring
 Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient paine,

In th' inner parts; and lastly, scattering
Contagious poyson close through every vaine,
It never rests till it have wrought his finall bane.

ix. " For that beastes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty yron ranckling sore,
That where they bite it booteth not to weene
With salve, or antidote, or other mene,
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought,
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foule Echidna, as in bookes is taught.

x. " Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her hed,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts professe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinesse.

xi. " To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkenesse, furthest from the skie
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enrolld doth lie
In hideous horreur and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age:
There did Typhaon with her company;
Cruell Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes asswage.

xii. " Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

- xiii. "In vaine therefore it were with medicine
 To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,
 That rather needes wise read and discipline,
 Then outward salves that may augment it more."
 "Aye me!" (sayd then Serena, sighing sore)
 "What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
 If that no salves may us to health restore?"
 "But sith we need good counsell," (sayd the swaine)
 "Aread, good Sire, some counsell that may us sustaine."
- xiv. "The best" (sayd he) "that I can you advize,
 Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
 For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
 Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
 Abstaine from pleasure, and restraîne your will;
 Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
 Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill;
 Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
 So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight."
- xv. Thus having sayd, his sickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
 And kept so well his wise commaundements,
 That in short space their malady was ceast,
 And eke the biting of that harmefull Beast
 Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
 Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincrease,
 Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
 And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:
- xvi. But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
 The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
 Now left alone in great extremity;
 The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
 Would not her leave alone in her great need.
 So both together traveld, till they met
 With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
 Upon a mangy jade unmeetely set,
 And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.
- xvii. But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
 And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
 I must awhile forbear to you to tell;

Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir Calepine so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickely were,
So lewdly had abusde, as ye did lately heare.

xviii. The Prince, according to the former token
Which faire Serene to him delivered had,
Pursu'd him streight; in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man; whom though be oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrayned be from his attendement.

xix. Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wyde ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there must make abode:
The whiles the salvage man did take his steede,
And in some stable neare did set him up to feede.

xx. Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked, what he was
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe?
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embase,
Mylde answer made, he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight
Received had, and prayd to pittie his ill plight.

xxi. But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for-why his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,

Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt,
 And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
 To thrust him out of dore doing his worst assay.

xxii. Which when the Salvage, comming now in place,
 Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
 And, running streight upon that villaine base,
 Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
 And with his teeth and nailes, in present vew,
 Him rudely rent and all to peeces tore;
 So miserably him all helpelesse slew,
 That with the noise, whilst he did loudly rore,
 The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

xxiii. Who when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
 And that same Knight and Salvage standing by,
 Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
 And on them layd so huge and horribly,
 As if they would have slaine them presently:
 But the bold Prince defended him so well,
 And their assault withstood so mightily,
 That, maugre all their might, he did repell
 And beat them back, whilst many underneath him fell.

xxiv. Yet he them still so sharpely did pursew,
 That few of them he left alive, which fled
 Those evill tidings to their Lord to shew:
 Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
 Came forth in hast; where, when as with the dead
 He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
 And Salvage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
 He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
 And with reprochfull words him thus bespake on hight.

xxv. "Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
 Hast slaine my men in this unmanly maner,
 And now triumphest in the piteous spoile
 Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
 And foule defame doe decke thy bloody baner?
 The meede whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
 And wretched end which still attendeth on her."
 With that him selfe to battell he did frame;
 So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

- xxvi. With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse
He wist not to which side him to addresse:
And evermore that craven cowerd Knight
Was at his backe with heartlesse heedinesse,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might;
For cowardize doth still in villany delight.
- xxvii. Whereof whenas the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.
- xxviii. Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him hasted
Through the thick prease, there thinking him to hyde:
But, when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to shrink asyde,
But joyning close huge lode at him did lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly away.
- xxix. But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forsake
Where so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whylest every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chace,
That made him evermore increase his speedie pace.
- xxx. At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.

There did the Prince him overtake anone,
 Crying in vaine to her him to bemone;
 And with his sword him on the head did smyte,
 That to the ground he fell in senselesse swone:
 Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
 The tempred steele did not into his braynepan byte.

xxxI. Which when the Ladie saw, with great affright
 She starting up began to shrieke aloud;
 And with her garment covering him from sight,
 Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
 And falling lowly at his feet her bowd
 Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
 And often him besought, and prayd, and vowd,
 That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
 He stayd his second strooke, and did his hand abase.

xxxII. Her weed she then withdrawing did him discover;
 Who now come to himselfe yet would not rize,
 But still did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
 That even the Prince his basenesse did despize;
 And eke his Dame, him seeing in such guize,
 Gan him recomfort and from ground to reare:
 Who rising up at last in ghastly wize,
 Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appeare,
 As one that had no life him left through former feare.

xxxIII. Whom when the Prince so deadly saw dismayd,
 He for such basenesse shamefully him shent,
 And with sharpe words did bitterly upbrayd:
 "Vile cowheard dogge! now doe I much repent,
 That ever I this life unto thee lent,
 Whereof thou, caytive, so unworthie art,
 That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
 And eke thy selfe, for want of manly hart,
 And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightlesse
 part.

xxxIV. "Yet further hast thou heaped shame to shame,
 And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare:
 For first, it was to thee reprochfull blame
 To erect this wicked custome, which I heare
 Gainst errant Knights and Ladies thou dost reare;

Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms despoile,
Or of their upper garment which they weare;
Yet doest thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evil use, thy foes thereby to foile.

xxxv. "And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To show such faintnesse and foule cowardize
Is greatest shame; for oft it falles, that strong
And valiant Knights doe rashly enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet have through prowesse and their brave emprize
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then
right.

xxxvi. "Yet, since thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and scorne,
Ne ever armes ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to professe; for shame is to adorne
With so brave badges one so basely borne:
But onely breath, sith that I did forgive."
So having from his craven bodie torne
Those goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely suffred him this wretched life to live.

xxxvii. There whilest he thus was setling things above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that salvage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slaine in so unequall fight:
Therefore descending backe in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

xxxviii. There he him found environed about
With slaughtred bodies which his hand had slaine,
And laying yet afresh, with courage stout,
Upon the rest that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constraine,
Like scattred sheepe, to seeke for safetie,
After he gotten had with busie paine

Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them fast to flie.

xxxix. Whom when the Prince so felly saw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he stayd,
And sought by making signes him to asswage;
Who them perceiving streight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heasts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

xl. Whom when the Salvage saw from daunger free,
Sitting beside his Ladie there at ease,
He well remembred that the same was hee,
Which lately sought his Lord for to displease:
Tho all in rage he on him streight did seaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent:
And, were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But streight he held his hand at his commaundement.

xli. Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himselfe there all that night did rest;
Where him Blandina fayrely entertayned
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous
skill.

xlII. Yet were her words and lookes but false and fayned,
To some hid end to make more easie way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weepe and pray,
And when her listed she could fawne and flatter;
Now smyling smoothly like to sommers day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

- XLIII. Whether such grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde,
Or learn'd the art to please, I doe not fynd:
This well I wote, that she so well applyde
Her pleasing tongue, that soone she pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her husbands peace:
Who nathelasse, not therewith satisfyde,
His rancorous despight did not releasse,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surceasse:
- XLIV. For all that night, the whyles the Prince did rest
In carelesse couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in close awayt with weapons prest,
Willing to worke his villenous intent
On him that had so shamefully him shent:
Yet durst he not for very cowardize
Effect the same, whylest all the night was spent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And passed forth to follow his first enterprize.

CANTO VII

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
 Doe gaine their treasons meed:
 Fayre Mirabellaes punishment
 For Loves disdainde decreed.

- I. LIKE as the gentle hart it selfe bewrayes
 In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
 Even so the baser mind it selfe displayes
 In cancred malice and revengefull spight:
 For to maligne, t' envie, t' use shifting slight,
 Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
 Which, what it dare not doe by open might,
 To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,
 By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.
- II. That well appears in this discourteous knight,
 The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;
 Who notwithstanding that in former fight
 He of the Prince his life received late,
 Yet in his mind, malitious and ingrate,
 He gan devize to be aveng'd anew
 For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:
 Therefore, so soone as he was out of vew,
 Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.
- III. Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,
 Yet would not neare approach in daungers eye,
 But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,
 Untill fit time and place he mote espy,
 Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.
 At last he met two knights to him unknowne,
 The which were armed both agreeably,
 And both combynd, whatever chaunce were blowne
 Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.
- IV. To whom false Turpine comming courteously,
 To cloke the mischief which he inly ment,
 Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,

Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie shent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

v. The knights beleev'd that all he sayd was trew;
And being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,
And eke desirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; "Where is that wight
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and punish him with speed?"

vi. "He rides" (said Turpine) "there not farre afore,
With a wyld man soft footing by his syde;
That, if ye list to haste a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde."
Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And, ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they spyde,
Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

vii. Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, false traytour knight,
Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall spight
Did bend their speares, and both with equall might
Against him ran; but th' one did misse his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

viii. But th' other, ayming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the flowre:
But the stout Prince, with much more steddly stowre,
Full on his bever did him strike so sore,

That the cold steele, through piercing, did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

IX. As when a cast of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneshaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Her selfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

X. By this the other, which was passed by,
Himselfe recovering was return'd to fight,
Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,
He much was daunted with so dismall sight;
Yet, nought abating of his former spight,
Let drive at him with so malicious mynd,
As if he would have passed through him quight;
But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,
But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

XI. Not so the Prince; for his well-learned speare
Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,
And to him leaping vengeance thought to take
Of him for all his former follies meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.

XII. The fearfull swayne beholding death so nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie, him to save;
In lieu whereof he would to him descrie
Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus said he: "There is a straunger knight,
The which, for promise of great meed, us drave
To this attempt to wreake his hid despight,
For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

- xiii. The Prince much amused at such villenie,
 And sayd: " Now sure ye well have earn'd your meed;
 For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,
 Unlesse to me thou hether bring with speed
 The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
 The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke
 He would surceasse, but him where so he were would seeke.
- xiv. So up he rose, and forth streightway he went
 Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;
 There he him found in great astonishment,
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore,
 And griesly wounds that him appalled sore;
 Yet thus at length he said: " How now, Sir knight,
 What meaneth this which here I see before?
 How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,
 So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight? "
- xv. " Perdie," (said he) " in evill houre it fell,
 That ever I for meed did undertake
 So hard a taske as life for hyre to sell;
 The which I earst adventur'd for your sake:
 Witnesse the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
 Which ye may see yet all about me steeme.
 Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promise make,
 My due reward, the which right well I deeme
 I yearned have, that life so dearly did redeeme."
- xvi. " But where then is " (quoth he halfe wrothfully)
 " Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
 That cursed caytive, my strong enemy,
 That recreant knight, whose hated life I sought?
 And where is eke your friend which halfe it ought? "
 " He lyes " (said he) " upon the cold bare ground,
 Slayne of that errant knight with whom he fought;
 Whom afterwards my selfe with many a wound
 Did slay againe, as ye may see there in the stound."
- xvii. Thereof false Turpin was full glad and faine,
 And needs with him streight to the place would ryde,
 Where he himselfe might see his foeman slaine;

For else his feare could not be satisfyde.
 So as they rode he saw the way all dyde
 With streames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
 Ere long they came, whereas in evil tyde
 That other swayne, like ashes deadly pale,
 Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

xviii. Much did the Craven seeme to mone his case,
 That for his sake his deare life had forgone;
 And, him bewayling with affection base,
 Did counterfeit kind pittie where was none:
 For wheres no courage, theres no ruth nor mone.
 Thence passing forth not farre away he found
 Whereas the Prince himselfe lay all alone,
 Loosely displayd upon the grassie ground,
 Possessed of sweete sleepe that luld him soft in swound.

xix. Wearie of travell in his former fight,
 He there in shade himselfe had layd to rest,
 Having his armes and warlike things undight,
 Fearelesse of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whyles his salvage page, that wont be prest,
 Was wandred in the wood another way,
 To doe some thing that seemed to him best;
 The whyles his Lord in silver slomber lay,
 Like to the Evening starre adorn'd with dewy ray.

xx. Whom when as Turpin saw so loosely layd,
 He weened well that he in deed was dead,
 Like as that other knight to him had sayd;
 But, when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
 Plaine signes in him of life and livelihead:
 Whereat, much griev'd against that straunger knight,
 That him too light of credence did mislead,
 He would have backe retyred from that sight,
 That was to him on earth the deadliest despight.

xxi. But that same knight would not once let him start,
 But plainely gan to him declare the case
 Of all his mischiefe and late lucklesse smart;
 How both he and his fellow there in place
 Were vanquished, and put to foule disgrace;
 And how that he, in lieu of life him lent,

And vow'd unto the victor him to trace
And follow through the world where so he went,
Till that he him delivered to his punishment.

xxii. He, therewith much abashed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And, softly whispering him, entyrelly prayd
T' advize him better then by such a traine
Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
Yet rather counseld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustaine,
To joyne with him and vengeance to devize,
Whylest time did offer meanes him sleeping to surprize.

xxiii. Nathelesse, for all his speach the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to such villenie,
Regarding more his faith which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemye,
Then to entrap him by false treacherie:
Great shame in lieges blood to be embrew'd!
Thus whylest they were debating diverslie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood issew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he sleeping vew'd.

xxiv. There when he saw those two so neare him stand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee;
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
(To weet, great store of forrest frute which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
Himselfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he so sternely shooke,
That like an hazell wand it quivered and quooke.

xxv. Whereat the Prince awaking, when he spyde
The traytour Turpin with that other knight,
He started up; and snatching neare his syde
His trustie sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him sayd,
But, holding up his hands, with silence mercie prayd.

xxvi. But he so full of indignation was,
 That to his prayer nought he would incline,
 But, as he lay upon the humbled gras,
 His foote he set on his vile necke, in signe
 Of servile yoke, that nobler harts repine:
 Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
 He gan to him object his haynous crime,
 And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
 And lastly to despoyle of knightly bannerall.

xxvii. And after all, for greater infamie,
 He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
 And baffuld so, that all which passed by
 The picture of his punishment might see,
 And by the like ensample warned bee,
 How ever they through treason doe trespassse.
 But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
 Whom late we left ryding upon an Asse,
 Led by a Carle and foole which by her side did passe.

xviii. She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
 And lifted up to honorable place,
 Famous through all the land of Faerie:
 Though of meane parentage and kindred base,
 Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
 That all men did her person much admire,
 And praise the feature of her goodly face;
 The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
 In th' harts of many a knight, and many a gentle squire.

xxix. But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 That none she worthie thought to be her fere,
 But scornd them all that love unto her ment:
 Yet was she lov'd of many a worthy pere:
 Unworthy she to be belov'd so dere,
 That could not weigh of worthinesse aright;
 For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
 The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
 And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

xxx. But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
 That such proud looks would make her prayسد more;
 And that, the more she did all love despize,

The more would wretched lovers her adore,
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them that list their lucklesse lot deplore,
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her owne delight.

xxxI. Through such her stubborne stifnesse and hard hart,
Many a wretch for want of remedie
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whylest she, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boast her beautie had such souveraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

xxxII. But loe! the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilest she did weepe, of no man mercifide:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe resort,
That of their loves successe they there may make report;

xxxIII. It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red
In which the names of all loves folke were fyled,
That many there were missing; which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by some other violence despoyled:
Which when as Cupid heard, he waxed wroth;
And doubting to be wronged or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oth.

xxxIV. Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont doe suit and service to his might,
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld streight
T' enquire of them, whether by force, or sleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conveyd?

To whom foule Infamie and fell Despight
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd
And mured cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

xxxv. Fayre Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crymes she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wild a Capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornefull lasse.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe-errant forth in post did passe,
Whom they by name their Portamore did call;
He which doth summon lovers to loves judgement hall.

xxxvi. The damzell was attacht, and shortly brought
Unto the barre whereas she was arrayned;
But she thereto nould plead, nor answer ought,
Even for stubborne pride which her restrayned.
So judgement past, as is by law ordayned
In cases like; which when at last she saw,
Her stubborne hart, which love before disdayned,
Gan stoupe; and, falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

xxxvii. The sonne of Venus, who is myld by kynd
But where he is provokt with peevishnesse,
Unto her prayers piteously enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
Yet not so freely, but that nathelesse
He unto her a penance did impose,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wildernes
She wander should in companie of those,
Till she had sav'd so many loves as she did lose.

xxxviii. So now she had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous disgrace:
Yet had she not in all these two yeares space
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilst love lackt place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me! how could her love make half amends therefore?

xxxix. And now she was uppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire Serene,
Met her in such misseeming foule array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evill termes and cruell meane
That he could make: And eeke that angry foole
Which follow'd her, with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting toole
Oft whip her dainty selfe, and much augment her doole.

xl. Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilfull were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beate and bruse:
But most the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with wearinesse nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor rest a little stead;

xli. For he was sterne and terrible by nature,
And eeke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of mans stature,
And rather like a Gyant monstrous:
For sooth he was descended of the hous
Of those old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Against the heaven in order battailous,
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slaine
By Arthure, when as Unas Knight he did maintaine.

xlII. His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great Beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pryde;
And stalking stately, like a Crane, did stryde
At every step uppon the tiptoes hie:
And, all the way he went, on every syde
He gaz'd about and stared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

xlIII. He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket, quilted richly rare

Upon checklaton, he was straungely dight;
 And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
 Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore,
 With which his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
 Were bound about and voyded from before;
 And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV. This was Disdaine, who led that Ladies horse
 Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
 plains

Compelling her, wher she would not, by force,
 Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines:
 But that same foole, which most increast her paines.
 Was Scorne; who having in his hand a whip,
 Her therewith yirks; and still, when she complaines,
 The more he laughes, and does her closely quip,
 To see her sore lament and bite her tender lip.

XLV. Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
 And saw those villaines her so vildely use,
 His gentle heart with indignation sweld,
 And could no lenger beare so greate abuse
 As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
 But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
 That forst him th' halter from his hand to loose,
 And maugre all his might backe to relent:
 Else had he surely there bene slaine, or fowly shent.

XLVI. The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
 Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton which he bore
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safety he did him constraine
 To give him ground, and shift to every side,
 Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
 For bootelesse thing him seemed to abide
 So mighty blowes, or prove the puissaunce of his pride.

XLVII. Like as a Mastiffe having at a bay
 A salvage Bull, whose cruell hornes doe threat
 Desperate daunger, if he them assay,
 Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
 To spy where he may some advauntage get,

The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore;
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret
And fume in his disdainfull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

XLVIII. Nathelesse so sharpely still he him pursewd,
That at advantage him at last he tooke,
When his foote slipt, (that slip he dearely rewd)
And with his yron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoone awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he up did looke
And saw him selfe captiv'd, he was dismayd,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX. Then up he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pittie did him spare,
But with his whip, him following behynd,
Him often scourg'd, and forst his feete to fynd:
And other-whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest grieve of scorning
growes.

L. The faire Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speede she mought,
To seeke for safety; which long time she sought,
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to Calepine was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabellaes fortunes I doe further say.

CANTO VIII

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine;
 Quites Mirabell from dreed:
 Serena, found of Salvages,
 By Calepine is freed.

- I. YE gentle Ladies, in whose souveraine powre
 Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
 And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
 In yron chaines of liberty bereft,
 Delivered hath into your hands by gift,
 Be well aware how ye the same doe use,
 That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
 Least, if men you of cruelty accuse,
 He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.
- II. And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
 Adornd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
 So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
 But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
 That all your other praises will deface,
 And from you turne the love of men to hate:
 Ensample take of Mirabellaes case,
 Who from the high degree of happy state
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.
- III. Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
 Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
 Was touched with compassion entire,
 And much lamented his calamity,
 That for her sake fell into misery;
 Which bootéd nought for prayers nor for threat
 To hope for to release or mollify,
 For aye the more that she did them entreat,
 The more they him misust, and cruelly did beat.
- IV. So as they forward on their way did pas,
 Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
 They met Prince Arthure with Sir Enias,

(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
 Having subdew'd yet did to life restore;) 11
 To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
 Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
 Scourging and haling him more vehement; 12
 As if it them should grieve to see his punishment.

v. The Squire him selfe, when as he saw his Lord
 The witsse of his wretchednesse in place,
 Was much asham'd that with an hempen cord
 He like a dog was led in captive case,
 And did his head for bashfulnesse abase,
 As loth to see or to be seene at all:
 Shame would be hid. But whenas Enias
 Beheld two such, of two such villaines thrall,
 His manly mynde was much enmoved therewithall;

vi. And to the Prince thus sayd: " See you, Sir Knight,
 The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
 Yond Lady and her Squire with foule despight
 Abusde, against all reason and all law,
 Without regard of pittie or of awe?
 See, how they doe that Squire beat and revile!
 See, how they doe the Lady hale and draw!
 But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
 I will them soone acquite, and both of blame assoile."

vii. The Prince assented; and then he, streightway
 Dismounting light, his shield about him threw,
 With which approching thus he gan to say:
 " Abide, ye caytive treachetours untrew,
 That have with treason thrall'd unto you
 These two, unworthy of your wretched bands,
 And now your crime with cruelty persew!
 Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands,
 Or else abide the death that hard before you stands."

viii. The villaine stayd not aunswer to invent,
 But with his yron club preparing way,
 His mindes sad message backe unto him sent;
 The which descended with such dreadfull sway,
 That seemed nought the course thereof could stay,
 No more then lightening from the lofty sky:

Ne list the Knight the powre thereof assay,
Whose doome was death; but, lightly slipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny:

- ix. And, to requite him with the like againe,
With his sharpe sword he fiercely at him flew,
And strooke so strongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved him selfe but that he there him slew;
Yet sav'd not so, but that the bloud it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory:
Who therewith flesht upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought certainly
To have supplyde the first, and paide the usury.
- x. But Fortune aunswerd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might,
Rebeaten backe upon himselfe againe,
He driven was to ground in selfe despight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had set his foote with fell disdaine.
- xi. With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in; and, whilest on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him and held so strayte,
That downe he kept him with his scornefull sway,
So as he could not weld him any way:
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two and tame their corage stout.
- xii. As when a sturdy ploughman with his hynde
By strength have overthrowne a stubborne steare,
They down him hold, and fast with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did these two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steede to aide him neare;
And, buckling soone him selfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle to save his friend from jeopardy.

- xiii. The villaine, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd and handled as he list,
Himselfe addrest unto his new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turne him scarcely wist:
Sometimes aloft he layd, sometimes alow,
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he mist;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.
- xiv. But yet the Prince so well enured was
With such huge strokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas;
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage when they downe did light.
At last the caytive, after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoyded quite,
Resolved in one t' assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.
- xv. His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull instrument of yre
Thought sure have powned him to powder soft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre:
But Fortune did not with his will conspire;
For, ere his stroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldnesse went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.
- xvi. It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillour it could bow;
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, (yet did no bloud appeare,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he assayd to rise, but could not for his hurt.
- xvii. Eftsoones the Prince to him full nimble stopt,
And least he should recover foote againe,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept.

Which when the Lady saw, she cryde amaine;
 "Stay, stay, Sir Knight! for love of God abstaine
 From that unwares ye weetlesse doe intend;
 Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be slaine,
 For more on him doth then him selfe depend:
 My life will by his death have lamentable end.

xviii. He staide his hand according her desire,
 Yet nathemore him suffred to arize;
 But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
 What meaning mote those uncouth words comprize,
 That in that villaines health her safety lies;
 That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
 Which durst her dreaded reskue enterprize,
 Yet heavens them selves, that favour feeble rights,
 Would for it selfe redresse, and punish such despights.

xix. Then bursting forth in teares, which gushed fast
 Like many water streames, awhile she stayd;
 Till the sharpe passion being overpast,
 Her tongue to her restord, then thus she sayd:
 "Nor heavens, nor men, can me, most wretched mayd,
 Deliver from the doome of my desart,
 The which the God of love hath on me layd,
 And damned to endure this direfull smart,
 For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

xx. "In prime of youthly yeares, when first the flowre
 Of beauty gan to bud, and bloosme delight,
 And Nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre
 Of all her gifts, that pleasde each living sight,
 I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
 And sude and sought with all the service dew:
 Full many a one for me deepe groand and sight,
 And to the dore of death for sorrow drew,
 Complayning *out on me* that would not on them rew.

xxi. "But let them love that list, or live or die,
 Me list not die for any lovers doole;
 Ne list me leave my loved libertie
 To pittie him that list to play the foole;
 To love my selfe I learned had in schoole.
 Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,

And, sitting carelesse on the scornors stoole,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plaine;
But all is now repayd with interest againe.

xxii. "For loe! the winged God that woundeth harts
Causde me be called to accompt therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongfull smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penance sore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and Scorne, I through the world should stray,
Till I have sav'd so many as I earst did slay."

xxiii. "Certes," (sayd then the Prince) "the God is just,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples spoile;
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppresse, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?"

xxiv. "Here in this bottle" (sayd the sory Mayd)
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag so torne,
That all which I put in fals out anon,
And is behinde me trodden downe of Scorne,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourn."

xxv. The Infant hearkned wisely to her tale,
And wondred much at Cupids judg'ment wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake him selfe on them that him despise.
Then suffred he Disdaine up to arise,
Who was not able up him selfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckelesse prise,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his foolish feare
Was holpen up, who him supported standing neare.

- xxvi. But being up he lookt againe aloft,
 As if he never had received fall;
 And with sterne eye-browes stared at him oft,
 As if he would have daunted him withall;
 And standing on his tiptoes, to seeme tall,
 Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
 As if such pride the other could apall;
 Who was so far from being ought amazed,
 That he his lookes despised, and his boast dispraized.
- xxvii. Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
 Who all this while stood there beside them bound,
 Unwilling to be knowne or seene at all,
 He from those bands weend him to have unwound;
 But when approaching neare he plainly found
 It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
 He thereat wext exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfie his great desire.
- xxviii. Meane-while the Salvage man, when he beheld
 That huge great foole oppressing th' other Knight,
 Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
 He flew upon him like a greedy kight
 Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
 And, downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
 Gan him to hale, and teare, and scratch, and bite;
 And, from him taking his owne whip, therewith
 So sore him scourgeth that the bloud downe followeth.
- xxix. And sure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
 Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to stay,
 He would with whipping him have done to dye;
 But being checkt he did abstaine streightway,
 And let him rise. Then thus the Prince gan say:
 "Now, Lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 That if ye list have liberty ye may;
 Unto your selfe I freely leave to chose,
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these villaines lose."
- xxx. "Ah! nay, Sir Knight," (said she) "it may not be,
 But that I needes must by all meanes fulfill
 This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,

Least unto me betide a greater ill;
 Yet no lesse thanks to you for your good will."
 So humbly taking leave she turnd aside;
 But Arthure with the rest went onward still
 On his first quest, in which did him betide
 A great adventure, which did him from them deuide.

xxxI. But first it falleth me by course to tell
 Of faire Serena; who, as earst you heard,
 When first the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
 With those two Carles, fled fast away, afeard
 Of villany to be to her inferd:
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
 That every foote did tremble which did tread,
 And every body two, and two she foure did read.

xxxII. Through hills and dales, through bushes and through
 breres,
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she thought
 Her selfe now past the perill of her feares:
 Then looking round about, and seeing nought
 Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine;
 And, sitting downe, her selfe awhile bethought
 Of her long travell and turmoyling paine;
 And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine.

xxxIII. And evermore she blamed Calepine,
 The good Sir Calepine, her owne true Knight,
 As th' onely author of her wofull tine;
 For being of his love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
 Yet never Turtle truer to his make,
 Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
 Who all this while endured for her sake
 Great perill of his life, and restlesse paines did take.

xxxIV. Tho when as all her plaints she had displayd,
 And well disburdened her engrieved brest,
 Upon the grasse her selfe adowne she layd;
 Where, being tyrde with travell, and opprest
 With sorrow she betooke her selfe to rest:
 There whilest in Morpheus bosome safe she lay,

Fearelesse of ought that mote her peace molest,
False Fortune did her safety betray
Unto a strange mischaunce that menac'd her decay.

xxxv. In these wyld deserts where she now abode,
There dwelt a salvage nation, which did live
Of stealth and spoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them selves to any trade, (as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive,)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And serve their owne necessities with others need.

xxxvi. Thereto they usde one most accursed order,
To eate the flesh of men whom they mote fynde,
And straungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour or by wreckfull wynde;
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kynde!
They, towards evening wandering every way
To seeke for booty, came by fortune blynde
Whereas this Lady, like a sheepe astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleepe all fearelesse lay.

xxxvii. Soone as they spide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongst them selves; but when her face
Like the faire yvory shining they did see,
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devise what course to take;
Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce, or many meales to make.

xxxviii. The best advizement was, of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill without encomberment;
For sleepe, they sayd, would make her battill better:
Then when she wakt they all gave one consent
That, since by grace of God she there was sent,
Unto their God they would her sacrifice,
Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud, they would present;
But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, and feed with gurmandize.

- xxxix. So round about her they them selves did place
Upon the grasse, and diversely dispose
As each thought best to spend the lingring space:
Some with their eyes the daintest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elboes bare:
The Priest him selfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busie care
His bloody vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.
- xl. The Damzell wakes; then all attonce upstart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallied hew
Benumbs her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy brests embrew.
- xli. But all bootes not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoile her of her jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest envyes:—
- xlII. Her yvorie neck; her alablaster brest;
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were
For love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did itselfe uprere
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glorie did appeare
Like a triumphal Arch, and thereupon
The spoiles of Princes hang'd which were in battel won.
- xlIII. Those daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins view'd with loose lascivious sight,

And closely tempted with their craftie spyes;
And some of them gan mongst themselves devise
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure:
But them the Priest rebuking did advize
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in measure.

XLIV. So, being stayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a litle grove not farre asyde,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this dispreed, that was the tyme ordayned
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres which they nigh hand
obtainyd.

XLV. Tho, when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar set,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright:
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approching nigh, and murderous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other divelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t' advance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI. Then gan the bagpipes and the hornes to shrill
And shrieke aloud, that, with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld; the more they did rejoyce.
Now mote ye understand that to this grove
Sir Calepine, by chaunce more then by choyce,
The selfe same evening fortune hether drove,
As he to seeke Serena through the woods did rove.

XLVII. Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traveld still on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now, all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;

Till, being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started up like one aghast,
And, catching up his arms, streight to the noise forth past.

XLVIII. There by th' uncertaine glims of starry night,
And, by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoyle of all attire
He spyde lamenting her unluckie strife,
And groning sore from grieved hart entire.
Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her brest, and let out loved life.

XLIX. With that he thrusts into the thickest throng
And, even as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preventing layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th' infernall feends:
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends;
Of whom he makes such havocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a Faulcons vew.

I. From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting find
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind,
He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
And then to question of her present woe,
And afterwards to cheare with speaches kind;
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him awhit thereto.

LI. So inward shame of her uncomely case
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her disgrace,
Yet she in so unwomanly a mood
Would not bewray the state in which she stood.
So all that night to him unknowne she past;
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowne to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO IX

Calidore hostes with Melibœ,
 And loves fayre Pastorell:
 Coridon envies him, yet he
 For ill rewards him well.

- i. Now turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,
 Backe to the furrow which I lately left.
 I lately left a furrow, one or twayne,
 Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft;
 Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
 As I it past: that were too great a shame,
 That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to Calidores immortall name.
- ii. Great travell hath the gentle Calidore
 And toyle endured, sith I left him last
 Sewing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
 To finish then, for other present hast.
 Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
 Through hills, through dales, through forests, and
 through plaines,
 In that same quest which fortune on him cast,
 Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
 Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.
- iii. So sharpely he the Monster did pursew,
 That day nor night he suffred him to rest,
 Ne rested he himselfe, but natures dew,
 For dread of daunger not to be redrest,
 If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
 Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
 And from the citties to the townes him prest,
 And from the townes into the countrie forced,
 And from the country back to private farmes he scorsed.
- iv. From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the Heardes were keeping of their neat,
 And shepherds singing to their flockes (that fed)

Layes of sweete love and youthes delightfull heat:
 Him thether eke, for all his fearefull threat,
 He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
 That to the folds, where sheepe at night doe seat,
 And to the litle cots, where shepherds lie
 In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

- v. There on a day, as he pursew'd the chace,
 He chaunst to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
 Playing on pipes and caroling apace,
 The whyles their beasts there in the budded broomes
 Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes;
 For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
 To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes,
 And them to tell him courteously besought,
 If such a beast they saw, which he had thether brought.
- vi. They answer'd him that no such beast they saw,
 Nor any wicked feend that mote offend
 Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw;
 But if that such there were (as none they kend)
 They prayd high God them farre from them to send.
 Then one of them, him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wise, that well he weend,
 Offred him drinke to quench his thirstie heat,
 And, if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.
- vii. The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
 And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
 They prayd him sit, and gave him for to feed
 Such homely what as serves the simple clowne,
 That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
 Tho, having fed his fill, he there besyde
 Saw a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
 Of sundry flowres with silken ribbands tyde,
 Yclad in home-made greene that her owne hands had dyde.
- viii. Upon a litle hillocke she was placed
 Higher then all the rest, and round about
 Environ'd with a girland, goodly graced,
 Of lovely lasses; and them all without
 The lustie shepheard swaynes sate in a rout,
 The which did pype and sing her prayses dew,

And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
 As if some miracle of heavenly hew
 Were downe to them descended in that earthly vew.

ix. And soothly sure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
 Which she did more augment with modest grace
 And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
 That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
 Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
 Did for their souveraine goddesse her esteeme,
 And, caroling her name both day and night,
 The fayrest Pastorella her by name did hight.

x. Ne was there heard, ne was there shepherds swayne,
 But her did honour; and eke many a one
 Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing payne
 Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
 But most of all the shepherd Coridon
 For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
 Yet neither she for him nor other none
 Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
 Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

xi. Her whyles Sir Calidore there vewed well,
 And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
 So farre the meane of shepherds to excell,
 As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
 To be a Princes Paragone esteemed,
 He was unwares surprisd in subtile bands
 Of the blynd boy; ne thence could be redeemed
 By any skill out of his cruell hands;
 Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

xii. So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
 Ne any will had thence to move away,
 Although his quest were farre afore him gon:
 But after he had fed, yet did he stay
 And sate there still, untill the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discoursing diversly
 Of sundry things as fell, to worke delay;
 And evermore his speach he did apply
 To th' heards, but meant them to the damzells fantazy.

- xiii. By this the moystie night approaching fast
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to hast
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged syre,
Whose silver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With shepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That wild the damzell rise; the day did now expyre.
- xiv. He was, to weet, by common voice esteemed
The father of the fayrest Pastorell,
And of her selfe in very deede so deemed;
Yet was not so; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone;
And, taking up, brought home and noursed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none;
That she in tract of time accompted was his owne.
- xv. She at his bidding meekely did arise,
And streight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundrie sheepe with severall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whylest everie one with helping hands did strive,
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but Coridon most helpe did give.
- xvi. But Melibœe (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better so
To lodge then in the salvage fields to rome.
The knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
(Being his harts owne wish,) and home with him did go.
- xvii. There he was welcom'd of that honest syre
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him besought himselfe to disattyre,

And rest himselfe till supper time befell;
 By which home came the fayrest Pastorell,
 After her flocke she in their fold had tyde:
 And supper readie dight they to it fell
 With small adoe, and nature satisfyde,
 The which doth litle crave contented to abyde.

xviii. Tho when they had their hunger slaked well,
 And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
 The gentle knight, as he that did excell
 In courtesie and well could doe and say,
 For so great kindnesse as he found that day
 Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
 And drawing thence his speach another way,
 Gan highly to commend the happie life
 Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

xix. "How much" (sayd he) "more happie is the state
 In which ye, father, here doe dwell at ease,
 Leading a life so free and fortunate
 From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
 Which tosse the rest in daungerous disease;
 Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
 Doe them afflict, which no man can appease,
 That certes I your happinesse envie,
 And wish my lot were plast in such felicitie."

xx. "Surely, my sonne," (then answer'd he againe)
 "If happie, then it is in this intent,
 That having small yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my selfe with that I have content;
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need
 Of forreine helps to lifes due nourishment:
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

xxi. "Therefore I doe not any one envy,
 Nor am envyde of any one therefore:
 They that have much, feare much to loose thereby,
 And store of cares doth follow riches store.
 The litle that I have growes dayly more
 Without my care, but onely to attend it;

My lambes doe every yeare increase their score,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praise th' Almighty that doth send it!

xxii. "To them that list the worlds gay showes I leave,
And to great ones such follies doe forgive;
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themselves doe drive
To sad decay, that might contented live.
Me no such cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleepe I spend,
And all the day to what I list I doe attend.

xxiii. "Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my Lambes, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practise from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde, how to convey:
Another while I baytes and nets display
The birds to catch, or fishes to beguyle;
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every shade to rest from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke when thirst my throte
doth boyle.

xxiv. "The time was once, in my first prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdain'd amongst mine equall peares
To follow sheepe and shepherds base attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire;
And, leaving home, to roiall court I sought,
Where I did sell my selfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainenesse as I never thought.

xxv. "With sight whereof soone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my selfe excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my selfe to plaine,
And this sweet peace, whose lacke did then appeare:
Tho, backe returning to my sheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life which I inherite here."

- xxvi. Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
 Hong still upon his melting mouth attent;
 Whose sensefull words empierst his hart so neare,
 That he was rapt with double ravishment,
 Both of his speach, that wrought him great content,
 And also of the object of his vew,
 On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
 That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her faire hew,
 He lost himselfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.
- xxvii. Yet to occasion meanes to worke his mind,
 And to insinuate his harts desire,
 He thus replyde: " Now surely, syre, I find,
 That all this worlds gay shoves, which we admire,
 Be but vaine shadowes to this safe retyre
 Of life, which here in lowlinesse ye lead,
 Fearelesse of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre
 Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
 The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.
- xxviii. " That even I, which daily doe behold
 The glorie of the great mongst whom I won,
 And now have prov'd what happinesse ye hold
 In this small plot of your dominion,
 Now loath great Lordship and ambition;
 And wish th' heavens so much had graced mee,
 As graunt me live in like condition;
 Or that my fortunes might transposed bee
 From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."
- xxix. " In vaine " (said then old Melibœ) " doe men
 The heavens of their fortunes fault accuse,
 Sith they know best what is the best for them;
 For they to each such fortune doe diffuse,
 As they doe know each can most aptly use:
 For not that which men covet most is best,
 Nor that thing worst which men do most refuse;
 But fittest is, that all contented rest
 With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his brest.
- xxx. " It is the mynd that maketh good or ill,
 That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore;
 For some, that hath abundance at his will,

Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store,
 And other, that hath litle, askes no more,
 But in that litle is both rich and wise;
 For wisdom is most riches: fooles therefore
 They are which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
 Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortunize."

xxxI. " Since then in each mans self " (said Calidore)
 " It is to fashion his owne lyfes estate,
 Give leave awhyle, good father, in this shore
 To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
 With stormes of fortune and tempestuous fate
 In seas of troubles and of toylesome paine;
 That, whether quite from them for to retrate
 I shall resolve, or backe to turne againe,
 I may here with your selfe some small repose obtaine.

xxxII. " Not that the burden of so bold a guest
 Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
 For your meane food shall be my daily feast,
 And this your cabin both my bowre and hall:
 Besides, for recompence hereof I shall
 You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
 That may perhaps you better much withall,
 And in this quiet make you safer live."
 So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

xxxIII. But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
 Of his rich mould, did thrust it farre away,
 And thus bespake: " Sir knight, your bounteous proffer
 Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill display
 That mucky masse, the cause of mens decay,
 That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread;
 But, if ye algates covet to assay
 This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
 Be it your owne: our rudenesse to your selfe aread."

xxxIV. So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
 And long while after, whilest him list remaine,
 Dayly beholding the faire Pastorell,
 And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane:
 During which time he did her entertaine
 With all kind courtesies he could invent;

And every day, her companie to gaine,
 When to the field she went he with her went:
 So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

xxxv. But she that never had acquainted beene
 With such quaint usage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
 Ne ever had such knightly service seene,
 But, being bred under base shepherds wings,
 Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
 Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
 But cared more for Colins carolings
 Then all that he could doe, or ever devise:
 His layes, his loves, his lookes, she did them all despize.

xxxvi. Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
 To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
 And doffing his bright armes himselfe address
 In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
 Instead of steele-head speare, a shepherds hooke;
 That who had seene him then, would have bethought
 On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus brooke,
 When he the love of fayre Oenone sought,
 What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

xxxvii. So being clad unto the fields he went
 With the faire Pastorella every day,
 And kept her sheepe with diligent attent,
 Watching to drive the ravenous Wolfe away,
 The whylest at pleasure she mote sport and play;
 And every evening helping them to fold:
 And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
 In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
 And out of them to presse the milke: love so much could.

xxxviii. Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
 Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
 He much was troubled at that straungers guize,
 And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
 That this of all his labour and long paine
 Should reap the harvest ere it ripened were:
 That made him scoule, and pout, and oft complaine
 Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
 That she did love a stranger swayne then him more dere.

- xxxix. And ever, when he came in companie
Where Calidore was present, he would loure
And byte his lip, and even for gealousie
Was readie oft his owne heart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who, on the other side, did seeme so farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could he graced him with her,
Ne ever shewed signe of rancour or of jarre.
- xl. And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or litle sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods farre sought,
Or other daintie thing for her addrest,
He would commend his guift, and make the best;
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her brest:
This new-come shepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth when new is more prefard.
- xli. One day, when as the shepheard swaynes together
Were met to make their sports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire sunshynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in shadowes shrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree
That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as hee
That most in Pastorellaes grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip closely bit.
- xlII. But Calidore, of courteous inclination,
Tooke Coridon and set him in his place,
That he should lead the daunce, as was his fashion;
For Coridon could daunce, and trimly trace:
And when as Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plast on his, he did it soone displace,
And did it put on Coridons instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolicke, that earst seemed dead.
- xlIII. Another time, when as they did dispose
To practise games and maisteries to try,
They for their Judge did Pastorella chose;

A garland was the meed of victory:
There Coridon forth stepping openly
Did challenge Calidore to wrestling game;
For he, through long and perfect industry,
Therein well practisd was, and in the same
Thought sure t' avenge his grudge, and worke his foe
great shame.

XLIV. But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almost brake;
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joynt he sure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesie excell,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wonne it well.

XLV. Thus did the gentle knight himselfe abeare
Amongst that rusticke rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs;
For courtesie amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour. So it surely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth brought
The fruite of joy and blisse, though long time dearely
bought.

XLVI. Thus Calidore continu'd there long time
To winne the love of the faire Pastorell,
Which having got, he used without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged so well,
That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
Was favoured and to her grace commended.
But what straunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X

Calidore sees the Graces daunce
To Colins melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

- I. WHO now does follow the foule Blatant Beast,
Whilest Calidore does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmyndfull of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he should never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it attchieved?
But now, entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her, whose love his heart hath sore
engrieved.
- II. That from henceforth he meanes no more to sew
His former quest, so full of toile and paine:
Another quest, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine;
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And set his rest amongst the rusticke sort,
Rather then hunt still after shadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaste, and sayling alwaies in the port.
- III. Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be
From so high step to stoupe unto so low;
For who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which doe grow
Amongst poore hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false blisse, as there is set for stales
T' entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.
- IV. For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight which Calidore did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,

That never more they should endure the shew
 Of that sunne-shine that makes them looke askew:
 Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare,
 (Save onely Glorianaes heavenly hew,
 To which what can compare?) can it compare;
 The which, as commeth now by course, I will declare.

- v. One day, as he did raunge the fields abroad,
 Whilest his faire Pastorella was elsewhere,
 He chaunst to come, far from all peoples troad,
 Unto a place whose pleasaunce did appere
 To passe all others on the earth which were:
 For all that ever was by natures skill
 Devized to worke delight was gathered there,
 And there by her were poured forth at fill,
 As if, this to adorne, she all the rest did pill.
- vi. It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
 That round about was bordered with a wood
 Of matchlesse hight, that seem'd th' earth to disdaine;
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,
 And did all winter as in summer bud,
 Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
 Which in their lower braunches sung aloud;
 And in their tops the soring hauke did towre,
 Sitting like King of fowles in majesty and powre:
- vii. And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
 His silver waves did softly tumble downe,
 Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud;
 Ne mote wylde beastes, ne mote the ruder clowne,
 Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drowne:
 But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did sit
 In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
 Keeping all noysome things away from it,
 And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.
- viii. And on the top thereof a spacious plaine
 Did spred it selfe, to serve to all delight,
 Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
 Or else to course about their bases light;
 Ne ought there wanted which for pleasure might
 Desired be, or thence to banish bale,

So pleasauntly the hill with equall hight
Did seeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount Acidale.

- ix. They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Her selfe to pleasaunce, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her selfe as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport:
That even her owne Cytheron, though it in
She used most to keepe her royall court,
And in her soveraine Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refusde and thought unfit.
- x. Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete fast thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew to weete what mote it be:
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midst a Shepheard piping he did see.
- xi. He durst not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be descryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were seene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them unespyde.
There he did see that pleased much his sight,
That even he him selfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white
All raunged in a ring and dauncing in delight.
- xii. All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and sing,
The whilest the rest them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compasse stemme:
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

- xiii. Looke! how the crowne, which Ariadne wore
Upon her yvory forehead, that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold Centaures made that bloudy fray
With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.
- xiv. Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell;
But she that in the midst of them did stand
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a rosie girlond that right well
Did her besee me: And ever, as the crew
About her daunst, sweet flowres that far did smell
And fragrant odours they uppon her threw;
But most of all those three did her with gifts endew.
- xv. Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaidens of Venus, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Those three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all that Venus in her selfe doth vaunt
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midst was placed paravaunt,
Was she to whom that shepheard pypt alone;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.
- xvi. She was, to weete, that jolly Shepherds lasse,
Which piped there unto that merry rout;
That jolly shepheard, which there piped, was
Poore Colin Clout, (who knowes not Colin Clout?)
He pypt apace, whilst they him daunst about.
Pype, jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout:
Thy love is present there with thee in place;
Thy love is there advaunst to be another Grace.
- xvii. Much wondred Calidore at this straunge sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seene;
And standing long astonished in spright,

And rapt with pleasaunce, wist not what to weene;
 Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
 Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted show,
 With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
 Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
 Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

XVIII. But, soone as he appeared to their vew,
 They vanisht all away out of his sight,
 And cleane were gone, which way he never knew:
 All save the shepheard, who, for fell despight
 Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
 And made great mone for that unhappy turne:
 But Calidore, though no lesse sory wight
 For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourne,
 Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

XIX. And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake:
 "Haile, jolly shepheard, which thy joyous dayes
 Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
 Frequented of these gentle Nymphes alwayes,
 Which to thee flocke to heare thy lovely layes!
 Tell me, what mote these dainty Damzels be,
 Which here with thee doe make their pleasant playes?
 Right happy thou that mayst them freely see!
 But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me?"

XX. "Not I so happy," answered then that swaine,
 "As thou unhappy, which them thence didst chace,
 Whom by no meanes thou canst recall againe;
 For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
 But whom they of them selves list so to grace."
 "Right sory I," (saide then Sir Calidore)
 "That my ill fortune did them hence displace;
 But since things passed none may now restore,
 Tell me what were they all, whose lacke thee grieves
 so sore?"

XXI. Tho gan that shepheard thus for to dilate:
 "Then wote, thou shepheard, whatsoever thou bee,
 That all those Ladies, which thou sawest late,
 Are Venus Damzels, all within her fee,
 But differing in honour and degree:
 They all are Graces which on her depend,

Besides a thousand more which ready bee
 Her to adorne, when so she forth doth wend
 But those three in the midst doe chiefe on her attend.

- xxii. " They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
 By him begot of faire Eurynome,
 The Oceans daughter, in this pleasant grove,
 As he, this way comming from feastfull glee
 Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,
 In sommers shade him selfe here rested weary:
 The first of them hight mylde Euphrosyne,
 Next faire Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
 Sweete Goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry !
- xxiii. " These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
 Which decke the body or adorne the mynde,
 To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
 As comely carriage, entertainment kynde,
 Sweete semblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
 And all the complements of curtesie:
 They teach us how to each degree and kynde
 We should our selves demeane, to low, to hie,
 To friends, to foes; which skill men call Civility.
- xxiv. " Therefore they alwaies smoothly seeme to smile,
 That we likewise should mylde and gentle be;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblaunce all them plaine may see,
 Simple and true, from covert malice free;
 And eeke them selves so in their daunce they bore,
 That two of them still froward seem'd to bee,
 But one still towards shew'd her selfe afore;
 That good should from us goe, then come, in greater store.
- xxv. " Such were those Goddesses which ye did see;
 But that fourth Mayd, which there amidst them traced,
 Who can aread what creature mote she bee,
 Whether a creature, or a goddesse graced
 With heavenly gifts from heaven first enraced?
 But what so sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth with those three other placed:
 Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse;
 Yet she all other countrey lasses farre did passe:

- xxvi. " So farre, as doth the daughter of the day
All other lesser lights in light excell;
So farre doth she in beautyfull array
Above all other lasses beare the bell;
Ne lesse in vertue that beseemes her well
Doth she exceede the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.
- xxvii. " Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine resemblaunce, beauty souveraine rare,
Firme Chastity, that spight ne blemish dare:
All which she with such courtesie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.
- xxviii. " Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great Gloriana, greatest Majesty!
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse;
That when thy glory shall be farre displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"
- xxix. When thus that shepheard ended had his speach
Sayd Calidore: " Now sure it yrketh mee,
That to thy blisse I made this luckelesse breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves deare sight from thee:
But, gentle Shepheard, pardon thou my shame,
Who rashly sought that which I mote not see."
Thus did the courteous Knight excuse his blame,
And to recomfort him all comely meanes did frame.
- xxx. In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the Knight him selfe did much content,

And with delight his greedy fancy fed
 Both of his words, which he with reason red,
 And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
 With such regard his senses ravished,
 That thence he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht that with that shepherd he mote dwelling
 share.

xxxI. But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
 His poysnous point deepe fixed in his hart
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
 And to renue the rigour of his smart;
 Which to recure no skill of Leaches art
 Mote him availe, but to returne againe
 To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
 Dinting his brest had bred his restlesse paine;
 Like as the wounded Whale to shore flies from the
 maine.

xxxII. So, taking leave of that same gentle Swaine,
 He backe returned to his rusticke wonne,
 Where his faire Pastorella did remaine:
 To whome, in sort as he at first begonned,
 He daily did apply him selfe to donne
 All dewfull service, voide of thoughts impure;
 Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
 By which he might her to his love allure,
 And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

xxxIII. And evermore the shepherd Coridon,
 What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
 Did strive to match with strong contention,
 And all his paines did closely emulate;
 Whether it were to caroll, as they sate
 Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercize,
 Or to present her with their labours late;
 Through which if any grace chaunst to arize
 To him, the Shepherd streight with jealousie did frize.

xxxIV. One day, as they all three together went
 To the greene wood to gather strawberries
 There chaunst to them a dangerous accident:
 A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,

That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth wide gaping like hell-gate,
Did runne at Pastorell her to surprize;
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to helpe her all too late.

xxxv. Which Coridon first hearing ran in hast
To reskue her; but, when he saw the feend,
Through cowerd feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the daunger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his frend:
But Calidore soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast saw ready now to rend
His loves deare spoile, in which his heart was prayde
He ran at him enraged, instead of being frayde.

xxxvi. He had no weapon but his shepheards hooke
To serve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell;
Whence, ere he could recou'r, he did him quell,
And, hewing off his head, he it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell;
Who, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thank't that had her death
prevented.

xxxvii. From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But Coridon for cowerdize reject,
Fit to keepe sheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart scornes base disparagement.
Yet Calidore did not despise him quight,
But usde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship he colour might
Both his estate and love from skill of any wight.

xxxviii. So well he wood her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily sute,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in close felicity,

Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde and brute,
That envies lovers long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storme of foule adversity.

xxxix. It fortun'd one day, when Calidore
Was hunting in the woods, (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, Brigants hight of yore,
That never usde to live by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoyld their houses, and them selves did murder,
And drove away their flocks; with other much disorder.

xl. Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old Melibee of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongst which this lucklesse mayd away was lad,
Faire Pastorella, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that ever sight,
Now made the spoile of theeves and Brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

xli. With them also was taken Coridon,
And carried captive by those theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them descry, nor reskue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them close convey.
Their dwelling in a little Island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrown gras:

xlII. For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade
From view of living wight and covered over;
But darkenesse dred and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt;
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candle-light, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene as felt.

XLIII. Hither those Brigants brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning, so soone as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse
dwell.

XLIV. But for to tell the dolefull dreriment
And pittifull complaints which there she made,
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which way her feeble leaves with comfort glade—
And what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in another Canto better be begonne.

CANTO XI

The Theeves fall out for Pastorell,
 Whilest Melibee is slaine:
 Her Calidore from them redeemes,
 And bringeth backe againe.

- i. THE joyes of love, if they should ever last
 Without affliction or disquietnesse
 That worldly chaunces doe amongst them cast,
 Would be on earth too great a blessednesse,
 Likier to heaven then mortall wretchednesse:
 Therefore the winged God, to let men weet
 That here on earth is no sure happinesse,
 A thousand sowres hath tempred with one sweet,
 To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.
- ii. Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
 Faire Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
 Who being now in dreadfull darknesse layd
 Amongst those theeves, which her in bondage strong
 Detayned, yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
 Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
 And sorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
 That who so heares her heavinesse, would rew
 And pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew
- iii. Whylest thus she in these hellish dens remayned,
 Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unrest,
 It so befell, (as Fortune had ordayned)
 That he which was their Capitaine profest,
 And had the chiefe commaund of all the rest,
 One day, as he did all his prisoners vew,
 With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely guest,
 Faire Pastorella, whose sad mournfull hew
 Like the faire Morning clad in misty fog did shew.
- v. At sight whereof his barbarous heart was fired.
 And inly burnt with flames most raging whot,
 That her alone he for his part desired

Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him selfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndnesse to her showed,
And sought her love by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed,
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

v. But all that ever he could doe or say
Her constant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour or afford him love:
Yet ceast he not to sew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,
Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day molest.

vi. At last, when him she so importune saw,
Fearing least he at length the raines would lend
Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre she was to foe or frend,
She thought it best, for shadow to pretend
Some shew of favour, by him gracing small,
That she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

vii. So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes she did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perswade,
That he in time her joyance should obtaine:
But when she saw through that small favours gaine,
That further then she willing was he prest,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A sodaine sicknesse which her sore opprest,
And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

viii. By meanes whereof she would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But onely mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meete for remedy;
But she resolv'd no remedy to fynde,

Nor better cheare to shew in misery,
 Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde:
 Her sicknesse was not of the body, but the mynde.

ix. During which space that she thus sicke did lie,
 It chaunst a sort of merchants, which were wount
 To skim those coastes for bondmen there to buy,
 And by such trafficke after gaines to hunt,
 Arrived in this Isle, though bare and blunt,
 T' inquire for slaves; where being readie met
 By some of these same theeves at the instant brunt,
 Were brought unto their Captaine, who was set
 By his faire patients side with sorrowfull regret.

x. To whom they shewed, how those marchants were
 Arriv'd in place their bondslaves for to buy;
 And therefore prayd that those same captives there
 Mote to them for their most commodity
 Be sold, and amongst them shared equally.
 This their request the Captaine much appalled,
 Yet could he not their just demaund deny,
 And willed streight the slaves should forth be called,
 And sold for most advantage, not to be forstalled.

xi. Then forth the good old Melibœ was brought,
 And Coridon with many other moe,
 Whom they before in diverse spoyles had caught;
 All which he to the marchants sale did shewe:
 Till some, which did the sundry prisoners knowe,
 Gan to inquire for that faire shepherdesse,
 Which with the rest they tooke not long agoe;
 And gan her forme and feature to expresse,
 The more t' augment her price through praise of comlinesse.

xii. To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
 Made answere, that the mayd of whom they spake
 Was his owne purchase and his onely prize;
 With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
 But he himselfe which did that conquest make:
 Litle for him to have one silly lasse;
 Besides, through sicknesse now so wan and weake,
 That nothing meet in merchandise to passe:
 So shew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake she was.

XIII. The sight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly seene by candle-light,
Yet, like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull shadow of the darkesome night
With starrie beames about her shining bright,
These marchants fixed eyes did so amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight.
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praise.

XIV. At last when all the rest them offred were,
And prises to them placed at their pleasure,
They all refused in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever prisd with measure,
Withouten her, whose worth above all threasure
They did esteeme, and offred store of gold:
But then the Captaine, fraught with more displeasure,
Bad them be still; his love should not be sold;
The rest take if they would; he her to him would hold.

XV. Therewith some other of the chieftest theeves
Boldly him bad such injurie forbear;
For that same mayd, how ever it him greeves,
Should with the rest be sold before him theare,
To make the prises of the rest more deare.
That with great rage he stoutly doth denay;
And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth sweare
That who so hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely shall aby, and death for handsell pay.

XVI. Thus, as they words amongst them multiply,
They fall to strokes, the fruite of too much talke,
And the mad steele about doth fiercely fly,
Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the griesly night,
In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst them stalke,
And makes huge havocke; whiles the candle-light
Out quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

XVII. Like a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
About some carcase by the common way,
Doe fall together, stryving each to get

The greatest portion of the greedie pray,
 All on confused heapes themselves assay,
 And snatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
 That who them sees would wonder at their fray,
 And who sees not would be affrayd to heare:
 Such was the conflict of those cruell Brigants there.

- xviii. But first of all their captives they doe kill,
 Least they should joyne against the weaker side,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will:
 Old Melibœ is slaine; and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide;
 But Coridon, escaping craftily,
 Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
 And flyes away as fast as he can hye,
 Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends doe dye.
- xix. But Pastorella, wofull wretched Elfe,
 Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
 Who, minding more her safety than himselfe,
 His target alwayes over her pretended;
 By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
 He at the length was slaine and layd on ground,
 Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
 Fayre Pastorell, who, with the selfe same wound
 Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in
 drierie swoond.
- xx. There lay she covered with confused preasse
 Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
 Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan cease;
 And each to other calling did compell
 To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
 Sith they that were the cause of all were gone:
 Thereto they all attonce agreed well;
 And, lighting candles new, gan search anone,
 How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.
- xxi. Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
 And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
 Like a sweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild;
 Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd
 With cloud of death upon her eyes displayd;
 Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light

Seeme much more lovely in that darknesse layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright
To sparke out litle beames, like starres in foggie night.

xxii. But when they mov'd the carcasses aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helps they busily applyde
To call the soule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well, with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last:
Who, sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene and all her hart-strings brast,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghast.

xxiii. There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left a second spoyle to bee
Of those, that, having saved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
What now is left her but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her would in teares to steepe,
Albe with all their might those Brigants her did keepe.

xxiv. But when they saw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one, the best
Of many worst, who with unkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarse yeelding her due food or timely rest,
And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to Calidore where we him found.

xxv. Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepherds cottage spoyled quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That even his hart, for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he readie was to teare:
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wyld Beare,
Whose whelpes are stolne away, she being otherwhere.

xxvi. Ne wight he found to whom he might complaine,
 Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire,
 That more increast the anguish of his paine:
 He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
 He sought the plaines, but could no tydings heare:
 The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
 The playnes all waste and emptie did appeare;
 Where wont the shepherds oft their pypes resound,
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

xxvii. At last, as there he romed up and downe,
 He chaunst one comming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some sorie simple clowne,
 With ragged weedes, and lockes upstaring hye,
 As if he did from some late daunger fly,
 And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
 Who as he unto him approched nye,
 He mote perceive by signes which he did fynd,
 That Coridon it was, the silly shepherds hynd.

xxviii. Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but askt where were the rest?
 Where Pastorell?—Who full of fresh dismay,
 And gushing forth in teares, was so opprest,
 That he no word could speake, but smit his brest,
 And up to heaven his eyes fast-streeming threw:
 Whereat the knight amaz'd yet did not rest,
 But askt againe, what ment that rufull hew:
 Where was his Pastorell? where all the other crew?

xxix. “ Ah, well-away! ” (sayd he, then sighing sore)
 “ That ever I did live this day to see,
 This dismall day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw faire Pastorella dye.”
 “ Die? out alas! ” then Calidore did cry,
 “ How could the death dare ever her to quell?
 But read thou, shepheard, read what destiny
 Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell
 Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and
 tell.”

xxx. Tho, when the Shepheard breathed had awhile,
 He thus began: “ Where shall I then commence
 This wofull tale? or how those Brigants vyle,

With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots, and caried us from hence;
Or how faire Pastorell should have bene sold
To marchants, but was sav'd with strong defence;
Or how those theeves, whilst one sought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

xxxI. "In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whose heavy tydings now I have to tell.
First all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them slaine by generall consent:
Old Melibœ and his good wife withall
These eyes saw die, and dearely did lament;
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall,
Their Captaine long withstood, and did her death forstall.

xxxII. "But what could he gainst all them doe alone?
It could not boot: needs mote she die at last.
I onely scapt through great confusione
Of cryes and clamors which amongst them past,
In dreadfull darknesse dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to see all desolate and wast,
Despoyled of those joyes and jolly-head,
Which with those gentle shepherds here I wont to lead."

xxxIII. When Calidore these ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguish great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh distraught,
That he his face, his head, his brest did beat,
And death it selfe unto himselfe did threat;
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruell were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft that he were present there
When she was slaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

xxxIV. But after grieve awhile had had his course,
And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling sourse,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might wreake,

Sith otherwise he could not mend thing past;
 Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
 Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

xxxv. Tho Coridon he prayd, sith he well knew
 The readie way unto that theevish wonne,
 To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
 Unto the place, to see what should be donne;
 But he, whose hart through feare was late fordonne,
 Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
 But by all meanes the daunger knowne did shonne:
 Yet Calidore so well him wrought with meed,
 And faire bespoke with words, that he at last agreed.

xxxvi. So forth they goe together (God before)
 Both clad in shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepherds hookes: But Calidore
 Had, underneath, him armed privily.
 Tho, to the place when they approached nye,
 They chaunst, upon an hill not farre away,
 Some flockes of sheepe and shepherds to espy;
 To whom they both agreed to take their way,
 In hope their newes to learne, how they mote best assay.

xxxvii. There did they find, that which they did not feare,
 The selfe same flocks the which those theeves had reft
 From Melibœ and from themselves whyleare;
 And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
 The which, for want of heards, themselves then kept.
 Right well knew Coridon his owne late sheepe,
 And seeing them for tender pittie wept;
 But when he saw the theeves which did them keepe,
 His hart gan fayle, albe he saw them all asleepe.

xxxviii. But Calidore recomforting his grieve,
 Though not his feare, for nought may feare disswade,
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
 Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom Coridon him counseld to invade
 Now all unwares, and take the spoyle away;
 But he, that in his mind had closely made
 A further purpose, would not so them slay,
 But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

xxxix. Tho, sitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of sundrie things he purpose gan to faine,
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of Pastorell, were she alive or sla'ne:
Mongst which the theeves them questioned againe,
What mister men, and eke from whence they were:
To whom they aunswer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their masters fled, and now sought hyre
elsewhere.

xl. Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well if they their flockes would keepe;
For they themselves were evill groomes, they sayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or pasture sheepe,
But to forray the land, or scoure the deepe.
Thereto they soone agreed, and earnest tooke
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe,
For they for better hyre did shortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsooke.

xli. Tho, when as towards darksome night it drew,
Unto their hellish dens those theeves them brought;
Where shortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles sought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That Pastorell yet liv'd; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did rest,
But chiefly Calidore, whom grieve had most possest.

xlh. At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did rest,
After a late forray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd as he thought best,
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort;
With which he streight went to the Captaines nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind, for dread of worse effort.

xlhii. When to the Cave they came, they found it fast.
But Calidore with huge resistlesse might
The dores assayled, and the locks upbrast:

With noyse whereof the theefe awaking light
 Unto the entrance ran; where the bold knight
 Encountring him with small resistance slew,
 The whiles faire Pastorell through great affright
 Was almost dead, misdoubting least of-new
 Some uprore were like that which lately she did vew.

XLIV. But when as Calidore was comen in,
 And gan aloud for Pastorell to call,
 Knowing his voice, although not heard long sin,
 She sudden was revived therewithall,
 And wondrous joy felt in her spirits thrall:
 Like him that being long in tempest tost,
 Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
 At length espyes at hand the happie cost,
 On which he safety hopes that earst feard to be lost.

XLV. Her gentle hart, that now long season past
 Had never joyance felt nor chearefull thought,
 Began some smacke of comfort new to tast,
 Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought,
 And life to feele that long for death had sought.
 Ne lesse in hart rejoyced Calidore,
 When he her found; but, like to one distraught
 And robd of reason, towards her him bore;
 A thousand times embrast, and kist a thousand more.

XLVI. But now by this, with noyse of late uprore,
 The hue and cry was rayсед all about;
 And all the Brigants flocking in great store
 Unto the cave gan preasse, nought having dout
 Of that was doen, and entred in a rout:
 But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
 And entertayning them with courage stout,
 Still slew the formost that came first to hand
 So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII. Tho, when no more could nigh to him approach,
 He breath'd his sword, and rested him till day;
 Which when he spyde upon the earth t' encroch,
 Through the dead carcasses he made his way,
 Mongst which he found a sword of better say,
 With which he forth went into th' open light,

Where all the rest for him did readie stay,
And, fierce assayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII. How many flyes, in whottest sommers day,
Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
And with their litle stings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him swarming are,
All which do him assayle on every side,
And sore oppresse, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickest troupes, and round about him scattreth
wide.

XLIX. Like as a Lion mongst an heard of dere,
Disperseth them to catch his choycest pray;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that nere him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strowd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victorie to him envide.

L. Then, backe returning to his dearest deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might
With gladfull speaches and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lackt the wishfull sight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched plight:
So her uneath at last he did revive
That long had lyen dead, and made again alive.

LI. This doen, into those theevish dens he went,
And thence did all the spoyles and treasures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make:
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flockes, which they before
Had reft from Melibœ and from his make,
He did them all to Coridon restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO XII

Fayre Pastorella by great hap
 Her parents understands.
 Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
 Subdew, and bynd in bands.

- i. LIKE as a ship, that through the Ocean wyde
 Directs her course unto one certaine cost,
 Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
 With which her winged speed is let and crost,
 And she her selfe in stormie surges tost;
 Yet, making many a borde and many a bay,
 Still winneth way, ne hath her compasse lost:
 Right so it fares with me in this long way,
 Whose course is often stayd, yet never is astray.
- ii. For all that hetherto hath long delayd
 This gentle knight from sewing his first quest,
 Though out of course, yet hath not bene missayd,
 To shew the courtesie by him profest
 Even unto the lowest and the least.
 But now I come into my course againe,
 To his atchievement of the Blatant Beast;
 Who all this while at will did range and raine,
 Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him to restraine.
- iii. Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
 Faire Pastorella from those Brigants powre,
 Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
 Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure;
 Who whylome was, in his youthes freshest flowre,
 A lustie knight as ever wielded speare,
 And had endured many a dreadfull stoure
 In bloody battell for a Ladie deare,
 The fayrest Ladie then of all that living were:
- iv. Her name was Claribell; whose father hight
 The Lord of Many Ilands, farre renound
 For his great riches and his greater might:

He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
 This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
 Unto the Prince of Picteland, bordering nere;
 But she, whose sides before with secret wound
 Of love to Bellamoure empierced were,
 By all meanes shund to match with any forrein fere.

v. And Bellamour againe so well her pleased
 With dayly service and attendance dew,
 That of her love he was entyrelly seized,
 And closely did her wed, but knowne to few:
 Which when her father understood, he grew
 In so great rage that them in dongeon deepe
 Without compassion cruelly he threw;
 Yet did so streightly them asunder keepe,
 That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

vi. Nathlesse Sir Bellamour, whether through grace
 Or secret guifts, so with his keepers wrought,
 That to his love sometimes he came in place;
 Whereof her wombe, unwist to wight, was fraught,
 And in dew time a mayden child forth brought:
 Which she streightway, (for dread least if her syre
 Should know thereof to slay he would have sought,)
 Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
 She should it cause be fostred under straunge attyre.

vii. The trustie damzell bearing it abrode
 Into the emptie fields, where living wight
 Mote not bewray the secret of her lode,
 She forth gan lay unto the open light
 The litle babe, to take thereof a sight:
 Whom whylest she did with watrie eyne behold,
 Upon the litle brest, like christall bright,
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
 That like a rose her silken leaves did faire unfold.

viii. Well she it markt, and pittied the more,
 Yet could not remedie her wretched case;
 But, closing it againe like as before,
 Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
 Yet left not quite, but drew a litle space
 Behind the bushes, where she did her hyde,

To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace
 Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde;
 For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

- ix. At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
 His fleecie flock upon the playnes around,
 Led with the infants cry that loud did weepe,
 Came to the place; where, when he wrapped found
 Th' abandond spoyle, he softly it unbound;
 And, seeing there that did him pittie sore,
 He tooke it up and in his mantle wound;
 So home unto his honest wife it bore,
 Who as her owne it nurst (and named) evermore.
- x. Thus long continu'd Claribell a thrall,
 And Bellamour in bands; till that her syre
 Departed life, and left unto them all:
 Then all the stormes of fortunes former yre
 Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
 Thenceforth they joy'd in happinesse together,
 And lived long in peace and love entyre,
 Without disquiet or dislike of ether,
 Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella thether.
- xi. Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
 For Bellamour knew Calidore right well,
 And loved for his prowesse, sith they twaine
 Long since had fought in field: Als Claribell
 Ne lesse did tender the faire Pastorell,
 Seeing her weake and wan through durance long.
 There they a while together thus did dwell
 In much delight, and many joyes among,
 Untill the Damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.
- xii. Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advize
 Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
 Asham'd to thinke how he that enterprize,
 The which the Faery Queene had long afore
 Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
 That much he feared least reprochfull blame
 With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
 Besides the losse of so much loos and fame,
 As through the world thereby should glorifie his name.

- xiii. Therefore, resolving to returne in hast
Unto so great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being past,
With Claribell; whylest he that monster sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to Bellamour and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.
- xiv. But first, ere I doe his adventures tell
In this exploite, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the faire Pastorell
During his absence, left in heavy care
Through daily mourning and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that Melissa hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.
- xv. Who in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her, having her snowy brest
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses dewly drest,
Chaunst to espy upon her yvory chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.
- xvi. Which well avizing, streight she gan to cast
In her conceiptfull mynd that this fare Mayd
Was that same infant, which so long sith past
She in the open fields had loosely layd
To fortunes spoile, unable it to ayd:
So, full of joy, streight forth she ran in hast
Unto her mistresse, being halfe dismayd,
To tell her how the heavens had her graste
To save her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaste.
- xvii. The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sodaine thro,
Askt her, how mote her words be understood,

And what the matter was that mov'd her so?
 " My lief," (sayd she) " ye know that long ygo,
 Whilest ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
 A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
 The same againe if now ye list to have,
 The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did save."

xviii. Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
 And gan to question streight, how she it knew?
 " Most certaine markes " (sayd she) " do me it teach;
 For on her brest I with these eyes did view
 The litle purple rose which thereon grew,
 Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
 Besides, her countenaunce and her likely hew,
 Matched with equall years, do surely prieve
 That yondsame is your daughter sure, which yet doth live."

xix. The matrone stayd no lenger to enquire,
 But forth in hast ran to the straunger Mayd;
 Whom catching greedily, for great desire
 Rent up her brest, and bosome open layd,
 In which that rose she plainly saw displayd:
 Then, her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
 She long so held, and softly weeping sayd;
 " And livest thou, my daughter, now againe?
 And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine? "

xx. Tho further asking her of sundry things,
 And times comparing with their accidents,
 She found at last, by very certaine signes
 And speaking markes of passed monuments,
 That this young Mayd, whom chance to her presents,
 Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
 Tho, wondring long at those so straunge events,
 A thousand times she her embraced nere,
 With many a joyfull kisse and many a melting teare.

xxi. Who ever is the mother of one chylde,
 Which having thought long dead she fyndes alive,
 Let her by prooffe of that which she hath fylde
 In her owne breast, this mothers joy describe;
 For other none such passion can contrive
 In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,

When she so faire a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was, that nigh she swelt
For passing joy, which did all into pittie melt.

xxii. Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell;
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire Pastorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through every place with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd by the tract of his outrageous spoile.

xxiii. Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such havocke, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnesse he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoyling all with maine and might.

xxiv. Into their cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their cels and secrets neare:
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkesome to report; yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransacke all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

xxv. From thence into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke,
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whilest none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there:
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing soone approached neare.

xxvi. Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
 And fierce assailing forst him turne againe:
 Sternely he turned againe, when he him strooke
 With his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
 With open mouth, that seemed to containe
 A full good pecke within the utmost brim,
 All set with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
 That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
 Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly grim:

xxvii. And therein were a thousand tongs empight
 Of sundry kindes and sundry quality;
 Some were of dogs, that barked day and night;
 And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry;
 And some of Beares, that groynd continually;
 And some of Tygres, that did seeme to gren
 And snar at all that ever passed by:
 But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
 Which spake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

xxviii. And them amongst were mingled here and there
 The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
 That spat out poyson, and gore-bloudy gere,
 At all that came within his ravenings;
 And spake licentious words and hatefull things
 Of good and bad alike, of low and hie,
 Ne Kesars spared he a whit, nor Kings;
 But either blotted them with infamie,
 Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

xxix. But Calidore, thereof no whit afrayd,
 Rencountred him with so impetuous might,
 That th' outrage of his violence he stayd,
 And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
 And spitting forth the poyson of his spight
 That fomed all about his bloody jawes:
 Tho, rearing up his former feete on hight,
 He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
 As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes:

xxx. But he, right well aware, his rage to ward
 Did cast his shield atweene; and, therewithall
 Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,

That backward he enforced him to fall;
And, being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held:
Like as a bullocke, that in bloody stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

xxxI. Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore
To be downe held, and maystred so with might,
That he gan fret and fume out bloody gore
Striving in vaine to rere him selfe upright:
For still, the more he strove, the more the Knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdew,
That made him almost mad for fell despight:
He grind, hee bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend right horrible in hew:

xxxII. Or like the hell-borne Hydra, which they faine
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whilest Calidore him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releast,
But aye, the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

xxxIII. Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile
With bitter termes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so streightly that he chokt him neare.

xxxIV. At last, when as he found his force to shrinke
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzel strong
Of surest yron, made with many a lincke:
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,

Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong;
 And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
 With which he drew him forth, even in his own despight.

xxxv. Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian swaine
 Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
 Against his will fast bound in yron chaine,
 And, roring horribly, did him compell
 To see the hatefull sunne, that he might tell
 To griesly Pluto what on earth was donne,
 And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
 For aye in darkenesse, which day-light doth shonne:
 So led this Knight his captyve with like conquest wonne.

xxxvi. Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
 Straunge bands, whose like till then he never bore,
 Ne ever any durst till then impose;
 And chauffed inly, seeing now no more
 Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
 Yet durst he not draw backe, nor once withstand
 The proved powre of noble Calidore,
 But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
 And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

xxxvii. Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
 As if he learned had obedience long,
 That all the people, where so he did go,
 Out of their townes did round about him throng,
 To see him leade that Beast in bondage strong;
 And seeing it much wondred at the sight:
 And all such persons as he earst did wrong
 Rejoyced much to see his captive plight,
 And much admyr'd the Beast, but more admyr'd the
 Knight.

xxxviii. Thus was this Monster, by the maystring might
 Of doughty Calidore, supprest and tamed,
 That never more he mote endammadge wight
 With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
 And many causelesse caused to be blamed.
 So did he eeke long after this remaine,
 Untill that, (whether wicked fate so framed
 Or fault of men,) he broke his yron chaine,
 And got into the world at liberty againe.

xxxix. Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men then he had done before;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir Lamoracke of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

xl. So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime;
But rends without regard of person or of time.

xli. Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please; that now is counted wise mens
 treasure.

TWO CANTOS OF
MUTABILITIE

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORME AND MATTER, APPEARE TO BE
PARCELL OF SOME FOLLOWING BOOKE OF

THE FAERIE QUEENE

UNDER

THE LEGEND OF CONSTANCIE

CANTO VI

Proud Change (not pleasd in mortall things
Beneath the Moone to raigne)
Pretends as well of Gods as Men
To be the Soveraine.

- I. WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling wheele,
Of Change, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that therby doth find, and plainly feele,
How MUTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell sports to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare
Gainst all the Gods, and th' empire sought from them
to beare.
- II. But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old
In Faery Land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturnes sonne for heavens regiment;
Whom though high Jove of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive:

- III. And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:
As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principalitie,
To be by her disposed diversly
To Gods and men, as she them list divide;
And drad Bellona, that doth sound on hie
Warres and allarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.
- IV. So likewise did this Titanesse aspire
Rule and dominion to her selfe to gaine;
That as a Goddesse men might her admire,
And heavenly honors yield, as to them twaine:
And first, on earth she sought it to obtaine;
Where shee such prooffe and sad examples shewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom she soone subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.
- v. For she the face of earthly things so changed,
That all which Nature had establisht first
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their statutes burst:
And all the worlds faire frame (which none yet durst
Of Gods or men to alter or misguide)
She alter'd quite; and made them all accurst
That God had blest, and did at first provide
In that still happy state for ever to abide.
- VI. Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of MUTABILITY,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked from our Nurse!
- VII. And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thrall'd to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought

T' attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
 And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.
 At first, she past the region of the ayre
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready passage to her pleasure did prepaire.

- VIII. Thence to the Circle of the Moone she clambe,
 Where Cynthia raignes in everlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she came,
 All fairely deckt with heavens goodly storie;
 Whose silver gates (by which there sate an hory
 Old aged Sire, with hower-glasse in hand,
 Hight Time,) she entred, were he lief or sory;
 Ne staide till she the highest stage had scand,
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.
- IX. Her sitting on an Ivory throne shee found,
 Drawne of two steeds, th' one black, the other white,
 Environd with tenne thousand starres around
 That duly her attended day and night;
 And by her side there ran her Page, that hight
 Vesper, whom we the Evening-starre intend;
 That with his Torche, still twinkling like twylight,
 Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
 And joy to weary wandering travailers did lend:
- x. That when the hardy Titanesse beheld
 The goodly building of her Palace bright,
 Made of the heavens substance, and up-held
 With thousand Crystall pillors of huge hight,
 She gan to burne in her ambitious spright,
 And t' envie her that in such glory raigned.
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious might
 Her to displace, and to her selfe to have gained
 The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.
- XI. Boldly she bid the Goddesse downe descend,
 And let her selfe into that Ivory throne;
 For she her selfe more worthy thereof wend,
 And better able it to guide alone;
 Whether to men, whose falls she did bemone,
 Or unto Gods, whose state she did maligne,

Or to th' infernall Powers her need give lone
Of her faire light and bounty most benigne,
Her selfe of all that rule she deemed most condigne.

XII. But she, that had to her that soveraigne seat
By highest Jove assign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But with sterne count'naunce and disdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coast to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

XIII. Yet nathemore the Giantesse forbare,
But boldly preacing-on raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And, there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to strike her if she did with-stand:
Where-at the starres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon still did stand,
All beeing with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and sterne looke still gazed.

XIV. Mean-while the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that sight;
Fearing least Chaos broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of Gods to plaine.

XV. All ran together with a great out-cry
To Joves faire palace fixt in heavens hight;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might
To know what meant that suddaine lacke of light.
The father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting least Typhon were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely fear'd.

- xvi. Eftsoones the sonne of Maia forth he sent
Downe to the Circle of the Moone, to knowe
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course forslowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe
That did with charmes or Magick her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.
- xvii. The wingd-foot God so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the Titanesse
Was striving with faire Cynthia for her seat;
At whose strange sight and haughty hardinesse
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse:
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high Jove her dooings to discharge.
- xviii. And there-with-all he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Where-at the Titanesse did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in evill hower
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave faire Cynthia's silver bower;
Sith shee his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more then Cynthia's selfe; but all their kingdoms
sought.
- xix. The Heavens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregat:
To whom when Hermes had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches wise unfold;
- xx. "Harken to mee awhile, yee heavenly Powers!
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heavens eternall towers,

And to us all exceeding feare did breed,
 But, how we then defeated all their deed,
 Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
 Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
 An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
 Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet despite.

xxi. "Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
 That now with bold presumption doth aspire
 To thrust faire Phœbe from her silver bed,
 And eke our selves from heavens high Empire,
 If that her might were match to her desire.
 Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
 What way is best to drive her to retire,
 Whether by open force, or counsell wise:
 Areed, ye soones of God, as best ye can devise."

xxii. So having said, he ceast; and with his brow
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beck
 Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
 And even the highest Powers of heaven to check)
 Made signe to them in their degrees to speake,
 Who straight gan cast their counsell grave and wise.
 Mean-while th' Earths daughter, thogh she nought did reck
 Of Hermes message, yet gan now advise
 What course were best to take in this hot bold emprise.

xxiii. Eftsoones she thus resolv'd; that whil'st the Gods
 (After returne of Hermes Embassie)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at ods,
 Before they could new counsels re-allie,
 To set upon them in that extasie,
 And take what fortune, time, and place would lend.
 So forth she rose, and through the purest sky
 To Joves high Palace straight cast to ascend,
 To prosecute her plot. Good on-set boads good end.

xxiv. Shee there arriving boldly in did pass;
 Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
 At sight of her they suddaine all arose
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose:
 But Jove, all fearlesse, forc't them to aby;

And in his souveraine throne gan straight dispose
Himselfe, more full of grace and Majestie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

xxv. That when the haughty Titanesse beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
And voyd of speech in that drad audience,
Until that Jove himselfe her selfe bespake:
"Speake, thou fraile woman, speake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou earths mansion to forsake?"

xxvi. She, halfé confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
"I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great Earth, great Chaos child;
But by the fathers, (be it not envie)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

xxvii. "For Titan (as ye all acknowledge must)
Was Saturnes elder brother by birth-right,
Both sonnes of Uranus; but by unjust
And guilefull meanes, through Corybantes slight,
The younger thrust the elder from his right:
Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The Heavens rule from Titans sonnes by might,
And them to hellish dungeons downe hast feld.
Witnesse, ye Heavens, the truth of all that I have teld!"

xxviii. Whil'st she thus spake, the Gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
(Beeing of stature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face
As any of the Goddesses in place,)
Stood all astonied; like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

xxix. Till, having paus'd awhile, Jove thus bespake:

“ Will never mortall thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to Heaven claime to make,
And touch celestiall seats with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes hire,
Or Typhons fall, or proud Ixions paine,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have suffiz'd the rest for to restraine,
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine.

xxx. “ But now this off-scum of that cursed fry

Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th'heritage of this our skie;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell? ” With that, he shooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

xxxi. But when he looked on her lovely face,

In which faire beames of beauty did appeare
That could the greatest wrath soone turne to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in Heaven beare)
He staid his hand; and, having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wise began:
“ But ah! if Gods should strive with flesh yfere,
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can.

xxxii. “ But thee, faire Titans child, I rather weene,

Through some vaine errour, or inducement light,
To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
Or through ensample of thy sisters might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou doost spight,
Since thou hast seene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongst wretched men (dismaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to bestowe:
And sure thy worth no lesse then hers doth seem to
showe.

xxxiii. “ But wote thou this, thou hardy Titanesse,
That not the worth of any living wight

May challenge ought in Heavens interesse;
 Much lesse the Title of old Titans Right:
 For we by conquest, of our souveraine might,
 And by eternal doome of Fates decree,
 Have wonne the Empire of the Heavens bright;
 Which to our selves we hold, and to whom wee
 Shall worthy deeme partakers of our blisse to bee.

xxxiv. "Then cease thy idle claime, thou foolish gerle;
 And seeke by grace and goodnesse to obtaine
 That place, from which by folly Titan fell:
 There to thou maist perhaps, if so thou faine
 Have Jove thy gracious Lord and Souveraine."
 So having said, she thus to him replide:
 "Ceasse, Saturnes sonne, to seeke by proffers vaine
 Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy side,
 For to betray my Right before I have it tride.

xxxv. "But thee, O Jove! no equall Judge I deeme
 Of my desert, or of my dewfull Right;
 That in thine owne behalfe maist partiall seeme:
 But to the highest him, that is behight
 Father of Gods and men by equall might,
 To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale."
 There-at Jove waxed wroth, and in his spright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
 And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her Appellation seale.

xxxvi. Eftsoones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly Powers and earthly wights,
 Before great Natures presence should appeare,
 For triall of their Titles and best Rights:
 That was, to weet, upon the highest hights
 Of Arlo-hill (Who knowes not Arlo-hill?)
 That is the highest head (in all mens sights)
 Of my old father MOLE, whom Shepheards quill
 Renowned hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

xxxvii. And, were it not ill fitting for this file
 To sing of hilles and woods mongst warres and Knights,
 I would abate the sternenesse of my stile,
 Mongst these sterne stounds to mingle soft delights;
 And tell how Arlo, through Dianaes spights,

(Beeing of old the best and fairest Hill
That was in all this holy Islands hights)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meane-while, O Clio! lend Calliope thy quill.

xxxviii. Whylome when IRELAND florished in fame
Of wealths and goodnesse, far above the rest
Of all that beare the British Islands name,
The gods then us'd (for pleasure and for rest)
Oft to resort there-to, when seem'd them best,
But none of all there-in more pleasure found
Then Cynthia, that is souveraine Queene profest
Of woods and forrests which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more then most on
ground:

xxxix. But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or boawe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from Phœbus flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe
Or from high hilles or from the dales belowe,
She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort,
For with the Nymphes the Satyres love to play and
sport.

xl. Amongst the which there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla faire and bright,
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome stole,
That Shepheard Colin dearely did condole,
And made her lucklesse loves well knowne to be:
But this Molanna, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee;
Yet, as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

xli. For, first, she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
Of som faire Bride, brought forth with pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe

Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
(That on each side her silver channell crowne)
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth
drowne.

XLII. In her sweet streames Diana used oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe; and, after, on the soft
And downy grass her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may;
For much she hated sight of living eye.
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in privity.

XLIII. No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire:
So her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaide,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured, and betrayd
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

XLIV. There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lov'd the Fanchin, who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell,
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

XLV. The simple mayd did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save onely one,
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for Jove a likely pray.

- XLVI. There Faunus saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That, for great joy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought: A Foolish Faune indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed!
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.
- XLVII. The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight where-as she heard his voice,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke, not daring up to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.
- XLVIII. Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast unware
That breakes into her Dayr' house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine,
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine;
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deviseth in her vengefull mind.
- XLIX. So did Diana and her maydens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare;
For nought against their wils might countervaille:
Ne ought he said, what ever he did heare,
But, hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.
- L. At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penance him to give.
Some would have gelt him; but that same would spill

The Wood-gods breed, which must for ever live:
 Others would through the river him have drive
 And ducked deepe; but that seem'd penaunce light:
 But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
 Him in Deares skin to clad; and in that plight
 To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe save how hee
 might.

LI. But Cynthia's selfe, more angry then the rest,
 Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
 And of her shame to make a gamesome jest;
 But gan examine him in straighter sort,
 Which of her Nymphes, or other close consort,
 Him thither brought, and her to him betraid?
 He, much affeard, to her confessed short
 That 'twas Molanna which her so bewraid.
 Then all attonce their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII. But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a Deeres-skin they covered, and then chast
 With all their hounds that after him did speed;
 But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Then any Deere, so sore him dread aghast.
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;
 That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
 Did ring againe, and loud re-eccho to the skie.

LIII. So they him follow'd till they weary were;
 When, back returning to Molann' againe,
 They, by commaund'ment of Diana, there
 Her whelm'd with stones. Yet Faunus (for her paine)
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtaine,
 That her he would receive unto his bed:
 So now her waves passe through a pleasant Plaine,
 Till with the Fanchin she her selfe do wed,
 And (both combin'd) themselves in one faire river spred.

LIV. Nath'lesse Diana, full of indignation,
 Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke,
 In whose sweet streame, before that bad occasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbes she tooke:
 Ne onely her, but also quite forsooke

All those faire forrests about Arlo hid;
And all that Mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richest champain that may else be rid;
And the faire Shure, in which are thousand Salmons bred,

- LV. Them all, and all that she so deare did way,
Thence-forth she left; and, parting from the place,
There-on an heavy haplesse curse did lay;
To weet, that Wolves, where she was wont to space,
Should harbour'd be and all those Woods deface,
And Thieves should rob and spoile that Coast around:
Since which, those Woods, and all that goodly Chase
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands in-dwellers since have found.

CANTO VII

Peeling from Jove to Nature's bar,
 Bold Alteration pleades
 Large Evidence: but Nature soone
 Her righteous Doome areads.

- I. AH! whither doost thou now, thou greater Muse,
 Me from these woods and pleasing forrests bring,
 And my fraile spirit, (that dooth oft refuse
 This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing)
 Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
 (Thy souveraine Sire) his fortunate successe;
 And victory in bigger notes to sing
 Which he obtain'd against that Titanesse,
 That him of heavens Empire sought to dispossesse?
- II. Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
 Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
 Fit for this turne; and in my feeble brest
 Kindle fresh sparks of that immortall fire
 Which learned minds inflameth with desire
 Of heavenly things: for who, but thou alone
 That art yborne of heaven and heavenly Sire,
 Can tell things doen in heaven so long ygone,
 So farre past memory of man that may be knowne?
- III. Now, at the time that was before agreed,
 The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill;
 As well those that are sprung of heavenly seed
 As those that all the other world do fill,
 And rule both sea and land unto their will:
 Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
 As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
 As for th' unruly fiends which they did feare;
 Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.
- IV. And thither also came all other creatures,
 What-ever life or motion do retaine,
 According to their sundry kinds of features,

That Arlo scarcely could them all containe,
So full they filled every hill and Plaine;
And had not Natures Sergeant (that is Order)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have caused much confusion and disorder.

v. Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame Nature
With goodly port and gracious Majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry;
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appeare.

vi. That, some do say, was so by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene but like an image in a glass.

vii. That well may seemen true; for well I weene,
That this same day when she on Arlo sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor finde like stuffe to that:
As those three sacred Saints, though else most wise,
Yet on mount Thabor quite their wits forgot,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd sawe; his garments so did daze their eyes.

viii. In a fayre Plaine upon an equall Hill
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion;
But th' Earth herselfe, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe

Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
 Did seeme to bow their bloosming heads full lowe
 For homage unto her, and like a throne did showe.

- IX. So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell,
 That old Dan Geffrey (in whose gentle spright,
 The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
 In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mel,
 But it transferd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of kinde* describ'd it well:
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seeke he out that Alane where he may be sought.
- x. And all the earth far underneath her feete
 Was dight with flowers that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet;
 Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
 That might delight the smell, or please the view,
 The which the Nymphes from all the brooks thereby
 Had gathered, they at her foot-stoole threw;
 That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
 That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.
- XI. And Mole himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire;
 And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
 As if the love of some new Nymph, late seene,
 Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
 And made him change his gray attire to greene:
 Ah, gentle Mole! such joyance hath the well beseene.
- XII. Was never so great joyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare
 Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there;
 Where Phœbus selfe, that god of Poets hight,
 They say, did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
 That all the gods were ravisht with delight
 Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

- XIII. This great Grandmother of all creatures bred,
Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still mooving, yet unmoved from her sted;
Unseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throne, as I have teld,
Before her came dame Mutability;
And, being lowe before her presence feld
With meek obaysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif Plea with words to amplifie:
- XIV. "To thee, O greatest Goddess, onely great!
An humble suppliant loe! I lowely fly,
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat,
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injurie,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power unequally,) Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother unto brother.
- XV. "To thee therefore of this same Jove I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole worlds raigin,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven it selfe by heritage in Fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee,
And gods no more then men thou doest esteeme;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seeme.
- XVI. "Then weigh, O soveraigne goddess! by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole soverainty,
And that is onely dew unto thy might
Arrogate to themselves ambitiously:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which Jove usurpes unjustly, that to be
My heritage Jove's selfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandsire Titan unto mee
Deriv'd by dew descent; as is well knownen to thee.
- XVII. "Yet mauger Jove, and all his gods beside,
I do possesse the worlds most regiment;
As if ye please it into parts divide,

And every parts inholders to convent,
 Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
 And, first, the Earth (great mother of us all)
 That only seemes unmov'd and permanent,
 And unto Mutabilitie not thrall,
 Yet is she chang'd in part, and eeke in generall:

xviii. " For all that from her springs, and is ybredde,
 How-ever faire it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soone decay; and, being dead,
 To turne againe unto their earthly slime:
 Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
 We daily see new creatures to arize,
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,
 Unlike in forme, and chang'd by strange disguise:
 So turne they still about, and change in restlesse wise.

xix. " As for her tenants, that is, man and beasts,
 The beasts we daily see massacred dy
 As thralls and vassals unto mens beheasts;
 And men themselves do change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
 Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
 But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

xx. " Ne is the water in more constant case,
 Whether those same on high, or these belowe;
 For th' Ocean moveth still from place to place,
 And every River still doth ebbe and flowe;
 Ne any Lake, that seems most still and slowe,
 Ne Poole so small, that can his smoothnesse holde
 When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
 With which the clouds are also tost and roll'd,
 Now like great Hills, and streight like sluces them unfold,

xxi. " So likewise are all watry living wights
 Still tost and turned with continuall change,
 Never abiding in their stedfast plights:
 The fish, still floting, doe at random range,
 And never rest, but evermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streames them carrie:

Ne have the watry foules a certaine grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry;
But flitting still doe flie, and still their places vary.

xxii. "Next is the Ayre; which who feelles not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle meane)
To flit still, and with subtill influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintaine
In state of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd and altred cleane
With every blast that bloweth, fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong: the fowle doth it impaire.

xxiii. "Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot, streight friezing deadly cold;
Now faire sun-shine, that makes all skip and daunce;
Streight bitter stormes, and balefull countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rayne, haile, and snowe do pay them sad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
make.

xxiv. "Last is the fire; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet every day
We see his parts, so soone as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his owne consuming pray;
Ne any living creatures doth he breed,
But all that are of others bredd doth slay;
And with their death his cruell life dooth feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seede.

xxv. "Thus all these fower (the which the groundwork bee
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of Change we subject see:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous slights)
Into themselves, and lose their native might;
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water sheere,
And Water into Earth; yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth, approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

xxvi. "So in them all raignes Mutabilitie;
How-ever these, that Gods themselves do call,
Of them do claime the rule and soverainty;
As Vesta, of the fire æthereall;
Vulcan, of this with us so usuall;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the ayre;
Neptune, of seas; and Nymphes, of Rivers all:
For all those Rivers to me subject are,
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share.

xxvii. "Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O Goddesse! to thy presence call
The rest which doe the world in being hold;
As times and seasons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which demand in generall,
Or judge thyselfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all."
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by
Bade Order call them all before her Majesty.

xxviii. So forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare.
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes did beare,
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres
That sweetly sung to call forth Paramours)
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.

xxix. Then came the jolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes with labor heated sore.

xxx. Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad

That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corne of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

xxxI. Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

xxxII. These, marching softly, thus in order went;
And after them the Monthes all riding came.
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

xxxIII. Next came fresh Aprill, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth; and wet he seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for his loves
delight.

xxxIV. Then came faire May, the fayrest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of Leda; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soveraigne Queene:

Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spide
 And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene!
 And Cupid selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

xxxv. And after her came jolly June, arrayd
 All in greene leaves, as he a Player were;
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as playd,
 That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare.
 Upon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
 And backward yode, as Bargeman wont to fare
 Bending their force contrary to their face;
 Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

xxxvi. Then came hot July boyling like to fire,
 That all his garments he had cast away.
 Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
 He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
 It was the beast that whylome did forray
 The Nemæan forrest, till th' Amphytrionide
 Him slew, and with his hide did him array.
 Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

xxxvii. The sixt was August, being rich arrayd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
 Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found:
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
 But after Wrong was lov'd, and Justice solde,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

xxxviii. Next him September marched, eeke on foote,
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
 Of harvests riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
 In his one hand, as fit for harvests toyle,
 He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
 A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equall gave to each as Justice duly scann'd.

- xxxix. Then came October full of merry glee;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolick and so full of lust:
Upon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Dianaes doom unjust
Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tyde.
- xl. Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fattening hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem:
In planting eeke he took no small delight.
Whereon he rode not easie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and faire Nais, Chiron hight.
- xli. And after him came next the chill December:
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad.
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender yeares,
They say, was nourisht by th' Idæan mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe boawle he beares,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.
- xlII. Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver, like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane
Flood.
- xlIII. And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride,
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,

Which through the flood before did softly slyde
 And swim away: yet had he by his side
 His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.
 So past the twelve Months forth, and their dew places
 found.

XLIV. And after these there came the Day and Night,
 Riding together both with equall pase,
 Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
 But Night had covered her uncomely face
 With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
 On top whereof the moon and stars were pight;
 And sleep and darknesse round about did trace:
 But Day did beare upon his scepters hight
 The goodly Sun encompass all with beames bright.

XLV. Then came the Howres, faire daughters of high Jove
 And timely Night; the which were all endewed
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
 But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
 That might forslack the charge to them foreshewed
 By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
 Of heavens gate (whence all the gods issued)
 Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
 By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forsake.

XLVI. And after all came Life, and lastly Death;
 Death with most grim and griesly visage seene,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to weene,
 Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseene:
 But Life was like a faire young lusty boy,
 Such as they faine Dan Cupid to have beene,
 Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
 Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII. When these were past, thus gan the Titanesse:
 "Lo! mighty mother, now be judge, and say
 Whether in all thy creatures more or lesse
 CHANGE doth not raign and bear the greatest sway;
 For who sees not that Time on all doth pray?
 But Times do change and move continually:

So nothing heere long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability? ”

XLVIII. Then thus gan Jove: “ Right true it is, that these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are chaung’d of Time, who doth them all disseise
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That Time himselfe doth move, and still compell
To keepe his course? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them also thee.

XLIX. To whom thus Mutability: “ The things,
Which we see not how they are mov’d and swayd
Ye may attribute to your selves as Kings,
And say, they by your secret powre are made:
But what we see not, who shall us perswade?
But were they so, as ye them faine to be,
Mov’d by your might and ordered by your ayde,
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Your selves are likewise chang’d, and subject unto mee?

L. “ And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, faire Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Joves dearest darling, she was bred and nurst
On Cynthus hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortall borne, how-so ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every day
We changed see and sundry formes partake,
Now hornd, now round, now bright, now browne and gray;
So that “ as changefull as the Moone ” men use to say.

LI. “ Next Mercury; who though he lesse appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes seeme as one,
Yet he his course doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone.
So Venus eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is she darke all day:
And Phœbus selfe, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and dismay.

- LII. " Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most;
 For he sometimes so far runnes out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 And cleane without his usuall spheere to fare;
 That even these Star-gazers stonisht are
 At sight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
 So likewise grim Sir Saturne oft doth spare
 His sterne aspect, and calme his crabbed lookes.
 So many turning cranks these have, so many crookes.
- LIII. " But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
 And King of all the rest, as ye doe clame,
 Are you not subject eeke to this misfare?
 Then, let me aske you this withouten blame;
 Where were ye borne? Some say in Crete by name,
 Others in Thebes, and others other-where;
 But, wheresoever they comment the same,
 They all consent that ye begotten were
 And borne here in this world; ne other can appeare.
- LIV. " Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me
 Unlesse the kingdome of the sky yee make
 Immortall and unchangeable to be:
 Besides, that power and vertue which ye spake,
 That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
 And your owne natures change; for each of you,
 That vertue have or this or that to make,
 Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
 By others opposition or obliquid view.
- LV. " Besides, the sundry motions of your Spheares,
 So sundry wayes and fashions as clerkes faine,
 Some in short space, and some in longer yeares,
 What is the same but alteration plaine?
 Onely the starry skie doth still remaine:
 Yet do the Starres and Signes therein still move,
 And even itselfe is mov'd, as wizards saine:
 But all that moveth doth mutation love;
 Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.
- LVI. " Then, since within this wide great Universe
 Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
 But all things tost and turned by transverse,

What then should let, but I aloft should reare
My Trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, (O thou greatest goddesse trew)
According as thy selfe doest see and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is, the rule of all, all being rul'd by you."

LVII. So having ended, silence long ensewed;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground still viewed.
Meane-while all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspence what would ensew,
To whether side should fall the soveraine place:
At length she, looking up with chearefull view,
The silence brake, and gave her doome in speeches few.

LVIII. "I well consider all that ye have said,
And find that all things stedfastnesse do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate,
And turning to themselves at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raigne,
But they raigne over Change, and do their states maintaine.

LIX. "Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee,
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire;
But time shall come that all shall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change shal see."
So was the Titanesse put downe and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
And Natur's selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

THE VIII. CANTO

UNPERFITE

- I. WHEN I bethinke me on that speech whyleare
Of Mutabilitie, and well it way!
Me seemes, that though she all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she beares the greatest sway:
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vaine to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.
- II. Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight.

GLOSSARY

Abace, abase, to lower, to hang down.

Aband, to abandon.

Abashment, fear.

Abeare, to behave, conduct.

Abet, abett, to aid, support, maintain, asserting falsely.

Abid, abode, remained.

Abie, aby, abye, to pay the penalty of, to atone for, suffer for, abide by.

Abject, to throw or cast down.

Abode, remained, a delay, stay.

Abolish, to wipe out.

Aborde, harbour.

Abouts, about.

Abrade, to rouse, wake up.

Abray (pret. *abrayde*), to start up suddenly, to awake, to quake with sudden fear.

Abusion, abuse, deceit, fraud.

Accloye, to clog up, choke, encumber, hinder.

Accoasting, skimming along near the ground.

Accorage, to encourage.

Accord, to grant, to agree, to reconcile, an agreement.

According, agreeably to, according to, accordingly.

Accoste, to go side by side, to adjoin, border.

Accourting, entertaining (courtuously).

Accoy, to coy, caress.

Accoyl, to assemble, gather together.

Accrew, to increase.

Achates (*Acates*), purchased provisions, cates.

Acquight, acquit, acquite, to deliver, release, acquitted, free.

Adamants, chrystals.

Adaw, to adaunt, tame, moderate.

Addeeme, to adjudge.

Addoom, to adjudge.

Address, to prepare, adjust, direct, clothe, arm.

Adrest, ready.

Adjoyne, to approach, join.

Admiraunce, admiration.

Admire, to wonder at.

Adore, to adorn.

Adorne, ornament.

Adowne, down.

Adrad, adred, adredde, afraid, terrified.

Adrad, to be frightened.

Advaunce, to extol.

Adventure, chance, opportunity, to attempt.

Advieu, to view.

Advize, advise, to consider, perceive, take thought of, bethink.

Advizement, consideration.

Adward, an award, to award.

Emuling, emulating, rivalling (*æmuled*).

Afeard, afraid.

Affear, to frighten.

Affect, affection.

Affection, passion.

Affide, affyde, betrothed, intrusted.

Afflicted, low, humble.

Afford, to consent.

Affrap, to strike, to strike down, to encounter, to assault.

Affray, to terrify, fray, terror.

Affrende, to make friends.

Affret, encounter.

Affront, to confront, encounter, oppose.

Affy, to betroth, espouse, entrust.

Affyaunce, betrothal.

Afore, in front, before.

Aggrace, favour, kindness, goodwill, to make gracious.

Aggrate, to please, delight, charm, treat politely.

Aglet, point, tag.

Agree, to settle, to cause to agree.

Agreeably, alike, in a manner to agree.

Agrise, agrize, agryse, agryze, to cause to shudder, to terrify, to make disgusted.

Agryz'd, having a terrible look, disfigured.

Aguise, aguize, to deck, adorn, fashion, accoutre, to disguise.

- Alablaster*, alabaster.
Albee, although.
Aleggeaunce, alleviation.
Alow, howling.
Algate, algates, altogether, wholly, by all means, in all ways, at all events.
All, although.
Almes, a free allowance, alms.
Alone (only), without compulsion.
Alow, downwards.
Als, also.
Amaine, violently, by force.
Amate, to daunt, subdue, to stupefy, terrify, to keep company with.
Amaze, amazement.
Amenage, to manage, handle.
Amenaunce, carriage, behaviour.
Amis, amice, a priestly vestment.
Amount, to mount up, ascend.
Amove, to move, remove.
Andvile, anvil.
Annoy, annoyance, grief, hurt.
Antickes, antiques, ancient or fantastic figures.
Apace, fast, copiously.
Appall, to falter, to weaken.
Appay, apay (præt. and p. p. *ap-pay'd, appaid*), to please, satisfy, pay.
Appeach, to impeach, accuse.
Appease, to cease from.
Appele, to accuse, to offer.
Appellation, appeal.
Apply, to attend to, to bend one's steps to.
Approvaunce, approval.
Approven, to put to the proof, to prove.
Arborett, little grove.
Areadd, areed (p. p. *ared*), to tell, say, declare, describe, inform, teach, interpret, explain, appoint, detect.
Arear, areare, arere, arreare, to the rear, backward, aback.
Aret, arret, to allot, entrust, adjudge.
Arew, in a row, in order.
Arguments, signs, indications.
Arights, rightly.
Arke, box, chest.
Arras, tapestry of Arras.
Arraught (pret. of *arreach*), seized forcibly.
As, as if.
Askaunce, sideways.
Aslake, to slake, abate, appease.
Aslope, on the slope, aside.
Assay, to try, attempt, assail, attack, an attempt, trial, value.
Asseige, to besiege.
Assignment, design.
Assoil, assoyl, to absolve, determine, set free, let loose, renew, remove.
Assott, to befool, to beguile, bewilder.
Assure, to promise, assert confidently.
Asswage, to grow mild.
Assyn, to mark or point out.
Astart, to start up suddenly.
Astond, astound, astonished, stunned.
Astonish, to stun.
Astonying, confounding.
Attach, to seize, take prisoner (attack).
Attaine, attayne, to find, reach, fall in with.
Attaint, to stain, obscure.
Attempt, to tempt.
Attendement, intent.
Attent, attention.
Attone (atone), at one, together, reconciled.
Attone, attons, at once, together.
Attrapt, dressed.
Atween, atweene, between.
Atwixt, between, at intervals.
Aumayl, to enamel.
Avale, to fall, sink, lower, descend, bow down.
Avaunt, depart.
Avauntage, advantage.
Avaunting, advancing (boastfully).
Avenge, revenge.
Avengement, revenge.
Aventred, thrust forward (at a venture).
Aventring, pushing forward.
Avize, avyze, to perceive, consider, regard, view, take note of, reflect, bethink, advise.
Avizefull, observant.
Avoid, to depart, go out.
Avoure, "to make avoure" = to justify, maintain.
Awarned, made, was made aware.
Awayte, to wait for, watch.
Awhape, to terrify, frighten.
Aygulets (aglets), tags, points of gold.
Aym, direction.
Bace, low.
Bace, "bad bace" = challenged.

- Baffuld*, disgraced (as a recreant knight).
Baile, to deliver, custody.
Bains, banns (of marriage).
Bale, grief, sorrow, affliction, trouble, *bales*, ruins, *baleful*, full of bale, destructive, deadly, *balefulness*, ruin.
Balke, to disappoint, to deal at cross purposes, a ridge between two furrows.
Ban, *banne*, to curse (*band*, cursed).
Band, forbid, banish, assemble.
Bane, death, destruction.
Banket, banquet.
Bannerall, a standard (shaped like a swallow's tail).
Barbe, equipments of a horse, horse armour.
Barbican, a watch-tower.
Bard, ornamented with *bars* (ornaments of a girdle).
Base, low, the lower part.
Baseness, a low humble condition.
Bases, armour for the legs.
Bash, to be abashed.
Bastard, base, lowborn.
Basted, sewed slightly.
Bate, did bite.
Bate, to bait, attack.
Battailous, ready for battle, in order for battle.
Battill (properly to *fatten*), to be of good flavour.
Batton, stick, club.
Bauldricke, belt.
Bay, a standstill, a position in which one is kept at bay.
Baye, to bathe.
Bayes (*baies*), laurels.
Bayt, bait, artifice, to bait (a bull), to cause to abate, to let rest.
Beades, prayers.
Beadroll, a list.
Beare, bier.
Beath'd, plunged.
Beauperes, fair companions.
Beakes, beaks.
Become, to come to, go to, to suit, to happen.
Bed, bad.
Bedight, dressed, equipped, decked, adorned, "ill-bedight," disfigured.
Beduck, to dive, dip.
Befell, was fitting, proper.
Beginne, beginning.
Begord, stained with gore.
Behave, to employ, use.
Beheast, *behest*, command.
Behight, call, name, address, pronounce, promise, command, adjudged, entrusted.
Behoofe, profit.
Behote, to promise, *behott*, promised.
Belaccoyle, kind salutation or greeting.
Belamoure, *belamy*, a lover.
Belay, adorn.
Beldame, fair lady.
Belgard, fair (or kind) looks.
Belyde, counterfeited.
Ben, (*bene*, *been*), are.
Bend, band.
Bent, long stalks of (*bent*) grass.
Beraft, bereft.
Bere, to bear, bier.
Beseeke, beseech.
Beseene, "well-beseen," of good appearance, comely.
Beseme, *beseeme*, to be seemly, to seem fit, to suit, fit, become, appear.
Besitting, befitting.
Bespeake, to address.
Bespredd, adorned.
Bestad, (*bested*, *bestedded*), situated, placed, placed in peril, treated, attended, beset, "ill-bested" = in a bad plight.
Bestaine, to stain.
Bestow, to place.
Bestrad, bestrided.
Bet, did beat.
Betake, (pret. *betooke*), to take (into), to deliver, bestow, betake one's self.
Beteeme, to deliver, give.
Bethinke, to make up one's mind.
Bethrall, to take captive.
Betide, *betyde*, to befall, to happen to, *betid*, befall, befallen.
Bever, the front part of a helmet (covering the mouth).
Bevy, company (of ladies).
Bewaile, to choose, select.
Bewray, to reveal, betray, accuse.
Bickermment, bickering, strife.
Bid, to pray.
Bide, to bid, offer.
Bilive, *bylive*, *blive*, forthwith, quickly.
Bils, battle-axes.
Blame, to blemish; injury, hurt.
Blanckt, confounded, put out of countenance.
Blast, to wither.
Blaze, to blazon forth, proclaim.
Blemishment, a blemish.
Blend, (pret. and p. part. *blent*),

- to mix, confuse, confound, defile, blemish, stain, obscure, *Blent*, blinded, obscured, blotted.
- Bless*, to preserve, deliver, to brandish.
- Blesse*, bliss.
- Blin*, to cease.
- Blinked*, dimmed.
- Blind*, dark.
- Blist*, wounded, struck.
- Blist*, blessed.
- Bloosme*, blossom, bloom.
- Blot*, *blotten*, to defame, blemish.
- Blubbred*, wet or stained with tears.
- Boads*, bodes, portends.
- Bode*, abode.
- Bollet*, bullet.
- Bond*, bound.
- Boone*, prayer, petition.
- Boord*, *bord*, to accost, to address, talk with, conversation, go side by side.
- Boot*, to avail, profit; booty, gain.
- Booting*, availing.
- Bore*, borne.
- Borde*, coast.
- Bordraging* (pl. *bordrags*), border ravaging, border raid.
- Bosse*, middle of shield.
- Bouget*, budget.
- Bought*, fold.
- Boult*, to sift, bolt.
- Bounse*, to beat.
- Bountie*, *bounty*, goodness, *Bounteous*, generous, good; *bounty-hed*, generosity.
- Bourne*, boundary.
- Bout*, about.
- Bouzing-can*, a drinking-can.
- Bownd*, to lead (by a direct course).
- Bowre*, chamber, inner room, to lodge, shelter.
- Bows*, muscles (of the shoulder).
- Boy*, a term of reproach.
- Boystrous*, rough, rude (as applied to a club).
- Brame*, sharp passion (cf. O.E. *breme*, severe, sharp).
- Bransles*, dances, brawls.
- Brast*, burst.
- Brave*, fair, beautiful.
- Bravely*, gallantly, splendidly.
- Brawned*, muscular, brawny.
- Bray*, (*braie*), to cry out suddenly, cry aloud, utter aloud, gasp out.
- Braynepan*, skull.
- Breaded*, braided, embroidered.
- Breare*, *brere*, briar.
- Breech*, breeches.
- Breede*, work, produce.
- Breem*, boisterous, rough, sharp.
- Brenne*, to burn.
- Brent*, burnt.
- Brickle*, brittle.
- Brim*, margin of the horizon.
- Broch*, to commence, broach.
- Brode*, abroad.
- Brond*, sword.
- Brondiron*, sword.
- Bronds*, embers, *brands*.
- Brood*, a brooding-place (? an error for *bood* = O.E. *bood* or *abood*, an abode, resting-place; cf. *bode*).
- Brooke*, to endure, bear *brook*.
- Brouzes*, twigs.
- Brunt*, assault.
- Brust*, burst.
- Brutenesse*, *brutishnesse*, brutality, brute-like state.
- Bryze*, gadfly.
- Buckle to*, make ready.
- Buff* (pl. *buffes*), a blow.
- Bug*, apparition, bugbear, goblin.
- Buegle*, wild ox.
- Bullion*, pure gold.
- Burdenous*, heavy.
- Burganet*, headpiece, helmet.
- Burgein*, burgeon, bud.
- Busse*, kiss.
- But-if*, unless.
- Buxom*, obedient, yielding, tractable.
- By-and-by*, one by one, singly.
- Byde*, abide; *byding*, abiding, remaining.
- Bylive*, quickly, also active, see *Blive*, *belive*.
- Bynempt*, named, appointed.
- Cabinet*, cottage, little cabin.
- Caitive*, *caytive*, subject, captive, vile, base, menial, rascal.
- Call*, caul, cowl, cap.
- Camis*, *camus*, a light loose robe of some light material (as silk, etc.), chemise.
- Can* or *Gan* (an auxiliary of the past tense), did.
- Cancred*, *cankerd*, corrupt.
- Canon bitt*, a smooth round bit (for horses).
- Capitayn*, captain.
- Caprifole*, woodbine.
- Captivaunce*, captivity.
- Captived*, taken captive, enslaved.
- Capuccio*, hood (of a cloak), capuchin.
- Card*, chart.
- Care*, sorrow, grief, injury; *care-*

- ful*, sorrowful; *careless*, free from care, uncared for.
Carke, care, sorrow, grief.
Carl, *carle*, an old man, churl.
Carriage, burden.
Cast, to consider, plot, resolve, purpose, time, period, opportunity, "*nere their utmost cast*," = almost dead; a couple.
Castory, colour (red or pink).
Caudron, caldron.
Causen, to assign a cause or reason, explain.
Caved, made hollow.
Centonel, a sentinel.
Certes, certainly.
Cesse, to cease.
Cesure, a breaking off, stop.
Chaffar, to chaffer, exchange.
Challenge, to claim, to track, follow, accusation.
Chamelot water, camlet watered.
Champain, *champion*, *champion*, open country, plain.
Championnesse, a female warrior.
Character, image.
Charge, assault, attack.
Charget, chariot.
Chauff, *chaufe*, to become warm, to be irritated, to *chafe*, rage.
Chaunticleer, the cock.
Chaw, jaw, to chew.
Chayre, chary.
Cheare, *chere*, countenance, favour, cheer; *chearen*, to cheer up.
Checked, chequered.
Checklaton (O.E. *ciclaton*), a rich kind of cloth.
Cherry, to cherish.
Chevisaunce, enterprise, undertaking, performance, bargain.
Chickens (*faithlesse*), heathen brood.
Childed, gave birth to a child.
Chimney, fireplace.
Chine, back.
Chorle, churl.
Chynd, cut, divided.
Clarkes, scholars.
Clove, cleft, did cleave.
Cleane, *Cleene*, *clene*, pure; *clean*, entirely.
Cleep, to call.
Clemence, clemency.
Clew, plot, purpose (properly a hank of thread).
Clift, cliff.
Clombe, climbed, mounted.
Clouse, secret, *closely*, secretly.
Clouches, clutches.
Cloyd, wounded.
Coast, to approach.
Coch, coach.
Cognizaunce, knowledge, recollection.
Colled, embraced, fondled.
Colour, to hide.
Combrous, laborious, troublesome.
Commen, *common*, to commune, discourse.
Comment, to relate (falsely).
Commodity, advantage.
Commonly, in common, equally.
Compacte, (?) compacted, concerted.
Compacted, close; *compacture*, a close knitting together.
Companie, companion.
Compare, to collect, procure.
Compasse, circuit.
Compast, contrived; *compast creast*, the round part of the helmet.
Compel, to cite, call to aid.
Complement, perfection (of character), union.
Complish, to accomplish.
Comportaunce, behaviour.
Compound, to agree.
Comprize, to comprehend, understand.
Comprovinciall, to be contained in the same province with.
Compyle, to heap up, frame, settle, reconcile.
Conceiptful, thoughtful.
Concent, to harmonize.
Concert, harmony.
Concrew, to grow together.
Condign, worthy.
Conditions, qualities.
Conduct, conductor, guide, management.
Congé, leave.
Conjure, to conspire.
Consort, company, companion, concert; to combine, unite (in harmony).
Constraint, distress, uneasiness.
Containe, to restrain, control.
Contrive, to wear out, spend.
Controverse, debate, controversy.
Convent, to convene, summon.
Convert, to turn.
Convince, to conquer, overthrow.
Coosen, kindred.
Coportion, an equal portion.
Corage, heart, mind, wrath.
Corbe, *corbel*, a projecting piece of wood, stone, or iron, placed so as to support a weight of material.
Cordwayne, cordovan leather.

- Coronall*, a wreath, garland.
Corse, a body, bulk, frame.
Corusive, corrosive.
Cott, a little abode.
Couched, bent, laid (in order).
Could, knew.
Count, an object of interest or account.
Countenance, to make a show of.
Countercaſt, counterplot.
Counterchaunge, return of a blow.
Counterfeſaunce, a counterfeiting.
Counterpoys, to counterbalance.
Countervayle, to oppose, resist.
Couplement, couple.
Coure, to cover, protect.
Courst, chased.
Couth, could.
Covert, concealed.
Covetiſe, covetize, covetousness.
Craggy, knotty.
Crake, to boast, boast, boasting.
Crank, a winding.
Crapples, grapples, claws.
Crased helth, impaired health.
Creasted, crested, tufted.
Cremosin, crimson.
Crime, accusation, reproach, fault.
Crisped, curly (hair).
Crooke (cross), gibbet.
Croſlet, a little cross.
Cros-cut, to pierce or cut across.
Cruddy, curdled.
Cuffing (or *cuffling*), striking.
Culver, dove.
Culvering, *culverin*, a sort of cannon.
Cumbrous, troublesome.
Curats, *curiets*, cuirasses.
Cureſſe, hard to be cured, incurable.
Curtaxe, cutlass.
Dædale, skilful.
Daint, *daynt*, dainty; (superl. *dayntest*), dainty, rare, valuable.
Dallie, to trifle; *dalliaunce*, idle talk, trifling.
Dame, lady.
Damnify, to injure, damage.
Damozel, damsel.
Danisk, Danish.
Darrayne, to prepare, get ready, for battle.
Darred, dazzled, frightened ("a *darred* lark" is generally explained as a lark caught (? frightened) by means of a looking-glass).
Dayesman, a judge, arbitrator.
Daze, to dazzle, dim, to confound.
Dead-doing, death-dealing.
Deaded, deadened.
Dealth, bestows.
Deare, valuable, precious.
Deare, hurt, injury, sore, sad, sorely.
Dearling, darling.
Deaw, to bedew.
Debate, to contend, strive, battle, strife; *Debatement*, debate.
Debonaire, gracious, courteous.
Decay, to destroy, perish, relax, destruction, ruin, death.
Deceaved, taken by deceit.
Decesse, decease.
Decreed, determined on.
Decrewed, decreased.
Deeme (pret. *dempst*), to judge, deem, "*deeme his payne*" = adjudge his punishment.
Deering-dooers, doers of daring deeds.
Deface, to defeat.
Defame, disgrace, dishonour.
Defaſte, defaced, destroyed.
Deſeaſaunce, defeat.
Deſeature, defeat.
Defend, to keep or ward off.
Deſine, to settle, decide.
Deſorme, shapeless, deformed.
Deſray, to avert (by a proper settlement), appease.
Degendered, degenerated.
Delay, to temper, stop, remove.
Delices, delights. *Delightſome*, delightful.
Delve, dell, hole, cave.
Demayne, *demeane*, *demeaſnure*, demeanour, bearing, treatment.
Dempt. See *Deeme*.
Denay, to deny.
Dent, dint, blow.
Depainted, depicted.
Depart, to divide, separate, remove, departure.
Depend, to hang down.
Deprave, to defame.
Dernly, secretly, grievously, severely.
Der-doing = performance of daring deeds.
Derring-doe, daring deeds, warlike deeds.
Derth, scarcity.
Deryve, to draw away, transfer.
Deſcrie, *deſcry*, to perceive, discover, reveal.
Deſcribe, to describe.

- Desine*, to denote.
Despairefull drift, hopeless cause.
Desperate, despairing.
Despight, anger, malice, a scornful defiance.
Despightful, despiteous, malicious.
Despoyl, to unrobe, undress.
Desse, dais.
Desynde, directed.
Detaine, detention.
Devicefull, full of devices (as masques, triumphs, etc.).
Devise, devise, to guess at, purpose, to describe, talk; *devized*, painted; *devized of*, reflected on.
Dew, due, Dewfull, due.
Diapase, diapason.
Difference, choice.
Diffused, scattered.
Dight, to order, to arrange, prepare, dress, deck, mark.
Dilate, to spread abroad, enlarge upon.
Dinting, striking.
Dint, scar, dent.
Disaray, disorder.
Disaccord, to withhold consent.
Disadvauce, to lower, to draw back.
Disaventrous, unfortunate, unsuccessful, unhappy. *Disaventure*, mishap, misfortune.
Disburden, to unburden.
Discharge, to acquit oneself of, account for.
Discide, to cut in two.
Disciple, to discipline.
Disclaim, to expel.
Disclose (pret. *discloste*), to unfold, transform, set free, disengage.
Discolourd, many-coloured.
Discomfited, disconcerted.
Discommend, to speak disparagingly of.
Discounsell, to dissuade.
Discoure, discure, to discover.
Discourse, shifting.
Discourteise, discourteous.
Discreet, differing.
Discust, thrown or shook of.
Disease, to distress, uneasiness, *Diseased*, ill at ease, afflicted.
Disentrayle, to draw forth, to cause to flow.
Disgrace, deformity.
Disguizement, disguise.
Dishable, to disparage.
Disleall (disloyal), perfidious.
Dislikeful, disagreeable.
Disloignd, separated.
- Dismall*, fatal.
Dismay, to subdue, defeat, grieve, disquiet, defeat, ruin. *Dismayfull*, terrifying.
Dismayd = *mismade*, deformed.
Dismayl, to take off a coat of mail.
Dispairful, despairing. See *Despairefull*.
Disparage, disparagement.
Dispart, to divide.
Dispence, to pay for, expense, abundance.
Dispiteous, cruel.
Display, to spread out, discover.
Disple, to discipline.
Displeasance, displeasaunce, displeasure.
Disport, play, sport.
Disprad, dispred, spread abroad.
Dispraize, to disparage.
Dispredden (pl.), spread out.
Disprofesse, to abandon.
Dispurvayaunce, want of provisions.
Disseise, disseize, to dispossess.
Disshivered, shivered to pieces.
Dissolute, weak.
Distayne, to defile.
Distent, beaten out.
Disthronize, to dethrone.
Distinct, marked.
Distraine, to rend.
Distraught, distracted, drawn apart, separated.
Distroubled, greatly troubled.
Dite, dighte, to make ready.
Ditt, ditty, song.
Diverse, distracting, diverting.
Diverst, diverged, turned off.
Divide, to play a florid passage in music.
Divorced, separated by force.
Doale = *dole*, destruction.
Documents, instructions.
Doe, to cause.
Doffe, to put off.
Dole, doole, sorrow, grief. *Doolefull*, sorrowful.
Dolor (dolour), grief.
Dome, doome, doom, judgment, censure.
Don, to put on.
Done, donne, to do, "of well to *donne*" = of well-doing. *Doen*, to cause.
Doomesfull, threatening doom.
Dortours, sleeping apartments.
Doted, foolish.
Doubt, fear (also to fear), a matter of doubt, *Doubtfull*, fearful.

Drad, dred, dread, dreaded, feared,
an object of reverence. *Dreddest,*
most dread.

Draft, drift, aim, purpose.

Drapet, cloth.

Draught (= *draft*), stratagem, aim.

Dread, fury, Dreadful, fearful.

Dreare, Drere, (Dreriment), grief,
sorrow, dreadful force. *Drerihed,*
drearyhood, dryrihed, dreariness,
affliction.

Drent, drowned.

Dresse, to dispose, adorn.

Drevill, a slave.

Droome, a drum.

Droupe, to droop.

Drousy-hed, drowsiness.

Drouth, drought.

Drover, a boat.

Drugs, dregs.

Dumpish, heavy.

Duraunce, bondage.

Durefull, enduring.

Duresse, confinement.

Dye, lot, destiny.

Earne, to yearn, to be grieved.

Earst, erst, first, soonest, previ-
ously, *at earst,* at length.

Easterlings, men of the East
(Norwegians, Danes, etc.).

Eath, ethe, easy.

Edge, to sharpen.

Edifye, to build, inhabit.

Eek, eke, to increase.

Effierced, made fierce, inflamed.

Efforce, to oppose.

Efforced, efforst, forced, constrained,
compelled (to yield).

Effraid, scared.

Eft, afterwards, again, forthwith,
moreover.

Eftsoones, soon after, forthwith.

Eide, seen.

Eld, age, old age.

Elfe, fairy.

Els (elles), else, elsewhere, other-
wise.

Embase, embase, to bring or cast
down, humiliate. *Embaste, de-*
based, dishonoured.

Embar, to guard, confine.

Embassage, embassy, message.

Embatteil, to arm for battle.

Embaulm, to anoint.

Embay, to bathe.

Embayl, to bind up.

Embosome, to foster.

Emboss, to overwhelm, press hard,
to surround, enclose.

Embosse, to adorn, ornament,
array.

Embow, to arch over, to curve,
bend.

Embowell, to take out the bowels.

Emboyl, to boil (with anger): Em-
boyled, heated.

Embrace, to brace, to fasten, or
bind, to protect.

Embracement, an embrace.

Embrave, to decorate.

Embreade, embroder, to embroider.

Embrewe, to stain with blood.

Embusied, occupied.

Eme, uncle.

Emeraud, emerald.

Emmove, to move.

Emong, among. Emongest, amongst.

Empare, empair, to diminish, im-
pair, hurt.

Emparlaunce, treaty.

Empart, assign.

Empassioned, impassionate, moved
or touched with passion, feeling.

Empeach, to hinder, prevent, hin-
drance.

Empeopled, dwelt.

Emperce, empierce, to pierce through
(pret. *emperst, empierst*).

Emperill, to endanger.

Empight, fixed, settled.

Emplonged, plunged.

Empoysoned, poisoned.

Emprise, emprize, enterprise, at-
tempt.

Empurpled, purple-dyed.

Emosome, to fix firmly.

Enchace, enchase, to adorn, em-
bellish, to honour with befit-
ting terms, engrave, dart.

Encheason, reason, cause, occa-
sion.

Encomberment, hindrance.

Endamage, to damage, do harm.

Endangerment, danger.

Endew, to endow.

Endite, to censure.

Endlong, from end to end, con-
tinuously.

Endosse, write on the back, en-
dorse.

Endure, to harden.

Enfelon'd, made fell or fierce.

Enfested. See Infest.

Ensierce, to make fierce.

Enforme, to fashion.

Enfouldred, hurled out like thun-
der and lightning.

Engin, wiles, deceit, contrivance.

Englut, to glut, fill.

Engore, to gore, wound.
Engorge, to devour, glut.
Engrafted, *engraft*, implanted, fixed.
Engrasp, to grasp.
Engrave, to bury, to cut, pierce.
Engreeve, *engrieve*, to grieve, to be vexed.
Engroste, made thick.
Enhaunse, to lift up, raise.
Enlarge, *enlarge*, to set at large, deliver.
Enlumine, to illumine.
Enmove, to move. See *Emmove*.
Enrace, to implant.
Enraunge, to range.
Enraunged, ranged in order.
Enrold, encircled.
Enseames, encloses.
Ensew, *ensue*, to follow after, pursue. *Ensuing*, following.
Ensuarle, to ensnare, entangle.
Entayle, to carve, inlay, (sb.) carving.
Enterdeale, negotiation.
Enterpris, to undertake.
Enterprize, to entertain, take in hand.
Entertain, take, receive (pay).
Entertayne, *entertainment*, hospitality.
Entertake, to entertain.
Entire, inward, internal, *Entyrelly*, earnestly, entirely.
Entraile, *entrayl*, to twist, intertwine, interlace.
Entraile, twisting, entanglement.
Entrall, the lowest part, depth (bowels).
Entreat, to treat of, treat.
Enure, to use, practise. *Enured*, accustomed, committed habitually.
Envy, to be angry, indignant; to emulate.
Enwallowe, roll about.
Enwombed, pregnant.
Enwrap, to wrap up.
Equipage, array, equipment, to array, equip.
Ermelin, an ermine.
Ermine, skin of the ermine.
Erne, to yearn.
Errant, wandering.
Error, wandering.
Eschew, escape.
Esloyne, to withdraw.
Espiall, sight, appearance, observation.
Essoyne, to excuse.

Estate, state, rank.
Eterne, eternal. *Eternize*, to make eternal.
Ethe, easy.
Eugh, yew. *Ewghen*, of yew.
Evangelly, gospel.
Evill, poor, unskilful.
Exanimate, lifeless.
Excheat, gain, profit, escheet.
Expire, breathe out, to fulfil a term, put an end to.
Express, to press out.
Extasie, surprise.
Extent, stretched out.
Extirpe, to root out.
Extort, extorted.
Extract, descended.
Extreate, extraction.
Ewfts, efts.
Eyas, newly-fledged young.
Eyne, eyes.
Face, to carry a false appearance.
Fact, feat, deed.
Fail, *fail*, to deceive, to cause to fail.
Fain, *gayne*, glad, eager, *gayned*, desired, *gaynes*, delights.
Fain, *gayne*, to feign, dissemble, to mistake, imagine; "*fained dreadful*" = apparently dreadful.
Faitour, *gaytour*, cheat, deceiver, vagabond, villain.
Falsed, falsified, deceived, insecure, weak. *Falses*, falsehoods. *Falser*, a liar.
Faltring, faltering.
Fantasy, *fantazy*, fancy, apprehension.
Fare, to go, proceed, act, deal.
Farforth, very far.
Faste, having a face.
Fastnesse, stronghold.
Fate, destined term of life. *Fatal*, ordained by fate.
Fault, to offend, be in error.
Favour, feature.
Favourlesse, not showing favour.
Fay, a fairy, faith.
Fear, *feare*, companion, *to fear*, together.
Fear, *fearen*, to frighten, "*feard of*," alarmed by.
Fearfull, timid.
Feastfull, festival.
Feature, fashion, form, character.
Fee, tenure, pay, service, property.
Feeble, enfeebled. *Feblesse*, feebleness.

Feeld (golden), an emblazoned field (of a knight's shield).
Feend, fiend, devil.
Feld, let fall, thrown down.
Fell, befell, gall.
Fell, fierce, cruel. *Felly*, cruelly.
Fellonest, most fell. *Fellonous*, wicked, fell. *Fellnesse*, cruelty, fierceness.
Feminitee, womanhood.
Feood, feud, enmity.
Fensible, fit for defence, defensible.
Fere, companion, husband.
Ferre, lodging.
Ferry, a ferry boat.
Fett, to fetch, fetched (rescued).
Fleur-de-luce, the iris. See *Delice*.
Feutre, *fewtre*, to place the spear in the rest, to prepare for battle.
File, to defile.
File, to polish, smoothe.
Fine, end.
Firm, to fix firmly.
Fitt, to be fitting. "Of loves were 'fitted'" = were suited, furnished with lovers.
Fit, *fitt*, emotion, passion, grief, a musical strain.
Flaggy, loose.
Flake, a flash.
Flamed, inflamed.
Flatling, *flatwise*, with the flat side (of the sword).
Flaw, a gust of wind.
Fleet, to sail, float; to flit.
Flex, flax.
Flit, fleet, swift, changing, unsubstantial, light.
Flit, *flitte*, to move, change, flee.
Flitting, fleeting, yielding.
Flore, ground, spot.
Flout, to mock, deride.
Flushing, rapidly flowing.
Fodder, grass.
Foen, foes.
Foile, a leaf (of metal).
Folkmete, a meeting, assembly.
Fond, foolish, doting; *fondling*, fool.
Fondly, foolishly.
Fond, found, tried.
Fone, foes.
Food, feud.
Foolhappie, undesigned.
Foolhardise, foolhardiness, folly.
For, notwithstanding.
Fordo, to destroy. *Fordonne*, utterly undone, ruined, overcome.

Foreby, *forby*, hard by, near, with, past.
Forecast, previously determined.
Foredamned, utterly damned.
Forelay, to lay before, or over.
Forelent, given up entirely.
Forelifting, lifting up in front.
Forepast, gone by.
Foreshewed, previously instructed.
Foreside, the side to the fore, external covering.
Forespent, *forspent*, utterly wasted.
Forestall, to take previous possession of, to hinder, obstruct.
Foretaught, previously taught.
Forged, false.
Forgery, fiction, deceit, a counterfeit or assumed character.
Forgive, to give up.
Forbent, overtaken.
Forhent, gave up.
Forlore, forlorn, utterly lost, abandoned; *forlore* (pret.), deserted, lost (to sense of propriety).
Formally, expressly.
Formerlie, beforehand.
Forpassed, past by or through.
Forpined, pined away.
Forray, to ravage, prey on, a raid.
Forsake, to avoid, renounce.
Forslacke, *forsloe*, *forslow*, to delay, waste in sloth, neglect, omit.
Forthink, to repent, be sorry for, to give up.
Forthright, straightway.
Forthy, therefore, because.
Fortilage, a little fortress.
Fortune, to happen.
Fortunize, to make happy.
Fortuneless, unfortunate.
Forwandre, to stray away.
Forwasted, utterly wasted.
Forwearie (*forwearied*), utterly wearie, worn out.
Forwent, left.
Forworne, much worne.
Foster, forester.
Fouldring, thundering.
Found, established.
Foundring, toppling, falling.
Foy, allegiance, faith.
Foyle, repulse, defeat; to defeat, ruin, overthrow.
Foyne, to thrust, push.
Frame, to make, form, support, prepare, direct; to put in shape for motion.
Franchisement, deliverance.
Franck, free, forward.

Francklin, freeman, freeholder.
Franion, a loose woman.
Fray, to frighten, terrify, alarm, affray.
Fret, ornamental border. *Fretted*, ornamented with fret-work.
Frett, to consume.
Friend, to befriend.
Frigot, a little boat.
Friskes, gambols.
Frize, to freeze.
Fro, from.
Frolicke, "fained her to *frolicke*" = desired her to be cheerful.
Fronts, foreheads.
Frory, frosty, frozen.
Frounce, to fold, plait.
Froward = fromward, at a distance from.
Fry, swarms (of young children).
Fry, to foam.
Fulmined, fulminated.
Funerall, death.
Furniment, furnishing.
Furniture, gear, equipment.
Fylde, felt.
Fyle, to polish.
Fyled, kept in files, registered.

Gage, pledge.
Gain, against (as in *gainstrive*).
Gainsay, denial.
Gail, bile.
Gamesome, pleasant.
Gan (can), began, did.
Gard, safeguard, protection.
Garre, to cause, make.
Gate, way, procession.
Gazement, gaze.
Gealosy, *gelosy*, jealousy.
Geare, *gere*, *gear*, dress, equipment, matter, affair.
Geare, to jeer, scoff.
Geason, rare, uncommon.
Gelly, clotted.
Gelt, bribed with gold.
Gelt. This word has been variously explained—by some as a gelding, by others as a guilty person. Professor Child explains it as a wild Irishman, *Celt*.
Gelt, castrated.
Gent, gentle, kind, accomplished.
Gere. See *Geare*.
German, brother.
Gerne, to grin.
Gesse, to deem, think, guess.
Gest, deed of arms, gesture, deportment, bearing.

Ghastly, terrible, *Ghastlinesse*, terribleness.
Ghess, to guess, deem.
Ghost, spirit, soul.
Giambeux, leggings, greaves.
Gin, engine (of torture), plot, contrivance, snare.
Gin, *ginne*, to begin.
Giust, tournaments, tilts, to joust, tilt.
Glade, valley, dale.
Glade, to gladden.
Glaive, *glave*, *glayve*, a sword.
Glee, pleasure? fee property.
Glib, a thick bush of hair overhanging the eyes.
Glims, glimpse, indistinct light.
Glinne, glen.
Glitterand, glittering.
Glister, to glitter, shine.
Glode, glided.
Glory, vainglory, boasting.
Glozing, deceitful.
Gnarre, growl, snarl.
Gobbeline, goblin.
Gobbet, morsel, piece.
Gondelay, gondola.
Goodlihed, *goodlihead*, goodness; goodly appearance.
Gooldes, marigolds.
Gore, to pierce, wound.
Gore-blood, clotted blood.
Gorge, throat.
Gorget, armour for the throat.
Goshawke, a large kind of hawk.
Gossib, kinsman.
Gourmandize, greediness.
Governall, government.
Governaunce, government.
Government, control.
Grace, favour, kindness; to give favour to.
Graile, gravel.
Graine, dye (scarlet).
Grammercy, many thanks.
Grange, dwelling, place.
Graple, to tug.
Graplement, grasp, clutch.
Graste, graced, favoured.
Grate, to scorn.
Grayle, gravel.
Grayle, the holy vessel said to have been used at Our Saviour's Last Supper.
Greave, grove.
Gree, favour, goodwill.
Greete, to congratulate, praise, to assign with praise.
Gren, to grin, snarl.
Grenning, grinning.

Griefull, grievous.
Griesie, thick, sluggish.
Grieslie, *grisely*, horrible.
Grieved, hurt.
Grin, to gnash the teeth.
Gripe, to grasp.
Griple, gripe, grasp; grasping, greedy.
Gronefull, full of groans.
Groome, man, a young man, a servant.
Grosse, heavy.
Groundhold, ground - tackle (as cables, anchors).
Groveling, with face flat to the ground.
Groynd, growled.
Grudge, *grutch*, to murmur, growl.
Gryde, cut, pierce through.
Gryesy, *grysie*, squalid, foggy, moist.
Grufon, *gryphon*, griffin (a fabulous animal), perhaps used for vulture, eagle.
Grypt, "through grypt" = through-
gyrd, pierced through.
Guarish, to heal.
Guerdon, reward.
Guilen, to beguile.
Guiler, *guyler*, deceiver.
Guilt, guiled.
Guize, manner, mode (of life), custom.
Gust, taste.
Gyeld, guild, courthouse.
Gyre, circle, course.
Gyvd, fettered.

Habergeon, *haberjeon*, a small coat of mail, armour for the neck and breast.
Habiliment, clothing.
Habitaunce, habitation.
Hable, able, fit.
Hacqueton, a jacket worn under armour.
Hagard, wild, untamed.
Haile, *hayl*, to drag, haul.
Halfendeale, half part.
Halfen-eye = half ordinary sight, i.e. one eye
Hand, "out of hand" = at once, "nigh hand" = near.
Handsell, price, reward.
Hap, to happen, fortune, lot.
Happily, haply, by chance.
Happy, successful.
Hard, heard.
Hardiment, hardihood, boldness.
Hardnesse, rudeness.

Hardyhed, hardihood.
Harnesse, weapons.
Harrow, an exclamation of distress, a call for help.
Hartned, encouraged.
Hartlesse, timid.
Haubergh, *hauberk*, *hauberque*, *hawberk*, a coat of mail.
Haught, high, august.
Hault, haughty.
Haulst, embraced.
Haveour, deportment, behaviour.
Hayle, to drag.
Hazardize, danger.
Hazardry, hazard, risk, gaming.
Heard, a keeper of cattle.
Heare, hair. *Hearie*, hairy.
Heast, *hest*, command, behest, name, office (of one who had taken vows).
Heben, ebony, of ebony wood.
Hedstall, that part of the bridle which is put on the horse's head.
Heedinesse, heedfulness.
Heste, raised, threw.
Hell, to cover.
Helme, helmet.
Hend, to seize, grasp.
Henge, hinge.
Hent, took, seized.
Herbars, herbs.
Herneshaw, heron.
Herried, *heried*, praised, worshipped, honoured.
Hersall, rehearsal.
Herse, ceremonial.
Hether, hither.
Hew, shape, form.
Hew, hacking.
Hide, hastened. See *Hye*.
Hie, to hasten.
Hight, called, named, entrusted, directed, pronounce worthy, hence determine, choose, appointed.
Hight, "on high" = aloud.
Hild, held.
Hippodames, sea-horses.
Hole, whole.
Holpen (pp.), helped.
Hond, hand.
Hong, hung.
Honycrock, pot of honey.
Hood, state, manner.
Hopelesse, unexpected.
Hore, hoary.
Horrid, rough.
Hospitage, hospitality.
Hospitale, a place of rest.
Hoste, to entertain, lodge.

Hostlesse, inhospitable.
Hostry, lodging.
Hot, hote, was called.
Housling, sacramental.
Hove, rise, float, hover.
Howre, time; "good houre" = good fortune.
Howres, devotional exercises.
Hoye, vessel, ship.
Hububs, shouts, din.
Humblesse, humility, humbleness.
Hurlyburly, noise of battle.
Hurtle, to rush, dash, hurl, attack, brandish, crowd.
Hurtlesse, innocent.
Husband, farmer.
Hyacine, hyacinth.
Hye, to hasten.
Hylding, base, vile.
Hynde, a servant.

Idle, causeless.
Idole, image.
Ill-faste, having an ill-look. *Ill-hedded*, disturbed in the head.
Imbrast, embraced.
Immeasured, unmeasured.
Imp, child, scion, shoot.
Impacable, unappeasible.
Imperceable, not able to be pierced.
Implore, entreaty.
Imply, to enfold, entangle, envelop.
Importable, intolerable.
Importune, violent, savage, full of trouble, to threaten, to solicit.
Importunely, with importunity.
Impresse, to make an impression.
Unprovided, unprovided, unlooked for.
In, inne, dwelling, lodging.
In, "in . . . lyte" = fall upon.
Incontinent, forthwith, immediately.
Indew, to put on.
Indifferent, impartial. *Indifferently*, impartially.
Indignauunce, indignation.
Indigne, unworthy.
Indignify, to treat with indignity.
Inferd, offered.
Infest, to make fierce or hostile, hostile.
Influence, the power of the stars.
Informed, formed imperfectly.
Ingate, entrance.
Ingowe, ingot.
Inholder, inhabitant.
Inly, inwardly.

Inquest, quest, adventure.
Inquire, to call.
Insolent, rude.
Inspyre, to breathe.
Insu'th = *ensu'th*, follows.
Intend, to stretch out, to denote, name, direct one's course.
Intendiment, intention, knowledge.
Intent, purpose.
Interesse, interest.
Interlace, to intermingle, interweave.
Intermedle, to intermix.
Intimate, to communicate.
Intreat, to prevail upon.
Intuse, confusion.
Invade, to come into.
Invent, to find out.
Invest, to put on.
Irkes, wearies.
Irkesome, tired, weary.
Irrenowmed, inglorious.

Jacob's staffe, a pilgrim's staff.
Jade, a horse, a scolding woman.
Jarre, quarrel, variance.
Jeopardie, jeopardy, danger.
Jesses, strips of leather tied round the legs of hawks, with which they are held upon the fist.
Jollie, jolly, handsome, pretty, lively.
Jolliment, jollitee, jollity, joyfulness, prettiness, liveliness.
Jollyhead, jollity.
Jott, speck, small piece.
Journall, diurnal.
Jovial, bright, sunny.
Joy, to rejoice, be glad, enjoy.
Joyaunce, joyfulness, merriment.
Juncates, junkets.

Kaies, keys.
Keepe, heed, care, charge, to take care, protect, "heedie keepe" = watchful care.
Keight, caught.
Kemd, combed.
Ken, kend, kent, knew, perceived, known.
Kerve, to cut.
Kesar, emperor.
Kest, cast.
Kestrell-kynd, base nature.
Kind, nature, sex, occupation.
Kindly, natural.
Kirtle, a coat fastened at the waist.
Knee, projection of rocks.
Knife, a sword, dagger.

Kond, knew.

Kynded, begotten.

Lackey, to follow as a servant.

Lad, led.

Lade, to load.

Laid, attacked.

Laire, plain.

Lamping, shining.

Lanck loynes, slender waist.

Langurous, languid.

Lap, lappe, to enfold, entangle.

Lare, pasture.

Large, bountiful.

Launce, balance.

Launch, to pierce.

Laver, a basin.

Lay, field, lea, plain.

Lay, cry.

Lay, to throw up.

Lay, law.

Laystall, a dunghill, a place for the deposit of filth.

Lazar, leper.

Leach, a physician.

Leachcraft, medical skill.

Leake, leaky.

Leare, lore, counsel. *Leares*, lessons.

Leasing, lying, falsehood.

Least, lest.

Leave, to raise.

Ledden, dialect, speech.

Lee, river.

Lefte, lifted.

Legierdemain, sleight of hand.

Leke, leaky.

Leman, a lover.

Lend, to give, provide.

Lenger, longer.

Lessoned, instructed.

Lest, to listen.

Let, to hinder; "*let be*" = away with, hindrance.

Level, to direct one's course.

Levin, lightning. *Levin brond*, thunderbolt.

Lewdly, foolishly.

Lewdnesse, wickedness.

Libbard, leopard.

Lich, like.

Lief, liefe, dear, beloved, willing; "*liefe or sory*" = willing or unwilling = *lief* or *loth*, (comp.) *liefer*; (superl.) *liefest*, "*liefest liefe*" = dearest loved one.

Liege, lord, master—one to whom faith has been pledged. *Liege-man*, a vassal, one who owes homage to a liege lord.

Lifful, living, full of life.

Lig, to lie.

Light, easy, ready, to lighten, befall.

Lignage, lynage, lineage.

Like, to please.

Like as, as if.

Likelynesse, likeness.

Lill, to put out the tongue.

Limbeck, retort.

Limehound, a bloodhound, limer.

Lin, to cease.

List, to desire, like; (impers.) please. *Listful*, attentive.

Lite, lyte, alight, befall.

Livelod, livelood, livelihood.

Lively, lifelike, living.

Livelyhed, livelyhead, livelihood, living original, motion of a living being.

Liverery, delivery.

Loathly, loathsome.

Loft, height.

Lome, clay, loam.

Lompish, dull, slow.

Long, to belong.

Loord, lout.

Loos, fame.

Loose, to solve.

Lore, learning, teaching, fashion, speech.

Lore, lorn, left, deserted, lost sight of.

Loring, learning.

Losell, lozell, a loose idle fellow.

Lose, to loosen.

Losen, to set loose. *Los'te* = loosed, dissolved.

Lot, fate, share.

Lothfull, unwilling, unpleasant, loathsome.

Loup, loop.

Lout, lowt, to bow, to do obeisance.

Lovely, loving, lovingly; *lovely* of love.

Lover, an opening in the roof to let out the smoke.

Lug, a perch or rod of land.

Luskishnesse, sluggishness.

Lust, pleasure, desire, to desire, please.

Luster, a glittering, sheen.

Lustlesse, feeble, listless.

Lusty-hedd, pleasure.

Lynage, lineage.

Lyte, to alight, light, befall.

Mace, sceptre.

Mag, magician.

- Magnes-stone*, the magnet.
Mail, mayl, male, armour.
Maine, mayne, force, ocean.
Mainely, maynly, strongly, violently.
Mainsheat, mainsail.
Maintenaunce, condition.
Maisterdome, maistery, mastery, superiority.
Maistring, superior, controlling.
Make, companion, mate.
Malengine, ill intent, deceit, guile.
Malice (pret. *malist*), regarded with malice, bore ill-will to.
Maligne, to grudge.
Mall, club, mallet, to maul.
Maltalent, ill-will.
Mand, blocked up with men.
Manie, many, company, multitude.
Manner, kind of.
Mantle, to rest with outspread wings.
Mard, spoil, injured, dishonour.
Marge, margin, bank.
Margent, margin.
Marle, ground, soil.
Marishes, marshes.
Martelled, hammered.
Martyr, to afflict, torment.
Maske, to conceal oneself by means of a mask (as at a masquerade).
Masse, wealth, material.
Massy, massive.
Mate, to stupefy, confound, *amate*.
Matchlesse, not to be matched.
Maugre, maulgre, in spite of, a curse on! unwillingly.
Maysterdome, superiority.
Mazed, amazed, confounded.
Mazer, a kind of hard wood (probably the maple).
Me, "he cast *me* down" (ethic dative).
Mealth, melteth.
Mean, middle, moderate, moderation, means, "by *meanes*," because.
Meanesse, humble birth.
Meare, pure, boundary.
Measure, moderation.
Medæwart, meadow-wort.
Measured, sang.
Medling, mixing.
Mell, to intermeddle.
Melling, meddling.
Menage, to manage, guide (a horse); to wield (arms); management.
Mendes, amends.
Mene, means.
- Ment*, purposed, meant.
Ment, joined, united.
Mercie, mercy, thanks, favour, thank you.
Mercify, to pity.
Merimake, meryment, merry-making, sport.
Mery, pleasant, cheerful.
Mesprise, mesprize, contempt, insolence, mistake.
Mew, to confine, secrete, prison, den.
Mickle, much, great.
Middest, midst, midmost.
Mieve, to move.
Mincing, affected.
Mind, to call to mind.
Mindlesse, unmindful.
Minime, a trifling song, but properly a musical note.
Miniments, trifles, toys.
Mineon, a favourite.
Minisht, diminished.
Mirkesome, dark.
Mis, to sin, err.
Misavized, ill-advised, misinformed.
Misaymed, ill-aimed.
Miscall, to abuse.
Mischallenge, false challenge.
Misconceipt, mistake.
Miscreant, unbeliever.
Miscreated, ill-formed.
Miscreaunce, false faith, misbelief.
Misdeem, to deem amiss, misjudge. *Misdeeming*, misleading. *Misdempt*, misjudged, misweened.
Misdesert, crime.
Misdid, failed.
Misdiet, over-eating.
Misdight, ill-dressed.
Misdonne, to misdo.
Misdoubting, fearing sadly.
Miser, wretch.
Misfeign, to feign wrongfully.
Misfare, misfortune.
Misfaring, misfortune.
Misguyde, trespass.
Mishappen, happen amiss.
Mishapt, misshaped.
Mislecke, to dislike.
Misregard, misconstruction.
Missay, to say to no purpose, uselessly, abuse, speak ill of.
Misseem, to be unseemly, to misbecome.
Misseeming, unseemly, wrong, deceit.

Misshape, deformity.
Misshapen, deformed.
Mister, sort of, manner of.
Misthought, mistake.
Mistooke, suspected.
Mistrayne, to mislead.
Mistreth, signifies, matters.
Misweene, to think amiss.
Mo, *moe*, more.
Mold, mole, spot.
Molt, melted.
Mome, blockhead.
Moniment, mark, stamp, record.
Monoceros, sea-unicorn (? sword-fish).
Morish, marshy.
Moralize, to cause to be moral.
More, root, plant.
Morion, helmet.
Morrow, morning.
Mortall, deadly.
Mortality, the estate of mortal man.
Most, greatest.
Mot, *mote* (pl. *moten*), may, must, might.
Mould, to moulder.
Mountenaunce, space, distance.
Mowes, insulting grimaces, *mouths*.
Moyity, half.
Muckell, much, great.
Muck, wealth.
Mucky, sordid, vile.
Munificence (*munifience*), fortification, defence.
Mured, walled, enclosed.
Muse, to wonder, wonderment.
Must, new wine.
Myndes, resolves.

Namely, especially.
Napron, apron.
Native, natural.
Nathlesse, *nathless*, none the less, never the less.
Nathemoe, *nathemore*, none the more, never the more.
Ne, nor.
Neat, cattle.
Nempt, named.
Nephewes, descendants, grandchildren.
Net, *nett*, pure, clean.
Nigardise, niggardliness, miserliness.
Nill, will not, *will* or *nill*, willing or unwilling; "*nilled*," unwilling.
Nimblese, nimbleness.
Nobilese, *noblesse*, nobleness, nobility.

Nominate, to name, affirm.
Noriture, *norture*, nurture, bringing up.
Norweyses, Norwegians.
Not, *note*, wot not, know not, knows not. (It sometimes seems to stand for *ne mote* = could not).
Nothing, not at all.
Notifye, to proclaim.
Nought, not, of no value.
Nould, would not.
Noule, the head, pate.
Noursle, *nousle*, to nurse, foster, rear.
Nousling, nestling, burrowing.
Noyance, *noyaunce*, annoyance.
Noyd, *noyed*, annoyed.
Noyes, noise.
Noyous, annoying, disagreeable, injurious.
Noysome, hurtful.
Nycely, carefully.

Obliquid, oblique.
Obsequy, funeral rite.
Odde, advantage.
Of, upon, by; *of all*, above all.
Offal, that which falls off.
Offend, to harm, hurt.
Ofnew, recently.
Ofspring, origin.
Onely, chief, especial.
Ope, open.
Opprest, taken captive.
Ordain, to set (the battle) in order.
Order, to arrange, rank (of army).
Ordinaunce, arrangement, ordinance, artillery.
Origane, bastard, marjoram.
Other, left.
Otherwise, elsewhere.
Otherwhiles, sometimes.
Ought, owned.
Outbarre, to arrest.
Outgo, to surpass.
Outhyred, let out for hire.
Out-learn, to learn from.
Outrage, violence, outburst.
Outweave, wear out, pass, spend.
Outwell, to gush or well out.
Outwin, to get out.
Outwind (= *outwin*), to get out.
Outwrest, wrest out, discover.
Outwrought, completed, passed.
Overall, everywhere, all over.
Overbore, overthrew.
Overcame, overspread.
Overcaught, overtook.
Overcraw, to crow over, insult.

Overdight, decked over, covered over, overspread.

Overgive, to give over.

Overgo, to overpower, surpass.

Overhent overtook, overtaken.

Overkest, overcast.

Overlade, to overwhelm.

Overplast, overhanging.

Over-raught, overtook.

Over-red, read over.

Overpasse, pass over, alleviate.

Overren, to over-run, oppress.

Oversee, to overlook.

Oversight, escape (through having overlooked a danger).

Overswim, to swim over.

Overbore, overthrow.

Overthwart, opposite.

Owe, to own. See *Ought*.

Owech, a socket of gold to hold precious stones, a jewel.

Owre, ore.

Oystrige, ostrich.

Pace, *pase*, step, pass, passage.

Packe, to pack off, a burden.

Paine, *payne*, labour, pains, punishment, "*did him paine*" = took pains, exerted himself.

Paire, to impaire.

Paled, "*pinckt upon gold*, and *paled part per part*," = "adorned with golden points or eyelets, and regularly intersected with stripes." In heraldry a shield is said to be *parted per pale* when it is longitudinally divided by a pale or broad bar.

Paled, fenced off.

Pall, to subdue, moderate.

Pall, a cloak of rich material.

Panachæa, panacea.

Pannikell, skull, crown.

Paragon, *paragone*, companion, equal, rivalry.

Paravaunt, first, beforehand, in front.

Parbreake, vomit.

Pardale, panther.

Parentage, parent.

Part, party, depart.

Partake, to share.

Parture, departure.

Pas, *passe* (*passing*, *surpassing*), to surpass, exceed.

Passion, suffering. *Passioned*, affected with feeling, be grieved.

Passionate, to express feelingly.

Patronage, defence. *Patronesse*, a female defender.

Paunce, pansy.

Pavone, peacock.

Payne, to take pains, exert.

Payse, to poise, balance.

Pealing, appealing.

Pea're, *pere*, equal.

Peasant knight, base knight.

Peaze, blow.

Peece, fabric, fortified place, as a castle, ship, etc.

Peise, to pose, weigh.

Pen, to confine, restrain.

Pendants, ornaments (of wood or stone) hanging down from a Gothic roof.

Penne, feather.

Penurie, want of food.

Perce, to pierce.

Perdu, *perdy*, *pardieu*, truly.

Perforce, of necessity.

Perlous, perilous.

Persant, *persaunt*, piercing.

Persant, piercing.

Personage, personal appearance.

Persue, a track.

Perveyaunce, provision. See *Purveyaunce*.

Pesaunt, a peasant.

Physnomy, countenance.

Pictural, a picture.

Pight, fixed, placed, fastened.

Pill, to spoil, plunder.

Pine, *pyne*, sorrow, grief, to waste away through torment; "*pined ghost*," a spirit wasted away (through torment); *done to pine*, caused to die.

Pinnoed, pinioned.

Pititeous, compassionate, tender-hearted.

Place, "*of place*," of rank.

Plaine, *playne*, to complain.

Plaintiffe, plaintive.

Platane, plane tree.

Pleasaunce, pleasure, delight, objects affording pleasure.

Pled, pleaded.

Plesh, a shallow pool, plash.

Plight (p. p. *plight*), weave, plait, fold; a plait, fold, condition.

Ply, to move.

Poise, *poyse*, weight, force.

Point, *poynt*, to appoint; a whit, "*to poynt*" = exactly.

Poke, a pouch.

Poll, to plunder.

Pollicie, statcraft.

Port, *portance*, *portaunce*, demeanour, bearing.

Portesse, breviary.

Possesse, to accomplish.

Potshares = *potshards*, fragments of broken vessels.

Pouldred, powdered, spotted.

Pounce, claws, talons.

Pound, weight, balance. "*new in pound*" = anew in the balance.

Pourtrahed, drawn.

Pourtraict, *pourtraiture*, portrait, image.

Poynant, piercing, sharp.

Poyse, weight, force.

Practic, *practicke*, treacherous, deceitful, skilful.

Prancke, to trim, deck, adorn, adjust, a malicious trick.

Prounce, to prance.

Pray, to be the prey of, to make a prey of.

Preace, *prease*, to press, a press, crowd.

Prepard, preferred.

Prefixt, fixed beforehand.

Prejudize, foresight.

Prepense, to consider.

Presage, to tell or point out, foresee.

Presence, reception-room.

President, precedent.

Prest ready, prepared.

Pretend, to attempt, to stretch out (or over), offer.

Prevent, anticipate.

Price, to pay the price of, atone for, value.

Prick, to ride hard, to spur on quickly; point, centre of target.

Prief, *priefe*, proof, trial, experiment.

Prieve, to prave.

Prime, *pryme*, spring time, morning.

Principle, beginning.

Prise, adventure.

Privitee, *privitie*, private life, intimate relation.

Procure, to arrange, entreat.

Prodigious, ominous.

Professe, to present the appearance of.

Project, to throw forward.

Prolong, to postpone.

Prone, subjected.

Proper, own, peculiar; *proper good*, own property.

Protense, a stretching out.

Prove, to experience, try, feel.

Provokement, a provoking.

Prow, brave; (superl.) *prowest*; *prowes*, prowess.

Pryse, to pay for. See *Price*.

Puissant, powerful.

Pumy stones, pumice stones.

Purchase, to obtain, to get, win (honestly or otherwise).

Purchas, *purchase*, property, booty, robbery.

Purfied, embroidered on the edge.

Purport, disguise.

Purpos, *purpose*, conversation, discourse; "*to purpose*," to the purpose, to speak as "*purpose diversly*" = to speak of various things.

Purvay, to provide.

Purveyaunce, provision, management, function.

Puttocke, a kite.

Pyne, pain (of hunger), torment.

Pyoning, diggings, work of pioneers.

Quaile, to cast down, defeat, conquer.

Quaint, nice, fastidious.

Qualify, to ease, sooth.

Quarle, *quarrel*, a square-headed arrow.

Quarrie, *quarry*, prey, game.

Quart, quarter.

Quayd, *quailed*, quelled, subdued.

Queane, a worthless woman.

"*Queint elect*," oddly chosen.

Queint, quenched.

Quell, to kill, to subdue, to perish, to disconcert, frighten.

Quest, expedition, pursuit.

Quick, alive.

Quich, to stir, move,

Quietage, quietness.

Quight, to set free, to requite.

Quilted, padded.

Quib, to sneer at, taunt.

Quire, company.

Quit, *quite*, *quyte*, to set free, to requite, repay, to return (a salute), freed, removed; "*quite clame*," to release.

Quooke, quaked.

Rablement, a rabble, troop.

Race, to raze, to cut; *raced*, erazed.

Rad, rode.

Rad, perceived. See *Read*.

Raft, bereft.

Ragged, rugged.

Raile, *rayle*, to flow, pour down.

Rain, *rayne*, to reign, kingdom.

Rakehell, loose, worthless.

Ramp, tear, attack, leap.

Ranck, fiercely.

Randon, random.

- Ranke*, fiercely.
Rape, rapine.
Rascal, raskall, low, base, worthless.
Rase (pret. *rast*), to erase.
Rash, to tear violently, hack.
Rashly, hastily, suddenly. *Rash*, quick.
Rate, to scold.
Rate, allowance, order, state.
Rath, early, soon.
Raught, reached, extended, took.
Ravin, ravine, plunder, prey.
Ravishment, ecstasy.
Ray, to defile, soil.
Ray, array.
Rayle, to flow. See *Raile*.
Rayle, abuse.
Rayne, kingdom.
Read, reede, advice, motto, prophecy.
Read, read (pret. *rad, red*), to know, declare, explain or advise, discover, perceive, suppose, regard.
Readifye, to rebuild.
Reallie, to reform.
Reames, realms.
Reare, to raise, take up or away, steal, excite, to rouse.
Reason, proportion.
Reave (pret. *reft, raft*), to bereave, take away (forcibly).
Rebuke, conduct deserving of reproof, rudeness.
Rebutte, to cause to recoil.
Reclayme, to call back.
Recorde, to remember, to call to mind.
Recoure, recover, recure, to recover.
Recourse, to recur, return; "had recourse" = did recur, return.
Recoyle, to retire, retreat.
Recuile, recule, to recoil.
Red, redd, declared, described, perceived, saw. See *Read*.
Redisbourse, to repay.
Redoubted, doughty.
Redound, to overflow, flow, be redundant.
Redress, to reunite, remake, to rest.
Reed, to deem. *Reede, read*, to advise.
Reek, to smoke.
Reele, to roll.
Refection, refreshment.
Reft, bereft, taken violently away. See *Reave*.
Regalitie, rights of royalty.
Regarde, a subject demanding consideration or attention, value.
Regiment, government, command.
Relate, to bring back.
Release, to break loose from, to give up.
Relent, to give way, to slacken, relax, soften.
Relide, to ally, join.
Relieve, to recover, revive, live again.
Remeasure, to retrace.
Remedillesse, without hope of rescue.
Remercy, to thank.
Remorse, pity.
Rencounter, to encounter, meet in battle.
Renfierced (renfierst), made more fierce or = *renforst* = reinforced.
Renforst, reinforced, enforced, made fresh effort.
Renverse, to reverse, overturn.
Repent, repentance, to grieve.
Repining, a failing (of courage).
Replevie, a law term signifying to take possession of goods claimed, giving security at the same time to submit the question of property to a legal tribunal within a given time.
Report, to carry off.
Reprief, reproof, shame.
Reprive, to deprive of, take away.
Reprive, reprieve.
Reprize, to retake.
Requere, to require, demand.
Request, demand.
Requit, requited, returned.
Reseize, to reinstate, to be repossessed of.
Resemble, to compare.
Resemblance, look, regard.
Resiant, resident.
Respect, care, caution.
Respondence, correspondence, reply (in music).
Respyre, to breathe again.
Restlesse, resistless.
Restore, restitution.
Resty, restive.
Retourn, to turn (the eyes) back.
Retraite, picture, portrait.
Retraite, a retreat.
Retyre, retirement.
Revel, a feast.
Revengeement, revenge.
Reverse, to return, to cause to return.
Revest, to reclothe.
Revilement, a reviling, abuse.
Revoke, to recall, withdraw.
Revolt, to roll back.

Reu, rue, to pity, to be sorry for,
 to lament over, repent.
Rew, row.
Ribauld, rybauld, a loose impure
 person, ribald.
Richesse, riches.
Ridling, skill, skill in explaining
 riddles.
Rife, ryfe, abundant, abundantly,
 much, frequent.
Rift, split, broken, gap, fissure,
 fragment.
Rigor, force. *Rigorous*, violent.
Ring, to encircle.
Riotise, riotize, riot, extravagance.
Rivage, bank.
Rive, to split, tear.
Rize, to come to.
Rocke, distaff.
Rode, raid, incursion.
Rode, roadstead, anchorage for
 ships.
Rong, rang.
Roode, a cross, crucifix.
Rosiere, a rose tree.
Rosmarine, a sea-monster that was
 supposed to feed on the dew on
 the tops of the sea rocks.
Rote, a lyre, harp.
Roules, rolls, records.
Rout, crowd, troop.
Rove, to shoot (with a sort of arrow
 called a rover).
Rowel, the ring of a bit—any small
 movable ring.
Rowme, place, space.
Rownded, whispered.
Rowndell, a round bubble (of foam).
Rowze, rouze, to shake up.
Royme, to mutter.
Rubin, Rubine, the ruby.
Rue, to grieve.
Ruffed, ruffled. Ruffin, disordered.
Ruffing, ruffling.
Ruinat, to ruin.
Ruing, pitying.
Ruth, pity.
Ryve, to pierce.

Sacrament, oath of purgation taken
 by an accused party.
Sacred, accursed.
Sad, firm, heavy, grave.
Saine, to say (pl. say).
Sake, cause.
Salew, to salute.
Saliaunce, onslaught.
Salied, leapt, sallied.
Sallows, willows.
Salvage, savage, wild.

Salute, to salute.
Salve, to heal, save, remedy.
Salving, salvation, restoration.
Sam, together.
Samite, silk stuff.
Sanguine, blood-colour.
Sardonian, sardonic.
Saufgard, guard, defence. *Save-
 gard*, to protect.
Say, a thin stuff (for cloaks).
Say, assay, proof.
Scald, scabby.
Scand, climbed.
Scarmoges, skirmishes.
Scath, hurt, harm, damage, ruin.
Scatter, to let drop.
Scatterling, a vagrant.
Scerne, to discern.
Schuchin, scutchin, escutcheon,
 shield, device on a shield.
Scolopendra, a fish resembling a
 centipede.
Scope, dimension; "aymed scope,"
 a mark aimed at.
Scorse, to exchange.
Scorse, to chase.
Scould, scowled.
Scriene, scrine, scryne, skreene, a
 cabinet for papers, a writing
 desk; entrance of a hall.
Srike, shriek.
Scruze, to squeeze, crush.
Scryde, descried.
Sdeigne, to disdain.
Sea-shouldring, having shoulders
 that displace the sea.
Sear, to burn, burning.
Sease, to fasten on, seize.
See, seat.
Seelde, seldom, rare.
Seely, simple, innocent.
Seeming, apparently.
Seemlesse, unseemly.
Seemly, in a seemly manner, comely,
 apparent.
Seemlyhed, a seemly appearance.
Seene, skilled, experienced.
Seew, to pursue.
Seised, taken possession of.
Seisin, possession.
Selcouth, seldom known, rare,
 strange.
Sell, seat, saddle.
Semblaunce, semblaunt, semblant,
 likeness, appearance, phantom,
 cheer, entertainment.
Sence, feeling.
Seneschall, governor, steward.
Sens, since.
Sensefull, sensible.

Sent, scent, perception.
Serve, to bring to bear upon.
Set by, to esteem.
Severall, diverse.
Sew, to follow, to solicit.
Shade, to shadow, represent.
Shallop, sloop.
Shame, to feel shame, to be ashamed.
Shamefast, modest.
Shamefastnesse, modesty.
Shard, division, boundary, cut.
Share, portion, piece, to cut.
Shayres, shires.
Sheare, to cut, divide.
Sheare, shere, bright, clear.
Sheares, wings.
Shed, to spill life blood, to kill.
Sheene, shene, bright, shining, clear.
Shend (pret. *shent*), to disgrace, defile, abuse, reproach, shame.
Shere, to cleave, divide.
Shere, bright, clear.
Shew, mark, track.
Shine, shyne, a bright light.
Shiver, to quiver.
Shole, shallow.
Shonne, to shun.
Shope, shaped, framed.
Shot, advanced (in years).
Shriech, shriek.
Shrieve, to question (shrive).
Shright, a shriek, to shriek.
Shrill, to give out a ringing, shrill sound.
Shrilling, shrill.
Sib, sibbe, akin, related.
Sich, such.
Sickernessee, security, safety.
Siege, seat.
Sield, cieled.
Sient, scion.
Sight, sighed.
Sign, watchword, representation, picture.
Silly, simple, innocent.
Sin, since.
Singults, sighs.
Sinke, hoard, deposit.
Sited, placed, situated.
Sith, sithe, sythe, time, since.
Sithens, since, since that time.
Sithes, times.
Sits, is becoming.
Skill, to signify, to be a matter of importance.
Skippet, a little boat.
Slacke, slow.
Slake, to slack.
Slaver, slobber.

Slight, sleight, device, trick.
Slombry, sleepy.
Slug, to live idle.
Sly, subtle, clever.
Smit, smote, smitten.
Smouldry, smouldring, suffocating.
Snag, a knot.
Snaggy, knotted, covered with knots.
Snags, knots.
Snaky-wreathed = (?) *snake-wreathed*, snake-entwined.
Snar, to snarl.
Snarled, twisted.
Snub, knob (of a club).
Sold, pay, remuneration.
Solemnize, a solemn rite.
Song, sang.
Sooth, truly.
Soothly, soothlich, truly, indeed.
Soothsay, prediction, omen.
Sort, company.
Sort, "in sort," inasmuch as.
Souce, souse, sowsé, to swoop on, as a bird does upon his prey.
strike, attack, the swoop (of a hawk), blow.
Souse, to immerse.
Southsay, soothsay, Southsayer, soothsayer.
Sovenaunce, remembrance.
Sownd, to wield. *Sownd* = *swound*, swoon.
Sowne, a sound.
Sowst, struck.
Soyle, prey.
Space, to walk, roam.
Spalles, the shoulders.
Spangs, spangles.
Sparkle forth, to cause to sparkle.
Spare, sparing, niggardliness, to save.
Sparre, bolt, bar.
Speed, "evil speed," misfortune.
Sperre, to bolt, shut.
Sperse, to disperse, scatter.
Spies, spyes, keen glances, eyes.
Spight, displeasure, grudge.
Spill, to ravage, destroy.
Spill, pieced, inlaid.
Spoil, to ravage, carry off.
Sponned, flowed out quickly.
Spot, to blame.
Spoused, espoused, betrothed.
Sprad, spread.
Spray, branch.
Spred, spreadden, to spread over, to cover.
Sprent, sprinkled.
Spright, spirit.

- Springal*, a youth, stripling.
Spring-headed, having heads that spring afresh.
Sprong, sprang.
Spurne, to spur.
Spyall, spy.
Spyre, to shoot forth.
Squire, a square, a rule, a carpenter's measure.
Stadle, a staff, prop.
Stale, decoy, bait.
Stalk, a stride.
Stare, to shine.
Stared, "up stared," stood up stiffly.
Stark, strong, stiff.
Star-read, knowledge of the stars.
Stay, to hold, hold up, support.
Stayd, caused to stay.
Stayed, constant.
Stayne, to dim, deface.
Stayre, a step.
Stead, *sted*, *stedd*, station, place, situation.
Stead, to help, avail, bestead.
Steale, stale, handle.
Steane, a stone (vessel).
Steare, a steer.
Sted, place, condition, steed horse. See *Stead*.
Steady, steady.
Steely = *steelen*, of steel.
Steemed, esteemed.
Steep, to bathe, stain.
Stelths, thefts.
Steme, to exhale.
Stemme, to rush against.
Stent, to cease, stop.
Sterve, to die.
Stew, a hot steaming place.
Stie, to ascend.
Still, to drop, flow, trickle.
Stint, to stop, cease.
Stir, *styre*, to stir, move, incite, provoke, to direct, steer.
Stole, a long robe.
Stomachous, angry.
Stomacke, temper.
Stond, attach.
Stonied, astonished, alarmed.
Stound, *stownd*, *stond*, a moment of time (a time of) trouble, peril, alarm, assault, a stunning influence, a blow, amazement, stunned.
Stoup, to swoop.
Stout, stubborn, bold.
Stoure, *stowre*, tumult, disturbance, battle, passion, fit, paroxysm, danger, peril.
Straine, race, lineage.
Straine, *strayne*, to stretch out.
Straint, grasp, strain.
Strake, strook, a streak.
Straunge, foreign, borrowed.
Strayne, to wield.
Strayt, a street.
Streight, narrow, strait, strict, close.
Streightly, straitly, closely.
Streightnesse, straitness.
Strene, strain, race.
Stresse, distress.
Strich, the screech-owl.
Strif-ful, *stryfull*, contentious.
Stroken, struck.
Strond, strand.
Stub, stock of a tree.
Sty, to ascend, mount.
Subject, lying beneath.
Submissee, submissive.
Subtile, fin-spun.
Subverst, subverted.
Succeed, to approach.
Success, succession.
Sue, solicit. See *Sew*.
Sufferaunce, patience, endurance.
Suffised, satisfied.
Sugred, sweet.
Supple, to make supple.
Suppress, to overcome, keep down.
Surbate, to batter.
Surbet, bruised, wearied.
Surcease, to leave off, utterly to cease.
Surcharge, to attack with renewed vigour.
Surcharged, heavily laden.
Surmount, to surpass.
Surplusage, excess.
Surprise, to seize suddenly.
Surquedray, pride, insolence, presumption.
Suspect, suspicion.
Swain, *swayn*, a labourer, youth, person.
Swart, black.
Swarve, to swerve, retreat.
Swat, did sweat.
Sway, to swing, brandish, wield (arms), force, a rapid motion.
Sward, sword.
Sweath-bands, swaddling-bands.
Swell, fainted, swooned, burnt (? swelled).
Swinck, labour, toil.
Swinge, to singe.
Swound, swoon.
Table, a picture.

- Tackle* (pl. *tackles*), rigging.
Talaunts, talons.
Tare, tore.
Targe, target.
Tarras, terrace.
Tassal gent, the tiersel, or male gosshawk.
Teade, a torch.
Teene (*tene*), grief, sorrow, pain, affliction. See *Tine*.
Teene (? *leene*, lend, give), to bestow.
Tell, to count. *Teld*, told.
Temed, yoked in a team.
Temewise, like a team.
Tempring, controlling, governing.
Tend, to wait on.
Tender, to tend, attend to.
Thee, to prosper, thrive.
Theeveryes, thefts.
Then, than.
Thereto, besides.
Thether, thither.
Thewed, behaved, mannered.
Thewes, qualities, manners.
Thick, a thicket.
Thirst, to thirst, thirst.
Tho, *thoe*, then.
Thorough, through.
Thother, that other, the other.
Thrall, to take captive, enslave, bring into subjection, constrain, a slave, enslaved.
Threat, to threaten, *Threatfull*, threatening.
Thresher, a flail.
Thrid, a thread.
Thrill, to pierce. *Thrillant*, piercing.
Thristy, thirsty.
Thoroughly, thoroughly.
Throw, time, while.
Throw, throe, pang, thrust, attack.
Thrust, to thirst, thirst.
Thwart, athwart.
Tickle, uncertain, insecure.
Tide, *tyde*, time, season, opportunity.
Tight, tied.
Timbered, massive (like timbers).
Tine, affliction.
Tine, to light, kindle, inflame.
Tine or *teen*, sorrow, grief, pain.
Tire, rank, train.
Tire, *tyre*, attire, dress.
To = for (as in *to frend*).
Tofore, before.
Toole, weapon.
Top, head.
To-rent, rent asunder.
Tort, wrong, injury.
Tortious, injurious, wrongful.
Tossen, to brandish, toss.
Totty, tottering, unsteady.
To-torne, torn to pieces.
Tourney, to tilt, joust.
Touze, to tease, worry.
Toward, favourable, approaching, near at hand.
To-worne, worn out.
Toy, pastime, sport.
Trace, to walk, track, tract.
Tract, trace, to trace.
Trade, footstep, tread, occupation, conduct.
Traduction, transfer.
Traine, *trayne*, to drag along, trail, to allure, wile, deceit, snare, trap, track, assembly.
Tramell, a net for the hair, tresses.
Transfard, transformed.
Transmew, to transmute, transform.
Transmove, to transpose.
Trap, to adorn (with trappings).
Traveiled, toiled.
Travell, toil.
Trayled, interwoven, adorned.
Treachour, *treachetour*, a traitor.
Treague, truce.
Treat, to discourse, hold parley with.
Treen, of trees.
Trenchand, *trenchant*, cutting.
Trentals, services of 30 masses, which were usually celebrated upon as many different days, for the dead.
Trild, flowed.
Trim, neat, well-formed, pleasing.
Trinall, threefold.
Triplicity, quality of being threefold.
Trode, path, footstep.
Troncheon, a headless spear.
Troth, truth.
Troublous, restless.
Trow, to believe.
Truncked, truncated, having the head cut off.
Trusse, to pack up, carry off.
Tryde, proved, essayed.
Trye, tried, purified.
Turmoild, troubled.
Turney, an encounter.
Turribant, turban.
Tway, twain, two.
Twight, to twit.
Twyfold, twofold.
Tynde, kindled.
Tyne, grief, pain. See *Tine*, *Teen*.

- Tyne*, to come to grief; to perish.
Tyrannesse, a female tyrant.
Tyranning, acting like a tyrant.
Tyre, to dress, attire.
Tyreling (?) weary.
- Ugly*, horrible.
Umbriere, the visor of a helmet.
Unacquainted, unusual, strange.
Unbid, without a prayer.
Unblest, unwounded.
Unbrace, to unfasten.
Uncivile, wild, uncivilised.
Uncouth, unusual, strange.
Undefide, unchallenged.
Underfong, to surprise, circumvent.
Underhand, secretly.
Understand, to learn the cause of (or perhaps to take in hand for purpose of arbitration).
Undertake, to perceive, hear.
Undertime, time of the mid-day meal.
Undight, to undress, take off ornaments, unloose.
Uneasy, disturbed.
Uneath, *unneath* *unneathes*, *uneth*, scarcely, with difficulty, uneasily.
Unespyde, unseen.
Unfilde, unpolished.
Ungentle, uncourteous.
Ungentillesse, base conduct.
Unguiltly, not conscious of guilt.
Unhable, incapable.
Unhappie *paine*, unsuccessful labours (because there was no heir to reap the benefit of their pains).
Unhappy, unfortunate.
Unhastie, slow.
Unheale, *unhele*, to expose, uncover.
Unheedy, unwary; *Unheedily*, unheedingly.
Unherst, "took from the herse or temporary monument where the knights' arms were hung."
Unkempt, uncombed, rude.
Unkend, unknown.
Unkind, unnatural.
Unkindly, unnatural.
Unlast, unlaced.
Unlich, unlike.
Unlike, not likely.
Unmannurd, not cultivated.
Unmard, uninjured.
Unmeet, unfit.
Unpurvaide of, unprovided with.
- Unred*, untold.
Unredrest, without redress, unrescued.
Unreproved, blameless.
Unshed, unparted.
Unspidie, unseen.
Unstayd, unsteady.
Unthrifty, wicked.
Unthriftyhead, unthrift.
Untill, unto.
Untimely, unfortunately.
Unwary, unwary, unexpected.
Unware, *unwares*, *unawares*, unexpectedly, unknown.
Unweeting, not knowing, unconscious.
Unweldy, unwieldy.
Unwist, unknown.
Unworthy, undeserved.
Unwreaked, unrevenged.
Upbraide, *upbraiding*, reproach, abuse.
Upbrast, burst open.
Upbray, to upbraid, an upbraiding.
Uphild, upheld.
Upreare, to raise up.
Upstare, to stand up erect.
Up-start, start up.
Upstay, to support.
Uptyde, tied up.
Upwound, knotted.
Urchin, hedgehog.
Usage, behaviour.
Usaunce, usage.
Use, to practise, habits.
Utmost, uttermost, outmost, last.
Utter, outer.
- Vade*, to go, to vanish.
Vaile, to lay down.
Vaine, frail.
Valew, *value*, *valour*, courage.
Valiaunce, valour.
Variable, various.
Vauncing, advancing.
Vaunt, to display.
Vauntage, advantage, opportunity.
Vaut, a vault.
Vaulted, vaulted.
Vele, a veil.
Vellanage, *villinage*, slavery.
Venery, hunting.
Vengeable, revengeful, deserving of revenge.
Vengement, revenge.
Venger, avenger.
Ventayle, the place of the helmet.
Vented, lifted up the visor.
Ventre, to venture.

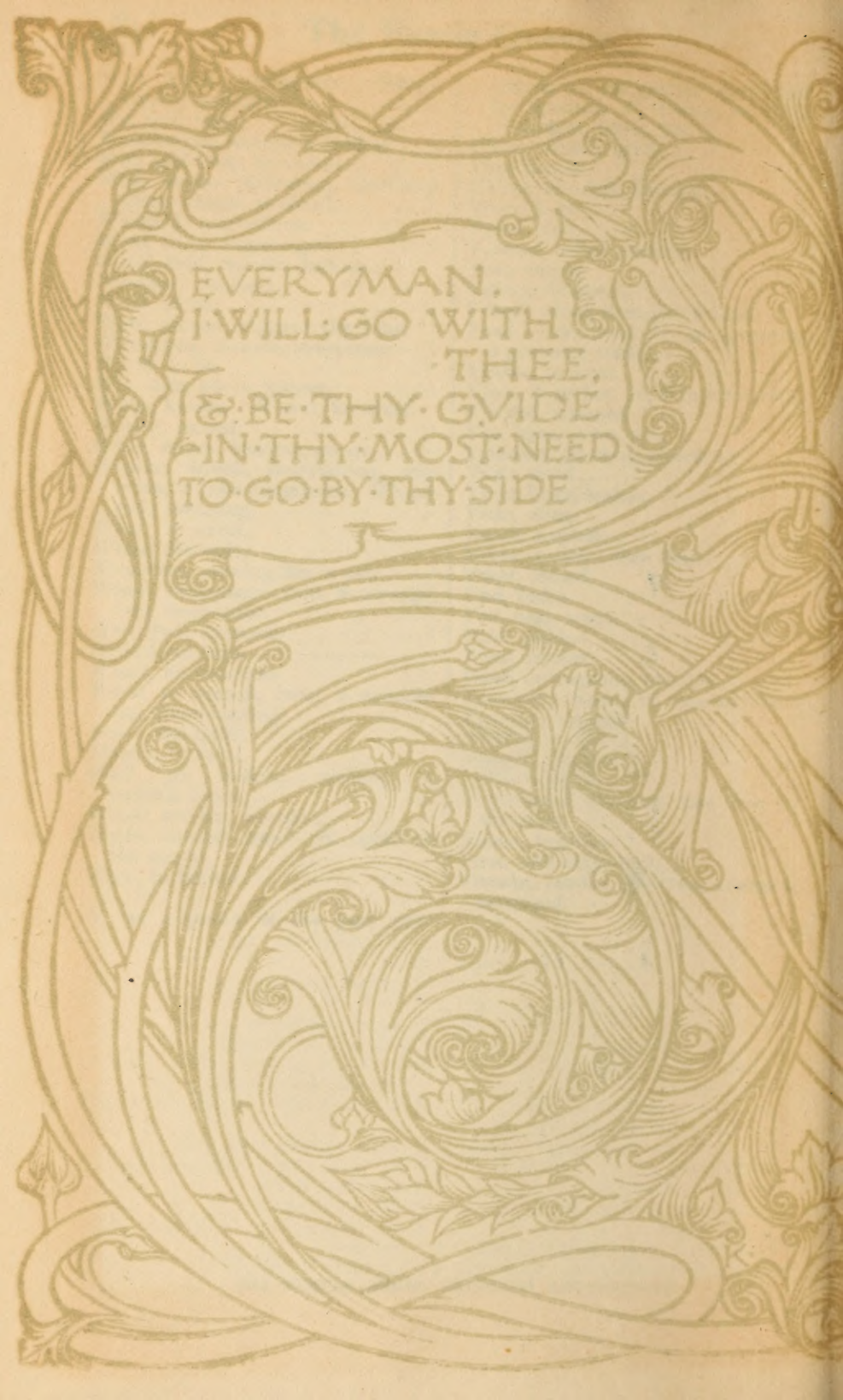
Ventrous, venturous, bold, adventurous.
Vere, to veer.
Vermeil, vermeill, vermell; vermily, vermilion.
Vertuous, possessing virtue or power.
Vestiment, vestment.
Vild, vile.
Vildly, vilely.
Villein, base-born, low.
Virginal, pertaining to a virgin.
Visnomie, visage.
Vitall, life-giving.
Voide, to avoid, turn aside, to remove.
Voided, cleared.
Wade, to walk, go.
Wag, to move (the limbs).
Wage, a pledge, to pledge.
Waide, weighed, proved.
Waift, a waif, an article found and not claimed by an owner.
Waite, to watch.
Wakefull, watchful.
Walke, to rolle, wag.
Wallowed, groveling.
Wan, gained, took.
Wan, pale; faint.
Wand, branch of a tree.
Wanton, wild.
Ward, to guard.
Ware, wary, cautious.
Wareless, unaware, unexpected, heedless.
War-hable, fit for war.
Wariment, caution.
Warke, work.
War-monger, a mercenary warrior.
Warray, warrey, to make war on, to lay waste.
Warre, worse.
Wasserman, a sea monster in shape like a man.
Wast, to desolate, lay waste.
Wastfull, barren, uninhabited, wild.
Wastness, wilderness.
Water-sprinkle, waterpot.
Wawes, waves.
Wax, wex, to grow.
Way, to weigh, esteem.
Wayd, went on their way, weighed, determined.
Wayfull, lamentable.
Wayment, to lament, lamentation.
Wayne, chariot.
Weare, to pass, spend (the time).
Wearish, mischievous, evil-disposed.

Weasand-pipe, windpipe.
Weather, to expose to the weather.
Weaved, waved, floated.
Weed, clothes, dress.
Weeke, wick.
Weeldelesse, unwieldy.
Ween (pret. *weend*), to suppose, expect, think.
Weet, weeten, to know, learn, understand, perceive. *To weet* = to wit.
Weeting, knowledge.
Weetingly, knowingly.
Weetlesse, unconscious, ignorant.
Weft, a waif.
Wefte, was wafted, avoided, a waif, a thing cast adrift.
Weld, to wield, govern.
Welke, to wane.
Welkin, sky, heavens.
Well, weal, very (*well affectionate*).
Well, to pour. *Well-head*, fountain head.
Well-away, an exclamation of great sorrow, alas!
Well-seene, experienced.
Wend, to turn, go.
Went, journey, course.
Wesand, weasand, windpipe.
Wex, to grow, increase, become.
Wex, wax.
Whally, marked with streaks.
What, a thing — *homely*! *what*, homely fare.
Wheare, where, place.
Whelm, to overwhelm.
Whether, which of two.
Whileare, whilere = *erewhile*, formerly, lately.
Whiles, whilest, whilst.
Whimpled, covered with a wimple.
Whirlpool, a kind of whale.
Whist, silenced.
Whot, hot.
Whylome, formerly.
Wicked, vile (chains).
Wide, round-about.
Wight, person, being.
Wimple, to gather, plait, fold, a covering for the neck, veil.
Win (out), get (out), come up to.
Wisard, wizard, wise man.
Wise, wize, mode, manner, guise.
Wist, wiste, knew.
Witch, to bewitch.
Wite, witen, wyte, to blame, twit, reprove.
With-hault, withheld.
Withouten, without.

Witt, mind, intelligence. *Wittily*, wisely, sensibly.
Wo, woe, sad.
Womanhood, womanly feeling.
Won (*did won*), be wont.
Won, *wonne* (*wonning*), dwelling-place, abode, to dwell.
Wondred, marvellous.
Wont, to be accustomed.
Wood, mad, frantic, furious.
Woodnes, madness.
Word, motto.
Wore, passed or spent the time.
Worshippe, honour, reverence.
Worth, to be.
Wot, *wote*, know, knows.
Wotes, knows. *Wotest*, knowest.
Woed, wooed.
Woxe, *woxen*, become, grown.
Wracke, wreck, destruction, violence, to take vengeance. *Wrackfull*, avenging.
Wrast, to wrest.
Wrate, did write.
Wrawling, mewling like a cat.
Wreak, vengeance, ruin, to avenge, take vengeance.
Wreakfull, avenging.
Wreath, to turn.
Wreck, destruction.
Wrest, to wrench, twist, a wrenching, over-turning.
Wrest, the wrist.
Wrethe, to twist.
Writ (pl. *writes*), writing, a written paper.
Wroke, *wroken*, avenged.
Wyde, turned away (cf. *wide* of the mark).
Wyte, to blame.

Y, as a prefix of the past par-

ticiple, is frequently employed by Spenser, as *Y-clad*, clothed, *Y-fraught*, filled, etc.
Ybent, turned, gone.
Ybet, beaten.
Yblent, blinded, dazzled.
Ybore, born.
Yclad, clad.
Ycleped, called, named.
Ydle, empty.
Ydlesse, idleness.
Ydrad, *ydred*, dreaded, feared.
Yead, *yede*, *yeed*, to go (properly a preterite tense).
Yearne, to earn.
Yfere, together, in company with.
Yfretted, adorned.
Ygo, *ygoe*, gone, ago.
Yglaunst, glanced, glided.
Yilde, yield.
Yirks, jirks, lashes.
Ylike, alike.
Ymolt, melted.
Ympe, youth. See *Imp*.
Ympt, joined.
Ynd, India.
Yod, *bode*, went.
Yold, yielded.
Yond, yonder.
Yond, outrageous, terrible.
Youngling, young of man or beast.
Younker, a youth.
Youthly, youthful.
Yplight, plighted.
Yrkes, wearies.
Yron-braced, sinewed, like iron (of the arm).
Ysame, together.
Ywis, certainly, truly.
Ywrake, *ywroke*, *ywroken*, avenged, revenged.



EVERYMAN,
I WILL GO WITH
THEE,
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE

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